
Student Lovers on a Hopei September

Thomas David CHAVES

We pick oranges by
The schoolyard the sun
Sets to blanket the first shivers
Of Tangxun Lake when
An old fisherman smile fat as
An ox comes slugging a whale
Of a carp across his chest to
Cross the students' path
Between grove and shore
As they head home in clasped
Hands the earth a palpable
Fruit between their kissing
Thumbs to canter home like
Sleepy cormorants thinking of
The Spring Festival a season
Away of perfumed presents to
Exchange between their vows
Of plucked stars and rains of
Pluckier meteorites and loves undying
For the rabbit to hop twelve moons
Away they will harvest again with
New hands faces hearts lips between the
Oranges the older fisherman coming
Out a carp fatter than the
Sun a smile wider than the
Crescent moon.