

Antonia Banyard

END OF SUMMER

we eat artichokes while
the kitchen window frames a sun setting
far too fast and we are not ready
for it to go. The sky tries on
the colours of fruit, a season
in fast forward: peach, apricot,
cherry, plum, while we are eating pure
green, the taste of things
growing. Tongue and teeth search
for the flesh on the outer
spines. Greedy. We eat another
and another. My sister dips
each leaf into butter and lemon, says
*I will eat this every day and live
to be a hundred.* Crows
going home punch bird-shaped
holes into the sky, bits
of darkness pouring
through. We race to finish, nibble
in bunches the tender feathers
near the centre. My husband
cries with victory, grins
a green grin, the colourless
heart in his hand.

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