

## UNDER THE APPLE TREE

He lay down under the apple tree. Looking up at the cobalt clouds gather he drew in a deep cool breath drawing it down to the pit of his stomach. Soon light glimmered in the darkness at his spine's base and as he breathed began creeping up through the vertebral gates until a golden fluid fire flooded his mind with consciousness.

A girl was walking towards him through the blowing grass. Her light blue dress blew up, a lighter blue beneath as the grass bent wilder in the rising storm. Laughter bubbled up from his soul's quicksilver as her golden thighs slid on one another.

"How wonderful there is such a creature," came the thought. He heard the wind, inclined his mind deeply where the wind sounds sorted into a myriad merging music and breathed lightly over the knife thin edge of buffalo horn into the big bamboo flute. Swiftly the sound leapt up and blew away - varying as it flew. It was a song about nothing, only an answer to the wind, yet with it his mind filled the entire turbulent air and his thoughts curled out, formed, and vanished like clouds.

"Questions aren't appropriate in the face of being," he thought, "It's the reply that's life."

Her lips' sweet rose faced him through the storm. Her mouth seemed its silent center, still in a smile. Her wet white teeth shone as she turned her head and straw colored curls blew across the open rose.

She was stepping towards him - a light stride strangely untroubled by the ever rising wind which furiously outlined her powder-blue dress against her body. He saw that she was naked beneath the dress for her nipples stood out tautly towards him, rocking as she walked, and nothing broke the beauty of her lines.

She came up speechlessly into the relative calm under the apple tree where he'd flattened a deer nest deep into the grass. She stepped easily astride his lap - he getting a glimpse high up her thighs preternaturally golden in the storm world of blue grey and green - and sat down on him with her arms cool around his neck. Coming together, his nose against her

neck burrowed back into her fragrant hair where harbored all the scents of a summer's day.

Her pink tongue licked the salt off his forehead, combed his eyebrows and entered his ears. He being naked, she slipped her slick sex down over his hardness and began a dance that sweetly, teasingly, pulled down the sexual elixirs from their centers till the barriers between them burst and their nectars ran together in a shudder drawn out under thunder.

With his mind full of her flowerlike smell he felt rain fall on his hair, his eyelids, his lips which opened and the purity of a single raindrop flooded his mouth. A thousand subtle tastes - brought back images to his darkened eyes: A palomino stallion running in a field bordered by a fence of acrid, new cut oak. A red enameled tractor plowing deep furrows in the rich brown earth. A blacksnake on lichenized limestone in the sun... A new tennis ball rolls through a wet spot on the court - a young man curses. Across the net another laughs, licks the sweat off his fuzzy mustache, then crouches to receive the serve... his suit white - brilliant.

And now in this rain she is laughing like windbells tinkling, her hand in his half wet hair. Her tongue which was cool, now warmer than the rain within his mouth. He wakes from wakefulness. The world floods his eyes. The blacksnake slides into the billowing silver grass, the stallion steams on its way to the stall. The girl enters the barn with the stallion and reappears naked, drying herself with her dress in the hayloft window, then once again disappears into the interior darkness.

He looks down. Rainwater is curling through matted grass into the earth. It carries with it a white pearl of sperm. Again thunder rumbles in the steel blue sky. Abruptly a bean sprouts....