

A Bowl of Fruit

It was placed
Not quite to the centre,
It was alive as colour
To be turned but
Partly upwards
Concealing shapes and the
 shadows below.

It was a thing to be touched,
Accentuated from as
Fingers creased to that
 glass of surface.

It was placed
Not quite to the centre
To be perfect, to focus ones
Thoughts, but alive as
Colour extended slightly,
 upwards.

David Jaffin