teenage lovers stealing kisses beneath the stairwell
and feeling no shame,
little girls with wildflowers haphazardly crowning their curls,
and old widows darkly dressed,
smiling softly at me behind their veils.

i had learned a world where people fear death and hell
and squinched my eyes from the one where people lived
and breathed and had their being.

i ate an apple that day
and so loved the world.

Golden Field
Studio Art • Caroline Bass