

Two Apples Too Heavy

Colleen S. Harris

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Two Apples Too Heavy

My tears come too free
to be holy, my hem too frayed

to carry leaden cures.
You lavish your love

at the feet of stone saints,
pleading your case

on rosary knees
in a wooden house

that smells of wine
and shame. I will not

stay as a favor to a God
I barely believe in

while you drown in guilt,
half a sin shy of hell

and two apples too heavy
for heaven.