

E. YOHE MOORE

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Elixir in a Time of Sorrow

Sweetness flowed that summer  
As often as it rained

(Read: Not often, the top soil  
Flying off to more glamorous climes

Forests whose trees' leaves caught—  
And kept—the fuel of our lives)

Five-petaled blossom on black branches  
Mellow Georgia spring suddenly burning into harvest

Harvest from that sad summer was overripe  
Sweet concentrate golden, so sweet

You had to pucker up at the first bite  
Juice rolling down in cascades

Feathered skin yielding to enamel  
Flesh soft and shearing

Teeth sinking through to pit  
Further  
Into before the peach  
Blossoms



## ABOUT E. YOHE MOORE

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E. Yohe Moore recently received a Masters of Public Health from Northwestern University. She currently lives in Chicago, Illinois, where she conducts non-profit research on the educational system. Her work has also appeared in *Down in the Dirt*.

