

The Cherry Pit

It must have been in November when she swallowed it,  
opting for the cherry pie as a respite  
from the pumpkin on every dessert tray of the season.

That winter she sensed tendrils  
beginning to connect her to life again,  
felt more rooted than she had for she didn't know how long.

By spring her curls grew, vaguely at first,  
to resemble a crown of pink blossoms.  
She allowed their fragrance to breach her bitter edge.

In summer came growth she couldn't account for,  
a fullness, a leafing out, her head inhabited by nests,  
egg-filled.

With fall, her heart swelled like ripe fruit,  
and the fledglings returned to feast  
on bright crimson berries.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Bonnie Wehle's work has appeared in *Valley Voices*, *The Avocet*, *Sandcutters*, *Red Rock Review*, *Metaforología Gaceta Literaria*, and elsewhere. She is a docent at the University of Arizona Poetry Center and conducts a monthly poetry discussion circle for the Pima County Public Library system. She lives in Tucson, Arizona.

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