

ROBIN CHAPMAN

CLEMENTINE PEELS

Leathery loose skin of tangerine orange
pulled from the fruit, dragging its fibrous web
of connection like the placenta links womb
and embryo—these mediators between worlds
that swaddle the sweet brief bursts
that feed us—I save the peels, dry
and freeze them, drop them into soups
of winter squash to remind me of a song
my father sang to us in early childhood,
before he was lost and gone, when we
were briefly darlings.