

ROBERT WATSON
MR. MACINTOSH

I can remember far back.

When I was three years old,
Mr. Macintosh up the hill
gave me an eponymous apple.

Imagine:
after sixty years,
I can still feel the summer sun on my skin,
and see his old man's smile,
as he hunkered down to give me the apple.
I remember my own shy innocence.

Now I am become the old man on the hill.
I can smile like that, too:
it is the smile of joy in the other,
where I confuse you with me,
in the bright light.

It is enough to be there,
to blink in the sunlight
and to bite into the apple.