

# ODE TO THE APPLE

by Pablo Neruda

You, apple,  
are the object  
of my praise.  
I want to fill  
my mouth  
with your name.  
I want to eat you whole.

You are always  
fresh, like nothing  
and nobody.  
You have always  
just fallen  
from Paradise:  
dawn's  
rosy cheek  
full  
and perfect!

Compared  
to you  
the fruits of the earth  
are  
so awkward:  
bunchy grapes,  
muted  
mangos,  
bony  
plums, and submerged  
figs.  
You are pure balm,  
fragrant bread,  
the cheese  
of all that flowers.  
When we bite into  
your round innocence  
we too regress  
for a moment  
to the state  
of the newborn:  
there's still some apple in us all.

I want  
total abundance,  
your family  
multiplied.  
I want  
a city,  
a republic,  
a Mississippi River  
of apples,  
and I want to see  
gathered on its banks  
the world's  
entire  
population  
united and reunited  
in the simplest act we know:  
I want us to bite into an apple.