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Ghost Apples

POETRY BY

Katharine Coles

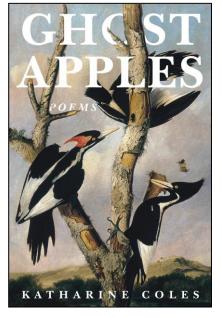
In her ninth collection of poems, *Ghost Apples*, Katharine Coles interrogates and celebrates her relationship with the natural world and the various creatures who inhabit it, and in doing so asks what it means to be human and mortal on a fragile planet.

From her own pet parrot, Henri, to the birds her husband attracts to their feeders, to the wildlife who live just outside—and regularly cross—her property on the wild edge of Salt Lake City, she uses her capacity for intense observation and meditation to think her way into other lives and possible shared futures, both good and bad.

ADVANCE PRAISE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Katharine Coles' eleven books include *Wayward*, poems from Red Hen Press; a memoir, *Look Both Ways*; and a collection of essays, *The Stranger I Become: on Walking, Looking, and Writing.* 2018-19 Poet-in-Residence at the Natural History Museum of Utah and the Salt Lake Public Library for the Poets House FIELD WORK program, she has received awards from the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the National Science Foundation's Antarctic Artists and Writers Program, and from the Guggenheim Foundation. She is a Distinguished Professor at the University of Utah.



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FROM GHOST APPLES

GHOST APPLES

The ones we ate We shouldn't have

Yet. The ones we imagined Eating. The ones we left

Too long on the bough until The rain froze around them

And they slipped out The bottom, leaving behind

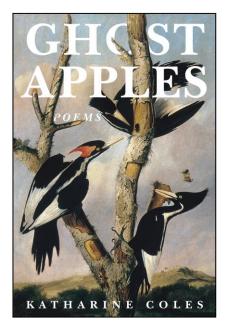
Perfect crystal shapes: present And absent, clear

Mysteries, bodies made Transparent vessels of the sun

And, in the sun, their own Soft robes vanishing light.

Like anyone, I'd rather go Around in my own skin. And yet

We don't. Once I bit An apple. It bit me back.



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