

Worm

No matter what I thought,
warm at the core a worm,
thoughtless, kept eating up
the orb of form.

Something desired the sap
that siphoned through the stem
and pumped the apple plump.
It sucked my syllogism.

After worming in
-- it left a needled hole --
something small began
slyly to grow.

What sweet interior
-- rounded with red --
on which a creeping creature,
fattening, fed.

Still the form remained
perfect as before --
a thought that just contained
the worm or error.

-- Harold Witt

Orinda, California