

# Still Life

## Hollow & Akimbo

Stole off under the moon.  
You and I had raced to the orange grove  
without so much as half a clue. Are you following? Are you upright?  
And how can I know for sure? I think I've gotta guess  
I was petrified, you were frozen,  
and both our bodies turned to stone.  
Though as guessing goes, I'm a poor bet.  
I'm only one for four. I can't help but picture all your wooden bowls  
full of plastic fruit.  
You placed them perfect, and they're staying put  
just like a still life.

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