

Time to Core the Apples` Steven B. Eulberg `

And it's time to core (pare) the apples
Time to pare (core) and cook 'em down
To taste the harvest of the earth
Gather friends around
Yes, it's time to core (pare) the apples.

When the snap of the
Snatches my breath away
When the tangy bite of the cider's memory
Calls me in from work or play

The rhythm of creation/of the earth
has once again made its turn
In an almost cosmic dance
happening never, never by chance,
That needs neither you nor me to work,
But in deep-seated gratitude,

We receive the offering of...
(We fall in love again in time to snuggle
Up under the blankets and sip cocoa,
The pungent, tawny scent of burning leaves

Busy scuffling of the workers, harvest-bent
Time to sort through the batch and learn
That one don't spoil the bunch
But if left too long together
They'll be no good for lunch.

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