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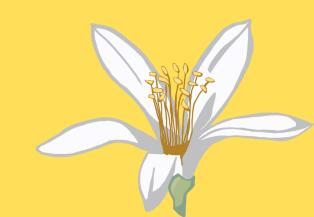
Out of lemon flowers loosed on the moonlight, love's lashed and insatiable essences, sodden with fragrance, the lemon tree's yellow emerges, the lemons move down from the tree's planetarium

Delicate merchandise! The harbors are big with itbazaars for the light and the barbarous gold. We open the halves of a miracle, and a clotting of acids brims into the starry divisions: creation's original juices, irreducible, changeless, alive: so the freshness lives on in a lemon, in the sweet-smelling house of the rind, the proportions, arcane and acerb.

Cutting the lemon the knife leaves a little cathedral: alcoves unguessed by the eye that open acidulous glass to the light; topazes riding the droplets, altars, aromatic facades.

So, while the hand holds the cut of the lemon, half a world on a trencher, the gold of the universe wells to your touch: a cup yellow with miracles, a breast and a nipple perfuming the earth; a flashing made fruitage, the diminutive fire of a planet.

Pablo Neruda



The Lemons

Listen to me, the poets laureate move only among plants with rare names: boxwood, privet and acanthus. But I like roads that lead to grassy ditches where boys scoop up a few starved eels out of half-dry puddles: paths that run along the banks come down among the tufted canes and end in orchards, among the lemon trees.

Better if the riot of the birds dies out, swallowed by the blue: we'll hear more of the whispering of friendly branches in not-quite-quiet air, and the sensations of this smell that can't divorce itself from earth and rains a restless sweetness on the heart. Here, by some miracle, the war of troubled passions calls a truce; here we poor, too, receive our share of riches, which is the fragrance of the lemons.

See, in these silences where things give over and seem on the verge of betraying their final secret, sometimes we feel we're about to uncover an error in Nature, the still point of the world, the link that won't hold, the thread to untangle that will finally lead to the heart of a truth. The eye scans its surroundings, the mind inquires aligns divides in the perfume that diffuses at the day's most languid. It's in these silences you see in every fleeting human shadow some disturbed Divinity.

But the illusion fails, and time returns us to noisy cities where the blue is seen in patches, up between the roofs. And the rain exhausts the earth; winter's tedium weighs the houses down, the light turns miserly – the soul bitter. Till one day through a half-shut gate in a courtyard, there among the trees, the yellow of the lemons is revealed; and the chill in the heart thaws, and deep in us the golden horns of sunlight pelt their songs.

Eugenic Montale

femon Blossom

Fragrance was her forte, and she wore it well. Swaying to Fado, eyes closed to this unfathomable longing delivered into song. She stayed close to you, scented like the flowers she was named for, until your knees weakened and all you could say was,*Yes. Yes, you are all I could ever want. Tonight, or any other night. Fragrant, dancing, loving life with every exquisite inclination of your beautiful, profound mind, your lovely, ripened body.

