

## Midnight Movies

### "Persimmon Tree"

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Grey clouds fly in autumn skies.  
Starck black stems beeld amber  
Bright orange, dark red, pull -- hanging fruit  
Lingers dripping ripe.

The wind spits them into the earth,  
A sea of golden hair and dirt.  
Splitting open;  
Bursting ripe.  
Sacrifice precious,  
Slow syrup

Feeding, loving, yeilding life.  
Sucked up shriveled skin left to die.

The end is here to begin again.  
There's no time for what you believe in.

Seeds will blow and rain will come.  
Furry feeds and kills as one.

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