

# A Pome

by Adam Gallagher

Samara  
so silique  
sauntered past  
an aggregate  
of septicidal loment  
clutching their pepos  
and muttering indehiscently.  
"Get a load of those locules,"  
leered one  
"Like those legumes,"  
hissed another  
"Show us your silicles,"  
snarled a third.  
Pyxis-like  
she pranced away  
daring not dawdle  
with such  
dessicated  
drupes.