



# THE APPLE-MOON MATRIX

BY

Terry Trowbridge

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

*The Apple-Moon Matrix by Terry Trowbridge is a peach of a poem. I did not know that 'regolith' is the layer of unconsolidated rocky material covering bedrock. "Look at the Moon so out-of-reach. / Simultaneously, taste the seasonal eternity of sweet wanting." One of my favorite quotations this issue. Brevity invites gratitude. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

## The Apple-Moon Matrix

The Moon and every apple share the same tidal lock.  
The Moon has one eternally daylit side  
and one immortal nocturnal epoch.  
An apple, locked by stem tide, the same.  
In your hand, there is the red and the green,  
The colours of time, fruit, and regolith.  
Look at the Moon so out-of-reach.  
Simultaneously, taste the seasonal eternity of sweet wanting.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *Gravity is a shared component of living and non-living structures. As a fruit farmer living next door to a small, structurally interesting apple orchard, my thoughts daily drift to considerations like these. My poem is similar to the thoughts we all have as grade-schoolers learning about spacetime from books and tv shows; meanwhile we concentrate on the patterns of growth in our recess snacks. As adults, we should share the thoughts that keep returning to us. All writing is an act of conversation, all apples are allegorical, the Moon is a regular companion to us all. A poem is not significant, but my confidence that you have been thinking about this stuff since childhood is important. Lately, you and I have been confronted by people who want to gloss over the basic pieces of our awareness, in order to replace our own thoughtfulness with Their intermediary media.*

*I'm suspicious that They want to gloss over our thoughts without recognizing the experiences that contribute to our glossa. If you feel like you are being dislodged from their corporate-sponsored, rapidly changing, ahistorical social realities (remember, Twitter and Facebook compete for attention instead of cooperate for attention), and you need an example of a thought that recurs for a lifetime, includes cosmology and microcosms, a thought that can connect what all life on Earth physically feels with what objects in outer space physically share...*

*Well, Reader, I was here and I wrote one such thought down for you. Wherever I've since gone is less important than the fact I was here, and I have no doubt the Apple-Moon Matrix (or suchlike) is occasionally, more-or-less, part of your own daydreams.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** (Thus proving I am not a [bot or AI plagiarist](#)):

[Terry Trowbridge's](#) poems have appeared in [The New Quarterly](#), [Carousel](#), [subTerrain](#), [paperplates](#), [The Dalhousie Review](#), [untethered](#), [Quail Bell](#), [The Nashwaak Review](#), [Orbis](#), [Snakeskin Poetry](#), [Literary Yard](#), [Gray Sparrow](#), [CV2](#), [Brittle Star](#), [Bombfire](#), [American Mathematical Monthly](#), [AoHaM](#), [Canadian Woman Studies](#), [The Mathematical Intelligencer](#), [The Canadian Journal of Family and Youth](#), [The Journal of Humanistic Mathematics](#), [The Beatnik Cowboy](#), [Borderless](#), [Literary Veganism](#), and [more](#). His lit crit has appeared in [Ariel](#), [British Columbia Review](#), [Hamilton Arts & Letters](#), [Episteme](#), [Studies in Social Justice](#), [Rampike](#), and [The /t3mz/ Review](#). Terry is grateful to the [Ontario Arts Council](#) for his first writing grant, and their support of so many other writers during the polycrisis.