

**Peach Tree**  
**by Nick Dinka**

At roadside there stood a peach tree, and as he passed, a cyclist reached to pluck ripe fruit from branch. Juices on his chin, he crested hilltop one-handed, flying. Slick fingers slipping from the brake, he ran a stop sign coming down. When the paramedic bent to breathe him back, her eyes grew wide: a sudden tang of nectar from his lips. The peach, half eaten, had landed roadside; its pit, picked clean by ants, bided seasons, years, became a tree. On summer days its branches, laden with fruit, overhung the road, beckoning.