

GENINE LENTINE

## *Interview with the Pear Tree*

When did you start making pears?

*What is a pear?*

(She runs her fingers over one  
hanging on the branch.)

*Mmm. Yes. It began  
before I could be seen,  
when the great body rang,  
striking, for the first time, the earth.  
Over the long day, it lay in the sun,  
and the birds came, and the flesh  
fell away until all that was left  
was the seed. Maybe it was  
when the moon swelled  
the seed, maybe  
when the first true  
leaf quickened.*

Did you always know you would make pears?

*I wouldn't know how not to.*

What is your process?

*I let the leaves  
come to the branch  
and when the bee is at the  
blossom, I listen.*

Is dormancy difficult?

*Dormancy?*

A period when nothing happens.

(The tree pauses.)  
*I've never had one.*

What about drought?

*I spread my root hairs and wait.*

Do you ever doubt?

*When the bud breaks the green wood.*

Do you ever think of making apples?

*What is an apple?*

Could you describe the kind of pears you make?

(A ripe pear drops into her upturned hands.)