Paring Apples

You pared apples
with a twist or two
of your deft wrist,
whenever you
incised the brittle
blood-red skin
of a Macintosh
into one thin
trailing curl.
Without a pause,
you carved spirals
of the fruited flesh,
shaving it layer by
layer, like a mesh,
as the apple's girth
swiftly diminished,
exposing the core
when you had
finished.
As I grew, I watched
this ritual with awe
but I didn't grasp
then what I saw:
Time's action on life,
swift, subtle, silent
as a scalpel or a knife,
peeling off years,
layer after layer
day by day by day,
until we are honed
to the bone.