

walking through the garden

And through the garden I am walking, I
am running, I am stopping, I am pull-
ing from the vine red tomatoes tasting juic
y, teeth breaking skin so softly . . .

and the
juice and seedsrun down my face from the corn-
ers of my mouth . . . I step inside the rows of corn
and think I'll pass on biting any ears . . .

Meanwhile, the sun falls down around me and
coats me with beads of sweat like salty dew
on early morning peaches somewhere in
the North.