

Tomatoes

I stand four-foot-one at eight years old.
I know little about Grandpa's garden,
minus the varnish of brazen arms
tending to the precious ripe rubies.

I've seen a hero dress a salad,
cutting precious stones into seeded fans
for exactly seven people,
greedily hungry and loved all the same.

When my grandma feels like drinking sun,
she'll find me with the citrus at the heel
of the aphid conquerer,
sweaty and waiting for precious ice water.

I'm eleven and still unwise when
a plane and an ocean spite labor.
Orders of tender care over the phone
do not translate to ten-year-old
boyish, brainless brothers.

I've seen a dog dig up a bone
like a precious jewel and carry it
inside to a lifeless salad and a table
set for exactly five.