

Tomato Man

By Glenn Currier

In late spring when it is still cool
he busies himself outside
preparing the soil for planting
while we are within,
comfortable in the warmth of our homes.

He has gathered all the ingredients
and pieces for his raised bed
and in the soil near the alley
he will dig to plant
the small tomato sprigs
that will grow into large bushes
full of the rich red fruits of his labor.

Now the raised bed is booming with growth
of okra, various small tomatoes
and other delicious vegetables
that grace the table for family meals.

In the alley
people pull to a stop to admire
those green tomatoes as they ripen
in the summer sun.
They must delight in what my neighbor
has done
with mother nature.
Arrested by this fertility
they cannot speed past it
on their treks to work.
The tomato man has caused
these working men and women to pause
and feel a slice of earth's wonder.

My wife and I who inside in our warmth
watched him toil at winter's end,
now hear a knock on our back door.
There he is smiling
holding up a paper parcel
of delicious juicy tomatoes
offered up to us
from his hands and heart:
varieties of love.

*"Tomato Man," Copyright 2021 by Glenn Currier
Written 7-10-21*