

Farm Stand

Driving down a road without speed bumps
Passing deep lots with houses set far back
Tall brown grasses like blankets lying before them
Some lots are vacant,
With busy ground squirrels.

The sign posts:

Pluots

Cherries

Apricots

Peaches

Pulling off the road,
Hearing the gargling gravel beneath my car tires.
Getting out of my car with my canvas bag,
Prepared for my own harvest.
I don't feel the need to lock my car.
The shaded stand is humble,
Filled with waxed boxes.
I ask if I can taste a cherry.
No one responds, so I pop one in my mouth.
The stem is green and the flesh is firm,
Juicy and a little tart.
I take the whole box to the register.
I leave with a satisfaction I have never felt leaving a grocery store.