

Yellow and Green on Our Last Harvest Night

This eve before
the reivers arrive, I
shiver at the water's edge.
A burst of tepid air dries my face.

Hidden in the river reeds
a green heron croons
for his mate.

The crisp night nips
my fingertips
as I walk this Florida dirt road.
A sweet pineapple scent
wafts from the prickly
fruit in fields along
the Indian River
and hugs my quivering lips
like the sugary vapor
of your mouth.

In tomorrow morning's harvest
the robust yellow-flesh
armadillo-clad pineapple
will loosen its grip from the rich loam
and abandon Florida forever.

