

Pomodoro/ Tomato

Domenico, home from a hot day of laying asphalt
soothes his heated body
by tugging plants up by their roots.

“Don’t pull them yet!” Francesca scolds.
In silence he continues ripping greens from earth.
In his way he beats winter to the punch.

Out of breath, he knocks on the kitchen door.

Francesca wraps her eyes around the T.V. screen,
and frowns upon the day she left a land
growing plants into November.

— *Joseph Maviglia*