

Peas

Pyramids of freshly picked peas
cover the kitchen table.

Silver salad bowls fill
with the chatter of relatives

and tiny green globes

thumbed from pods

with alacrity

like children down a slide.

Strays

Stray mutts saunter along streets
and at corners in Curepe

turning vehicles sideline pedestrians
to the curb,

leaving only gutters - three feet down -
to catch us.

Untitled

private jets
enroute to an airport
closing

like all things do
to the disadvantage
of the rich

and poor
potatoes
suffer beauty contests

and anxieties
of being too short
afflict carrots