

Origins

Marcella Prokop

There were no fruit trees where I grew up.
 No rain, no hint of pomegranate seeds
 or a world beyond. I knew only dust,
 fine grit settled down on windshields
 and bookshelves like a neighbor
 come to stay for Sunday dinner.
 If I looked through the motes,
 in the summer I could see Adam,
 that first man, his cells lifted into air
 and spun thick with cowhide, bug parts
 and human skin.
 At fifteen, I wanted to blow away
 and settle elsewhere, anywhere I could
 find the substance to rearrange my being.

It's the dirt

Marcella Prokop

There's no mistaking the phallic nature
 of crook-neck squash
 plump and yellow, angled just so.
 With the wrong look, they're downright obscene.

We grow *Slick-Pik* for hungry bellies,
 sell 'em by the half-bushel
 and feel good that communing with nature
 is our job.
 The last time we sowed their pale seeds,
 we talked genetics, reproduction and God.
 By the final harvest of that year,
 we had realized our own fecundity.

People say, "there's something in the water,"
 But it's the dirt, I tell you, heavy and black,
 reeking of life and mortality.

The writer's dog

Marcella Prokop

The writer's dog is an exclamation point,
 energetic, upright, searching for reward.
 He is the bounding lope
 of four uncoordinated paws
 staccato on the tile.

The writer's dog is a run-on sentence,
 the thump of blood, four never-ending,
 on-the-go legs and
 a spine-straight tail. The writer's dog
 is a testament to unbridled creation,
 as is a too full idea.

As composed as a paragraph,
 He is wet black nose and jaunty ears,
 thorn sharp teeth and softest, pink tongue.
 The writer's dog is an organized structure,
 complete as a unified whole.
 Play, play, play, he says,
 before ending the thought
 with the hard stop of sleep.