

THE LAST TIME

The sun rose.  
He was up,  
Hoe in hand,  
'Til sun down.

He worked the land  
Ridding the weeds.  
Seeds he planted  
And watched them grow.

He harvested greens,  
Potatoes, and beets,  
Corn, green beans, okra,  
Them was such good eats!

When the years passed and time  
Marched forward, his temples  
Grayed, his back hunched over.  
His skin thinned from aging.

His sweat and tears on fertile  
Soil are ready to join with  
His old body to enter  
The soil the last time to stay.