

Green Beans

Kathrine Moermond

I recall distant
Yet close,
Childhood feedings
With siblings around the table
Chewing, chewing, chewing

Green beans gathered from our garden
Each counted
By father

The faithful amount each serving
He would require

Chewing,
We ate through our childhood
Green beans
Counting our young years and

Chewing on we felt the distance
Of two married minds
Never converge

One straight and narrow
of graceful curves,
And sweet milk of an angel
To feed our lively hunger and

The other
In a distance at the head
Balanced and sturdy
Our chewing mouths chewed on.

Thirty green beans
To devour
And thirty years to cheat on mother.