

Keep an Eye Open for Snakes

by John Cantey Knight

Cabbages are
 rotting in the
 field, rows of
 heads across
 the hillside.
 Someone's
 labor
 is left in the
 weeds
 flowering, or
 if you must,
 wildflowers
 blooming.
 Unsprayed,
 the moths are
 mating
 in flurries, above
 yellowing, busted
 bowls of uncut
 slaw.
 A sense of waste
 steals over me.
 It was a
 miscalculation
 of the market in
 Atlanta. "Take all
 you want." *Better
 to give it
 away and go broke than haul it out
 and add the cost of diesel
 to fertilizer,
 insecticide
 and sweat.*
 "Farming is damn
 unforgiving," he
 said, almost as an
 afterthought.