

Mason Jars

Sometime in May,
when frost had warmed,
King and Kernel pulled the disc, again and again,
over our half-acre garden plot
pitched between our farm house and the orchard.

Wood stakes, sledged home by Dad and
harnessed by taut twine that shadowed
straight rows thirty-six inches apart,
the garden was planted with beets,
carrots, sweet corn, green beans
and tomatoes,
imprisoned in tall hog-wire cages.

Later in August,
apples falling, tomatoes turning,
corn tassels dusting,
beets and carrots toiling,
all prompted Mom to boil five-hundred quart jars
in time for the holy harvest.
Beets and their dirt partners were blanched,
sliced and spooned through a funnel
perched atop each jar.

We listened to their popping lids
into the night.