

*leaning
toward
light*

*Poems
for Gardens &
the Hands
That Tend Them*

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Mud Season

We unstave the winter's tangle.

Sad tomatoes, sullen sky.

We unplay the summer's blight.

Rotted on the vine, black fruit

swings free of strings that bound it.

In the compost, ghost melon; in the fields

grotesque extruded peppers.

We prod half-thawed mucky things.

In the sky, starlings eddying.

Tomorrow, snow again, old silence.

Today, the creaking icy puller.

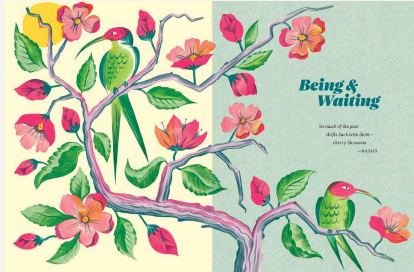
Last night I woke

to wild unfrozen prattle.

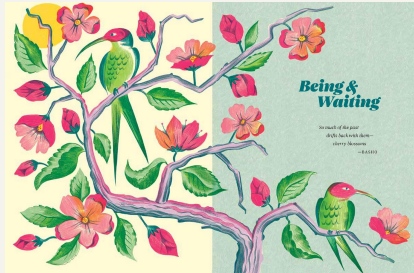
Rain on the roof—a foreign liquid tongue.

-Tess Taylor, *Work & Days*

Leaning Toward Light

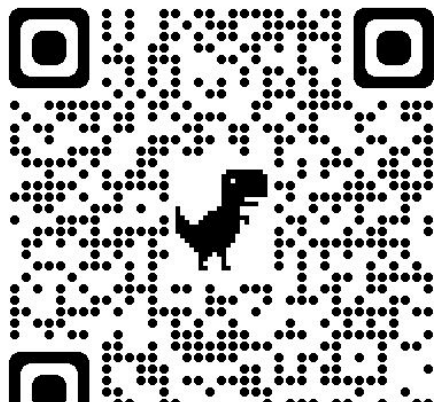


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Tess Taylor



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