

Shadiyat Ajao

Soil, Silt, and Georgia Red Clay

Till me.

Aerate my curiosity,
rehydrate my resolve,
make space for my roots, shy
as they are. Put
some back into it and
mix me up like you mean it.

Be nice to me.

Reticent to retain
water, are you worth your weight in
perlite? Bouyant and foolish
when I'm saturated; we're both kissing
at the lip of this ceramic pot with
no desire to leave -- just enjoying the view from up here.
Drop me.

Crack the pot *please*.

I have no business here. Don't
listen to me sometimes.

Just make space for me ~~in our garden.~~

Just make space for me ~~to grow.~~

Just make space for me.

'Til me

You won't know sunshine ~~the way I do.~~

You won't taste the earth ~~the way I do.~~

You'll think you know what it is to breathe ~~life into something.~~

Till me.

cider

Hard Cider dry,
the sweet cousin
of Applejack and his
whiskey bite. Rabid
and foaming at the mouth of your glass,
I tickle your nose.

Lord knows
I'm made of the same stuff.

We were
skin, apple pulp,
and seed - waxy slick
pressed crushed