

The Gleaning

In the frost-bewildered garden,
gleaning, within sights of winter.
Who on earth has left so much, so late?

Picking over gourds,
the big gold bells that gong with light,
lifting zucchini, wildly overgrown,
or pulling carrots like loose teeth
from powdery, black loam.

Then coming on the grapes,
their wild black eyes,
spectacular and winking. Do I dare?

I leave them for the birds,
who will devour them like God's own truth,
as Boaz in a distant land once left
a little something in the field for Ruth.