

Bartram's Ixia / Robert Morgan

To find in the deep
swampglow a blue
light near the ground
between pools of stagnant
ink, bright
as a fly tied with lasers,
a kind of antilight
lost for nearly two centuries
revealing itself a few
inches out of mud.
The color takes root
in the retina and
drains into recognition—
as the ground will in
a few days draw
this special candlepower
back down the stem.

Canning Time / Robert Morgan

The floor was muddy with the juice of peaches
and my mother's thumb, bandaged for the slicing,
watersobbed. She and Aunt Wessie skinned
bushels that day, fat Georgia Belles
slit streaming into the pot. Their knives
paid out limp bands onto the heap
of parings. It took care to pack the jars,
reaching in to stack the halves
firm without bruising, and lowering
the heavy racks into the boiler already
trembling with steam, the stove malignant
in heat. As Wessie wiped her face
the kitchen sweated its sweet filth.
In that hell they sealed the quickly browning
flesh in capsules of honey, making crystals