

The Tomato

I never liked him,
nobody did on our block.
He was spiteful, mean, they said.
I heard he stole kids' bikes
around Christmas and sold
them to other kids. One
man's wife said she

caught him peeping in
her window. He lived alone,
like me. One day he stopped
me on the street, said
it was sure hot, wasn't it, sure
wished it would rain, and
handed me a tiny tomato

from his overalls. I
put it in my pocket and
carried it home, ate it
with my supper. It was small,
slightly green but tasted
good. Tonight as I look out
my window across the yard

I think of the tomato.
The light in his kitchen
glows back at me. He is standing
at the sink. I think of his
hands cradling the shiny skin,
the way he looked down when
he handed it to me.