

Three Peas in a Pod · *Sue Owen*

All they can think now
is how snug they are,
lined up in there, one,
two, three, the walls

green, and how their heads
put together are better
than one, and when
they doze, the pod is like

a ship crossing a smooth
green sea that is eternity.
But put back in time,
they wake again to their

smallness, their swaying
on the stem, and their
ripening that will take
them to the kitchen where

all pea shucking begins.
As their heads pop into
that pan, they will bounce
out of their snugness

into the pain of a metal
bottom, the pain of water
that will float them to
a boil, the pain of fire.

And that old snugness,
as frail as a dream,
will think of them when
they scream above the flame.