Carrots

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Death was just another dream softly lined when he approached his first coffin. It was wide open and his father lay folded inside like a baby sleeping.

He was young in curiosity and it possessed him to touch the upturned face of inheritance. He placed his fingertip on death it lightly moved skin above the bone of an orange knuckle.

Boldly, he told his mom that father smelled of carrots, her brow formed a thin cross against her pale forehead and he knew to be silent. He sank into the blackness of his child suit and thought of the strange word, carrot. The kid within wants to break it down. Two words lie here, care and rot. He asked his mother a few years later if father was all bones now, carelessly she told him, he might be.

There is so much he wants to uncover, so much underground he doesn’t remember. He digs now with large knuckles, they look a lot like his father’s fingers, rough and clumsy, with large grooves and scars carved by the dirty and greedy hands of time.