

Scientific Marvel
Karen Luke Jackson

The white poster tacked to a wooden stake
leans in a bin of striped green melons
promising SEEDLESS. No bounty
of black ovals flatter than dimes
and smaller than pinkies.

Nothing to gouge from sweet red
meat and spit from porch rails
across lawns on the Fourth.
Nothing to dry in the sun, save
for next year's garden. No life codes
filling hollows of cantaloupes,
cucumber flesh, or squash bellies.
No promise of another harvest.
Another. Yet another.

Before alteration, hundreds of sleeping
plants nestled in a single tomato.