

Mud Pie

Farmland in a bowl,
a big mud pie,
that's what it is.

Dirt's as black as coal,
ripe for growing
potatoes, tomatoes (~~taters, maters~~),
ginseng, peppers, berries, corn,
beans of all kinds,
you name it:
green, brown, kidney,

all surrounded by leaning,
jagged walls
of earth and trees,
forgotten treasures,
hidden stills,
secret farms.

I'd rather not find out
what's out beyond these mountains.

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