

Harvest Day

The aroma of potatoes roasting in butter
greet us at nine AM.

it circles our classrooms
around heads bent over journals
where yesterday's harvest
is recorded
older children guiding younger
to treasures at the end of vines,
to surprises waiting a few inches down.

The long table presents
a celebration of potatoes
pumpkins, corn, and squash
carried in by the small hands
that patted seeds down
months ago.

Underground,
seeds have been sprouting
reaching for the light.

Today's snack
a feast of roasted potatoes
chins butter-shiny,
lips licked clean.

Students
in our basement classrooms
are reaching for meaning,
Know themselves to be stewards.

There is light.

Jane Manring 10/07