

Amherst Island

Refined, terra firma,
this land is home to my state.
I belong to the countryside where
fresh grass,
and calla lilies lie.

Though the sun makes my skin dry
outside,
I try to set aside the fettle of my
dermis,
for the conditions of the subdivide.

And I love it.
The blood I shed and the tears I cry,
go into
plucking prickly weeds that show no
mercy,
and gnawing on wheat strands,
uprooting grain with my fingertips.

Hard labors touch put the sweat
on my face,
and corset on my sides,
it's hot in the west and

I've got a fast metabolism.

A day's work means,
losing weight like wool shed
off sheared sheep.

Shaving down my 90-pound body
and perspiring until the evening's
sunset.

Summertime got me pickin'
apple trees for breakfast,
n' pluckin' strawberry shrubs for
dinner.

Stomach says, abide in organics
it's the ranch's way of life.

Besides, acidic fruit is better than
processed foods,
and fresh pulp is the definition of
health.

No finer taste than,
guavas juices
re-fueling my body with its
natural sugars.
Rolling across my taste buds
and satisfying my palate.

Cedars' farm is a planter's dream.
Seedlings from the womb of dirt,
turn into precious buds that
become botanical posies.

Marigolds, Petunias, Lantanas
fill my flower fields,
just as my horses fill their wooden
stables.

Appaloosa, warm-blooded, Mustang,
Akhal-Teke and Dutch.
Each horse, a taste of bilingual
harmony.

All livestock bear their weight in
sustaining marketplace foods.
Been carries of the richest ingredients
since 1989.

Heifers are milked by their utters
bringing mounds of dairy,
that is molded into bundles of brie
and gouda.

Friulano or Brise du Matin,
for the locals and the Butterfield's
kids next door to enjoy.

Large eggs are laid, by the mother
hen.
Nothing but protein sacks solidified
in egg white casings, filled with yolk.

Makes a delightful edition to,
Blackberry Cobbler and Crème
Brûlée's.

On the Amherst's estate, tractors are
corollas.
There ain't no difference between
skidders and the mobile ways of the
western world.

Using highspeed mechanical engines,
and treading through grassy fields
like 80 on a freeway.

I'd rather drive my digger than stride
barefoot on milk thistle,
tippy-toeing on wet mud and the
occasional "dropping."

Turf tires got nothin' on a tiller's
way of walking.
Pulling n' hauling rocks and brush
to clear the path for pastures.

Makes me smile when I think about it;
sowing seed into loam and
starting from scratch with the help of God.
Birthing fresh vegetables from
earth to the table.

I weep happily when I see a
new bud in the midst of,
a thousand specks of soil.
It's like watching a newborn spurt from,
infancies subtle stages of stillness.

Suburbanites call it "gestation",
but us tillers call it fertilization,
germination or the "ground's maternity."

Leaving endless fields of cornrows,
and plump peppers plucked from
new vines.

Reminds me of my family,
embracing country living back home.
Mom and dad would be

tending to the breadfruit trees,
pouring mulch and pruning
dead branches.

While I'd be collecting my
favourite fruit in woven baskets,
sweet pomegranate.
And spreading lavender oil
around each crop
to keep the rabbits away.

You could grow the most
beautiful things,
with the smallest heaps of soil
because, it was so abundant in
vitamins and minerals.

The sun would just smile at
each crop, and they would
flourish into

6-foot-tall figures.
Jamaica.
3000 miles away from

me and I
on the Amherst.

