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Tomato; Kidnapped

Blair Hobbs

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Blair Hobbs

Tomato

At the field's wooded edge
a crow talons a limb

and startles a gust of dead leaves
into the morning breeze.

Wings folded, he gives me
a bossy-eyed stare. A flirting wink.

Each gesture, a promise to sweep
down and snap straw

from my bread-basket hat
or tug threads from my unraveling shoulders.

I am the makings of a nest.
Nailed to this planted broomstick,

I am an aproned frock full of needles.
A passing flock cackles

at my sewn grimace
and pea blossoms mock

my button-eyed glare. At my hem,
green beans, long as fingers,

are laced with aphids.
The frilled lettuce heads nod and rot

in their bored soil.
The wind whistles through me—

the lady of this land.

One ripe tomato dangles

by a vein-green stem. It could be
my heart, soft side to the condescending sun.

The fruit sweetening like a come-on
for the trees' worm-throated scavenger.

Blair Hobbs

Kidnapped

Anna, in Sunday school
we learned that God was everywhere—
cloaked in the sky's nimbus,
yawning in a wood knot, stretched
across the skin
of the cat's cream saucer.
Camouflaged, he was
our spiritual soldier.

Remember the time
we asked your mother's teapot
for Christmas dance dates?
God was glazed in the porcelain,
like a genie,
and granted our wishes.

We had escorts to the church
basement that was transformed
by a ceiling of paper snowflakes.
We slow danced
our tuxedoed boys
with pearl-pinned orchids
crushed to our chests.

Tell me, Anna—
when the stocking-faced man
stole you from your bed
with a gun barrel
to your temple, did you see
God's eyes snagged into
that nylon face?
Was his flowing beard zipped

into a wind breaker? Were his hands
gloved, or did he have
fingerprints to dust?

In these hide-and-seek woods,
I can still find
you in the blue-eyed sky,
feel you in the soil
beneath fall's red-handed leaves.