

# Father Sky/Mother Earth

*Cathy A. Gileadi-Sweet*

I am turning the irrigation water  
Into my garden  
It's two in the afternoon  
The reddening tomatoes jerk up, widen their eyes  
And peek over their shoulders at me  
The soil relaxes, rich and wet

I have something to say:

Today I join the flow  
To the corn and the peppers  
I am forty and I still bleed  
My children slosh the rushing water in the ditch  
I straddle the rows in my skirt  
My toes mush the mud on the sides of the channel

My hands on the shovel  
Begin to look like my own mother's  
I streak the sweat from my forehead  
And mutter my claim on this garden  
These children  
This irrigation turn

Just for a moment I hold the sky with a look  
Just for once I want to tell you  
What I have planted in  
My garden  
And my sons  
And my daughters