

MINT

Colin Hamilton

Crushed leaves lace her boot soles, their fragrance
mingling with the sweat of well-worked gloves.
Another day is worn to dusk in the same dry acres.

Another day in Oregon hills, under a sky is so low
each thing is pressed into ever thicker scents.
Making everything slow, and herself always the same.

Repeating the simple incantation—dirt, sun, water
and seed— until they have become a single word.
And the word grows, sweet and green, at her feet.