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.