# Arugula

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To Nat

Thank you for that little bag of greens 
you gave us when you had too much at home. 
You said the tiny first-spring leaves 
tasted just like the big ones. It was true: 
each one was a pungent little morsel, 
one tooth-worth of the flavors of a whole. 
Each one was perfectly green (the scraps 
of yellow here and there turned out to be 
some other leaves that had slipped in by chance 
in the ritual of gathering), each one spoke 
of other places. Mysterious green houses. 
Truly, the sprout comes to intend the leaf, 
each leaf an earnest of the whole damp miracle, 
each bag symbolic of the swelling garden. 
The rows stretch longer, carefully 
seeded and designed, their neighborings 
intelligently settled, weeds discerned 
and pulled at needful intervals. Dear ink 
staining our fingers as we touch the earth 
to reach into its secret, to seize its leaves.