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The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

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THREE POEMS

THE VERNAL POOL

ISSUE ONE, FALL 2014

THE PEA GARDEN

Sixty days after planting
sugar peas

I cut the thin
umbilical cord of

vines, the pods
collapsing into my palm.

Sixty days ago,
these peas were no

more than a bundle
of cells,

tiny suns
each with their

own heartbeat,
straining out of

their stringy
skins.

Now, the pods lie on
my kitchen floor.

Breathless and cold,
shriveled.

This line
between continuous

growth and
sudden decay

is thin as the dirt
lining the

crease of my thumbs,
a reminder

of what I have
done.

Gathering the pods
in my hands,

I bury them in the
trash, below

chicken carcasses,
next to the

veined leaves and
roots

the remains of a
ruined garden.

TWILIGHT IN THE ORCHARD

The ground is littered
with ant bodies.

It is nearly twilight.

Crickets strum their legs.

Around me, darkness blooms.

SHEARING ALPACAS

They drag the alpaca across
foxtails and yellowing
grass,

pinning it to
the ground with
metal clamps.

*Tie a cloth around the head, so it
can't see,* the man says.

Shears run down
the body.

Strips of fiber peel back,
revealing pale skin,
grey and veined.

A knee shoved behind
the ear, the body
flipped over.

Clumps of knotted fiber curl
around pronged hooves.
It should be thin,
cloud-like.

Boney head held
high, the alpaca
leaps back
to the others.

Its coat lies
discarded,
exoskeleton of
fiber and weeds.