

Glowing Grains

The sky was a sea of blue,
Adorned with fleecy white puffs,
Under this deep wash of blue,
Grains scattered on this square yard,

I knelt on the sea of grains,
Wondered like a child,
That man kept opening sacks
And shook off more grains,
Like a magician waved his handkerchief,
Conjured out things endlessly,
Left the watcher mesmerized

The sea of grains made a warm quilt for earth,
I ran my fingers along the wheat,
Each one plump and unique,
Reflected off the sunlight,
Squinting and leaning,
I identified the subtle change in colors,
It wasn't just the golden tone,
Pigments of auburn, ocher, pale gold all mixed on the palette,
Forming a sea of glowing beads

As I was in a trance,
The magician spilled the whole sack of grains over my head,
Corns and wheat cascaded down my body,
In awe,
I squirmed and squealed,
A wave of joy flowed through my body,
As if I were in a baptism,
Reborn by nature,
Clean and cozy,
Ready to embrace the world with a grin.

Serena Shi