

First Tomato

A certain tradition we had. First fruit inspired it.
You carried it in and placed it on the plate.
We all stood round and silently admired it.
Mum polished it up. The room would radiate.

When we'd had our feast of sight and scent,
you'd cut it into four and pass it round.
This torrent of taste, we knew, was heaven sent.
To us, through you. This somehow was profound.

You had no words to talk about your feelings.
A modest man, not given to showy acts.
The only touch of pride in all your dealings.
Your first tomato stated all the facts.

My first tomato's pungency is true.
I've cut it in four. Dad, here's a piece for you.

JULIE LEIBRICH