

# Cherry Tomatoes

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Your mother works hard on her quaint garden,  
Watering memories to help your nostalgia grow  
Sometimes she hums under her breath —  
Harmonizing with the insects so sociable and chatty —  
Freckles speckled on her shoulders  
Like her grandfather's own back in Los Angeles  
Sun kisses, she calls them:  
These orange spots like miniature cherry tomatoes.  
The sun beats down on her straw hat;  
It smells of warm hay and sunscreen  
(Non-toxic and natural, of course)  
Good old dirt and herbs are better than a doctor  
Organic food is good, but home-grown is best —  
Cherry tomatoes are better than Doritos.  
Fresh and green smelling cherry tomatoes,  
These orbs of red and orange, tautly filled with juices  
Some so plump they fall off their stem  
You bite into this glistening ruby and it bursts  
An explosion so sour, sweet, and crisp  
It prickles your tongue  
Juice gushes down your fingers accompanied by tiny seeds  
Like boats  
You take your hand-me-down shoes off  
Digging your toes into the soil  
Nearby grass is dry and brittle, toughened  
Under summer skies  
But here, everything is vibrant and viridescent  
The leaves of the tomatoes are slightly sticky  
Reaching to pull you in — won't you stay here forever  
Where bees buzz amongst the blossoms of tomatoes-to-be?  
You roll another cherry tomato between your fingertips—  
Your own arms have freckles too,  
But not so dense as your mother's.  
You rest the cherry tomato softly on your lips, inhaling  
The sweet smell of fragile summer.