

# Reaping

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My father is dead.  
I look at the tomatoes he'd planted  
and realize ghost  
is a crop like any other.

I talk to the ground,  
beg it to manage something  
better this time. But no,  
what wanders through the living room  
that evening  
is insubstantial as usual.

We chat,  
nothing new going on in his life,  
mine idle with triviality.  
I'd lie, but I can see he doesn't care.

After he leaves,  
I lay out all the color photographs  
of him I can find.

I pretend the snapshots are flowers.