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## Planting Greek Tomatoes

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## Planting Greek Tomatoes

We ease the sopping rockwool out  
of barrels filled with nutrient water,  
nudge the nearly indiscernible seeds  
one by one below the fibrous surface

and wait. The instructions tell us  
how soon we can expect  
growth, and this time I know  
that's not a promise. If nothing comes

up, the packet says, the problem  
isn't the seeds; it's probably that  
the environment is too cold, or we just  
didn't make enough space. And it wasn't

my idea—incubating in our home—  
but I let you keep the rows of black plastic trays  
in the empty upstairs room,

let myself imagine how  
months from now, I'll transform

what's ripe into bright sharp  
salsas, bold simmering sauce.  
Maybe some things need time

to tell you if they are alive,  
to decide if they wish to be.

In Greek tradition it's said a baby  
can sense how much love exists  
in the moment of its conception.

Last year, we stared at the skin  
below my navel, me biting my lip, you  
frowning a little, meaning *if we must*, or  
at least that was what I thought.

And when we learned that nothing was there  
after all, that our lives could stay the same,

I felt within us one long rush  
of air, sort of like the sound a train makes  
right when it's slowed to a halt—both a gasp  
and an exhalation—and then

we went on with what we had been doing.