

Rhubarb, the Green Age

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What puckered honey was potted last fall,
its rootball a muddy peach, split dead

center and buried to kindle a pair
of pie plants. What bitterleaf

sprang from soil frost shocked
unseasonably late. Whose stubborn shovel.

Which strawberries gritty as chickbeaks,
white where weather stormed past.

What cumulus drove us quiet
as volcanos, insane as a blast-path

hothouse — rhizomous, oxalic — ready to fight
shotweed for the garden, rip

ground into beds. What hubbub
is made of: the stalk thickest-lipped

where spring's green fuse glows red.