



GREENLING by LEVI PINFOLD



His wife wants to know where it came from.

He says, "Where the wildflowers grow."

She says, "It belongs to the wild then,
and back to the land it should go."





You cannot return for a refund.
A baby is not like a hat.
What's picked is picked, what's done is done,
and that, Barleycorns, is that.

So forget what you know about baby demands.
This is a different breed.
It's clear he has needs only trees understand;
a vegetable hunger to feed.





With night fast approaching Barleycorn says,
“We can’t leave him outside for the crows.
If some of this outside were inside,
he could settle in safe, if he chose.”

“I know what you’re up to,” mutters his wife,
“but keeping him here is not right.
Get rid of this goblin by morning.
He goes, or we’re in for a fight.”





But morning brings stranger becomings, beginning a Barleycorn gripe.

She says, "How will we cook breakfast today?" He says, "Them melons look ripe."