

Maize Directions

Stalks of leafy green palaver in tasseled stems, whispers leading to sweet heart of yellow. Empires have been built upon these kernels, seed spreading from Mexico

to span the Earth. Your walk is not so long, just north until you reach a thin, white shack with knot-holed boards for walls. Inside you'll find a man whose cracked hands

once steered a boxy, green tractor through long rows, stopping now and then to plunge fingers into soil as if truth without touch is something that defies belief.

In metal pails on the plank counter beside him, cobs lounge in silk-lined jackets, rough side out. See how each fits perfectly in your palm

like an answer whose question you didn't know to ask, something you'd mislaid one gold-streaked morning whose air was crisp and hungry as birth's first breath.