Early Sunglow

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Hot sun heavy on the back of my neck
I reach out to part the broad rustling leaves.
Like columns in an ancient temple

the stalks thrust up in the late summer sky
as the silks cascade down, yellow to brown
and even black. I pull discreetly on a husk –

kernels still white lie hushed and austere
nestled in their promise of plump succulence.
I close the parchment around the tip again

brush golden dust from my arms
hands empty and mouth eager for the first
sunny pop from the ripe, steaming ears

of the sweet
corn.

Karen Erickson is Academic Dean and Professor of French.