

Yam, the King of Crops

The Mountain Goats

Felt sick, felt good
The heat burns, old wood
Muscles in my arms pump like machines
The jericho palm tree is plush and green

Bright sun, the new day
I felt sick in a good way
Felt the fever climb when you came down
All the way across town

And you brought me a plate of sweet potatoes

Sun fading overhead
The sunset, bright red
Your green eyes, your smooth walk
Fresh tomato, celery stalk, you cook
Pot of pari basmati rice
I felt good, you looked nice
You stood like galatea, over me
Fried garlic, kim chee
And you brought me a plate of sweet potatoes