

## 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