

WATERMELON DELIGHT

Over in the cornfield
Far from prying eyes,
The melons we've planted,
Are ripening 'neath sunny skies.

We accompany Dad
To choose the best melon,
Watching and listening
As he thumps on each one.

Learning the sound of ripeness—
Does it plink or does it plunk?
Rapping our knuckles
And testing 'thumps.'

There's a smile on Dad's face
As his jackknife he opens,
Cuts a deep small square--
And lifts out the plug! Then

If it's bright red at the center
He's chosen well,
Cuts it free from the vine,
And we troop from the dell.

Patient waiting is hard,
Mom suggests cookies to bake.
Oatmeal is our choice,
Chock full of raisins we'll make.

The chores are completed
And appetites fed.
It's time for dessert!
On the porch it's spread.

We bring out the cookies
And frosty ice tea.
Dad slices the melon,
A beauty to see.

A Kaleidoscope of Memories

Silence descends
As we savor its sweetness-
Except for the pffft!
Of seeds flying past us.

A contest begins--
Whose seed will win?
Each spitting and laughing,
And it's Maurice who wins.

Dusk quietly falls,
The air's full of flashes.
Quick, get a mason jar,
Watch out no one crashes.

Cousins and siblings
Join in the play.
Laughing and running,
We've had a great day.

