

Roger Jones

CUCUMBERS

It's this way with me with cucumbers: pour a little vinegar in a bowl, slice cucumbers into the vinegar, sprinkle on a little black pepper, it's 1963. I'm nine again, and the summer's erupting: the sun's high, the days are long, and everything's coming in from the garden: huge melons, tubs of corn, tomatoes, crook-necked and white squash. Cucumbers sit on the table in vinegar, in a bowl on the lazy susan; Mother's in the kitchen stirring blackberry jelly, and rumors abound of cousins due from far away later in the week. There's the snap of summer crispness in the air, and at night a full animal moon. When I look in the mirror, I see vines for arms, leaves for hands, and my face, suddenly turning green, moving toward the light.