

**Mutations**

you know these farmers,  
they buy this stuff  
but don't read the instructions,  
think chemicals  
are safe like dirt,  
mix it with  
their bare hands, for chrissake—

and I listen.  
yes, my silence agrees,  
farmers are dumb.  
the unnatural air of the granary,  
my father with his arms  
in the cancerous wheat,  
anything for a better crop,  
a better life for the kids.  
what other instructions  
were there

— *Leona Gom*