

## Sun Fern

Shined to perfection,  
cracked as the desert,  
oval egg shaped.  
Although  
nothing can describe your features.  
Soft enough  
to give way,  
hard enough  
to be buried fathoms deep  
and survive  
the cruel frost.  
A golden, yellow, brown.  
To find you  
was a gift.  
I can smell your  
crunch.  
Most of your kind  
don't have room for  
faces  
but you do.  
Though I believe  
you are one of a kind.  
I might bring you home,  
I've brought home a potato before  
but that was a mistake.  
I put it on my bureau  
and showed it to mom and dad  
I said I would plant it

but I didn't,  
I never got a chance  
when its eyes became too long  
it was disposed of  
trashed,  
thrown,  
gone,  
no one but me cared.  
Now I see I can show no one  
true beauty  
they must see it for themselves.  
I will plant you  
so you may breathe Earth once again  
and not waste your life  
rotting away with rubber,  
plastic,  
and chemicals  
in a dumpster.  
To really feel  
what it's like  
to live.  
To me, potato,  
you are a yellow fern  
under the golden sun  
and that is why  
I named you  
Sun fern

*Julie G.*