

Grand

by Steven Gowin

The garden grew tomatoes.

A prodigious cherry tomato plant where I lived in college.

On those hot Iowa mornings before the sticky air became unbearable, often after a night of a bit too much beer to cool off, we'd throw on a pair of cutoffs and tee shirt and stumble out to pop a few of those cherry tomatoes into our mouths straight off the vine.

If it had rained the previous evening, the whole thing was even better. We hadn't planted that plant or fertilized it or done anything except pop them into our mouths.

The garden's fruit was grand.

