

Aloe Farmer
by Deshae E. Lott

From the first small aloe
we purchased at the local nursery,
you have cultivated scores
and gifted half as many.

Now an aloe grove,
33 winter on our porch
cuddling close
apart from the snug path
through which
your svelte frame and watering can
pass.

For months the aloes
huddle beneath cloth
except when sunshine
sufficiently warms the air.
Then, weather-watching you
rush out to help them
soak up light.

Every summer
the mother aloe and her firstborns
salute you
with stalks like colossal asparagus
whose tips open and flower
before being wafted away.

You might have made a superb
lighthouse keeper:
signaling to seafarers
and ever concerned
for their safety.

Instead you tend aloes.
And me
even better.