

Scientific Marvel
Karen Luke Jackson

The white poster tacked to a wooden stake leans in a bin of striped green melons promising SEEDLESS. No bounty of black ovals flatter than dimes and smaller than pinkies.

Nothing to gouge from sweet red meat and spit from porch rails across lawns on the Fourth. Nothing to dry in the sun, save for next year's garden. No life codes filling hollows of cantaloupes, cucumber flesh, or squash bellies. No promise of another harvest. Another. Yet another.

Before alteration, hundreds of sleeping plants nestled in a single tomato.