



(Cindy Seigle)*

Goldmine

by NICK ROBINSON

A pumpkin patch is a goldmine,
And I am a miner,
Searching for that perfect orb,
That wonderfully feminine curve.

I weave between the vines and roots,
Searching for the one,
Out of the millions of possibilities,
For me.

I scope on out amidst the crowd,
And weigh the good and the bad,
Discover the flaws and disregard:

I find one that looks perfect,
But one soured, spoiled spot on the rump
Gets her thrown back,
Out of sight and mind.

I find one, another lovely vision,
But the vine is too tough
And I cannot sever its hold
On what already has laid its claim.



For one reason or another,
They all fail to come to par,
And are rejected.

Perhaps the flaw is not in the squash,
But in the searcher.
Perhaps I need to change
Before I can walk away with my own,
To cherish and enjoy while I can.
I lower my standards,
And continue digging for gold:

I find one that is not without its flaws,
Set it down to help a friend find his own,
And when I return to my own,
She is nowhere to be found,
Tired of waiting in neglected abandon.

I find one and hold on,
Squeezing it tightly,
Gripping the over-ripe rind,
But it slips from my possession,
Smashing on the trampled earth,
Running away from my clinginess.

No matter what I do or change,
I fail to come to par,
And am rejected.

Perhaps I should just give up,
Leave the pumpkins to themselves
And the mining to someone else.
The whole world is a goldmine
And I need a new profession.

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