

This is not done and a draft (6) and it's longer. Bold italics are new words or changed words....

What's *seen* from the back of a **truck** full of produce?
We rode bumping along from the Gulch to the Market.
We had our expectations and familiar acquaintance
Old Italian men drove, their wives *were* the sellers.

Boys, Roberto and Luca, looked on at preparations,
Helped loading the trucks with eggs, carrots, **and** onions
Whatever could be grown was trucked into town
A town that called itself a city but **really** wasn't

We ran to the stalls, we knew so well
We each **given** a dollar to buy what we **smelled**
The men **at** a roundtable like Knights **of the Holy See**
Chewing the fat, smoking, **while sipping their coffee**

A dollar! *We were* rich! we could buy the world
Most often **first** we'd go and get **some** pepperoni
Those hallways like warrens, who knew what we'd find?
Like the skinned red meaty rabbits next Aunt's eggs

The knights sat below waiting for the end
When what wasn't sold **was** packed back up again
The women paid the fees for the rent on their sales
The boys **run ragged**, in the back with unsold tomatoes

Queens in the kitchen Put up food for winter
Baked bread, made pasta for simple dinners
Took care of the children and the chickens, collected eggs

This was a cycle repeated every day.

Back to the farm, planting, weeds, and harvest
A big Sunday meal *always* after mass
While the women cooked, gossiped all day
The men sat and smoked, hung out like Saturday

No horses or jousting, Knights on their tractors
Planting and sowing
Sunrise and breakfast, noon sun lunch
Day's end, wash up, sit on the porch
Look out, content, hard work, well done

There was always talk about what grew well
If it rained or not enough and so
you had to irrigate, if you could
Knowledge exchanged, in a quiet mood

This wasn't knowledge the boys *soaked up*
It was a way of living, life understood.
Sitting steady with old friends
That ability to hang out, never ends.