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Spring Onions

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KILEY KERNS

Spring Onions

When I was young I
would pick these small
white bulbs, with long
green hair, from the
soil of my grandpa's yard.

When I was young I
would pick these ripe
red apples, from the
crooked limbs of the
dying crab apple tree.

When I was young I
would walk along the
slippery sides of this
great big pond and
hunt for frogs and fish.

When I was young I
would pick the emerald
beetles off the weeping
willow and stuff them in
pockets for my mother.

When I was young I
felt the Earth below my
feet and its seed between

my soft careful fingers that
grabbed for more and more.

When I was young the
world was full of blue and
it was full of yellow.
It was full of songbirds
and sweet purple meadows.

When I was young the
spring onions were my
gift from God and the
sun a sitter to watch me play.