

Carrot Haiku

Kendra Preston Leonard

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I keep writing a haiku

about carrots and the market

at the corner of the streets

that sold savory ice cream on Sundays

and how the competing lettuce vendors

tossed tomatoes to one another, trying to prove their ripeness.

But I keep forgetting the poem

about carrots and remember the ice cream

and lettuce instead.

The carrots compete for homes

With savory ice creams

Green and plum and sharp.

But I get distracted from

Writing about carrots.

Because all I hear

Are lettuce and herb vendors

Tossing tomatoes

To each other and bragging

Theirs are the reddest, ripest

And I forget about the
Haiku and remember the
Ice cream and lettuce
The smell of basil and chives
And cheese and apples instead.