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.