

# BEANS

I watch his old, speckled hands work swiftly, plucking, peeling, eating one.

Throwing them into a blue bucket, they land with a muffled thump.

Long beans hang from the tall, dark stalk.

I look to my Nonno's face.

The soft deep creases that line his mouth turn upwards.

I pluck a pod from the proud plant and run my thumb down its spine.

It slices open.

Encased in white fuzz are four, fat broad beans; I pop two in my mouth and munch contently.

The afternoon sun sits in the baked sky; lazy summer light dapples through the olive trees.

... Life is slower here.