

## Harvest Home

In the ideal  
it is a harvesting,  
this work we do—  
a reaping of crops grown  
from ancestral seeds,  
a gathering of first fruit  
from vines that trace their sources  
    beyond geography,  
    beyond gender,  
    beyond the bleach  
        and blush  
        and black of skin  
and root themselves in watery grace,  
in knowledge that nurtures us all.

In the ideal  
our classrooms fill, like cornucopia,  
overflowing with the bounty of our grange.  
Life stories, heaped among the texts,  
spill into hallways of our schools,  
crowd the sidewalks or the subways  
or ride yellow buses home,  
altering the form of knowing,  
changing heads,  
    changing hearts,  
    changing history,  
bringing harvest  
home.

Bettye T. Spinner