Orange Groves.

When the grandfathers die their families bury them in the orange groves behind my house. The soil never gets to sit still and there are mounds in organized rows surrounding the trees. As the groves begin to blossom the oranges take on the faces of the old men. Their heads bloated and ripened with leathered skin. My grandfather’s face is calling to me telling me to take him back home and to put his orange head in his favorite chair. I tell him that he isn’t ready to be picked quite yet and I give his cheeks a squeeze just to make certain. *In a few days, I say to the orange, In a few days I’ll be ready for you.*