The oldly roughened soul moved on. He limped slowly down an aging cobbled path and looked to the sky, bold and vibrant blue, and then he looked back down. Within two moments he found a crop stand with a crate of earthy crop. Thensome later he turned and walked before it.

He said nothing so the vendor said, “Fresh and portly yams.”

A horsefly paced across a narrow space of yam. That selfsame orange yam which the old man pointed to. But the fly flew off when the vendor picked it up. Glazed, the old man looked onto the outstretched dirty yam. Then he raised his arm and took it.

Halfway down the path he stopped and doubled back. Because a buzzing wasp or bee flew a slender single circle around his head and disappeared into the sultry sky. At the stand of crop again he rolled his eyes across the crate of yams. The simple salesman-farmer leaned back and produced a low contented melody.

That night the night was cool.

Carnell Ritholtz emerged from the greenhouse with a satchel of taters. He limped oddly because the venom of the bad bugs stung him where the satchel touched his shoulder. And the satchel was so heavy too! And its threading was like roughened rope, just like his roughened skin.

“Someday,” he thought, in fact he thought aloud, “I’ll fumigate the lot of them.”