

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Happenstance**

By Nancy Cherico

In search of the colander  
in the back,  
the darkest back

of the second shelf, I happened  
on a forgotten  
potato, shriveled, pathetic,

its waxy eyes sprouting like antlers,  
leaning toward light.  
The poor thing's expression (its wrinkles formed a frown)

made it impossible to toss  
into the trash or grind it in the drain.  
With a kitchen knife

I cut it in two and buried it in my garden,  
leaving it for dead, but not exactly.  
Today its greenery tumbles over the edge

of the raised bed. I tell you,  
people are like potatoes, complicated  
potatoes, but potatoes nonetheless.

None deserves to be abandoned,  
forgotten, left in the dark. Can I,  
at least, reach into lightless corners

when I happen upon one?