

Gardening
Nate to Lauren

I

April, green growth through lattices,
your hands at work under roots
easing the soil beneath them.

The tomatoes ate their trellis,
swelled over the house and prayed
for you to come out.
Consecrate them through harvest,
heroes of a boundless empire.

Dryad, lead me to your oak
at the shore of the river, break
the still with our sweat.

Lay me down
guide your torrential, your rushing
into my basin,
my well
of arid vines.

II

June, we strip corn husks like bodies
swaddled by summer heat. Days stretch beyond us
held together by sunsets, amethyst and coral
flowers rise towards the soothing warmth
of sangria hair.

Moments of calm, the wind chime
catches a breeze traveling through the porch,
long days alive with gentle motion.

Bare home, nothing
but life and love.
We spend nights below a pearlescent moon,
dreaming of walls that fold towards our bed
where we wait to be pressed down.

III

October, gusts and foliage
awaken like enchanted evocations
before frost puts the world to sleep.

We open ourselves as family

to the world that flourishes beyond our door.
Autumn brings bounties,
oblations of blazing color
as rime gathers beneath us.

IV

February, growth
where it should not be.
We bury our hands in hard ground,
comfort Earth's hymeneal flame
that shivers below gathering snow.

V

May, forgotten sunflowers
erupt as medallions, oaks explode
like calescent emeralds.

These days will end, buried
in memories adrift in passing years.
We plants seeds in the crevasses of each other's chests
that sleep, waiting to bloom
as our plots stretch through time.

How could I ever miss you
when every flower, every fruit
felt the heat of your radiance?