

Gardening

I

April, thorns, trees growing into lattices
your hands at work under roots
easing the earth beneath their beds.

The tomatoes ate their trellis,
swelled over the house and prayed
for you to come out.
Harvest their vastness, consecrated
like the 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 shower, your rushing
through bite marks and bruises
into my cathedral of dirt and vines,
the shuddering seed inside me.

II

Stripping corn husks like bodies, swaddled
by June heat. Days stretch beyond us,
held together by sunsets, amethyst and coral
wildflowers rise and roll,
parted like sangria hair.

Moments of rest, mobile and windchime
catch gusts that journey through the porch,
long days alive with motion.

Bare home,
spare books, herbs and seeds.
Nights of glittering moons, dreaming
of walls folding towards beds
where we wait to be pressed down.

III

Autumn is plural season,
gusts and foliage, scores awake
before frost weighs dirt to sleep.

We open ourselves to anything
that can be family. Food, wine, beer

fell and flowed, toppling off tables.
October brings bounties
before rime gathers beneath us.

IV

February is passing, growth
where it should not be, smothering
harvest sprouts with snow.

V

May, hymeneal dirt, tossed like dough
amidst ruin, shattered sunflower visages
that promise to return medallion.
Oaks arrive again, erupt
calescent velvet emeralds.

We weather storms, rising
through approaching heat, erect and searching
over the horizon for Summer.

These days will end, buried away in soil
of memories, adrift in fading years.
We drop seeds, blooming
inside one another
as our plots stretch with time.

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