

A History of Gardening

Both of my grandfathers have gardens
—roses, zucchini, okra, beauty
and utility. I would like a garden to call
out to once a week, after dark,
how are you? If the flowers crook
their stems, if the bushes stop
rustling, I will take that as answer.
Keep watch over them as a trellis.

I will take my time, bend into
their ears, whisper sweet somethings,
tuck them in, pat their beds with water
from a metal can. Even after death,
my grandfathers' work continues.
The gardens return what they have received.

Some people can do a lot with a small
plot, but I am useless even in an expanse.
The ground is patient, it will do what it can,
but first: action is required. Rain may fall,
may wash the ground or flood us all away.
I could wither, could decide not to stay.
My grandfathers have gardens; I will have what remains.