

On Gardening

sonnetto e mezzo

I would like a garden to call
out to once a week, after dark, just
to say *how are you?* No response
required, but if the flowers crook
at the neck, if the bushes stop
rustling to listen, I will take that
as answer. I will take my time
bending into their ears, whispering

sweet somethings, tucking them
into bed, patting their heads
with water from a metal can. I guess
some people can do a lot with a small
plot, but I am useless even in an expanse.
Both of my grandfathers have gardens

—roses, zucchini, okra, utility
and beauty mingled together.
Even after death, they continue.
They give back some of what
they have received. I can throw
my hands into dirt. I can do
what I must. Let the sun do the rest.