

From a Growing Garden in April

*“You have no place in this garden
thinking such things...” - Louise Gluck*

The chrysanthemums cringe from
your thoughts, as I do.

The brushes blush in
distrust of you,
the grass fades dead-brown
around your feet -
only the weeds
welcome you into this Eden.

You gulp sunlight
like all your parts need it
to survive
but you exhale, exhale
herbicide -

Before the rest of us die
from your darkened, chemical mind
we kindly ask you
to uproot yourself
and photosynthesize elsewhere.