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Janine Pommy Vega

“Garden Gate” (for Carol Bergé)

Down through the garden gate
in infrequent visits
the milkweed pods blooming ripe
penetrating the atmosphere
with grandmother scented dreams

the sturdy sweet basil
ready for harvest for winter pesto
spearmint popping up underfoot
the fleshy solidity of zucchini
in the midnight frying pan

unkempt garden, flagrant disorder
the hillside is sliding back to its original
wildness, the hundred year old landfill
of glass shards, rusting irons, ancient shoes
alive nonetheless in the colors

and flowers of designated beds
a confirmation of faith last April, July, October
planting seeds or bulbs, imagining the gorgeousness
then forgetting them entirely until
in their own grace they arrive.