

The Haphazard Gardener

Where a child once hated dirt,
now she gathers leaves, waters, allows air.
In two years' time when the bag is opened,
there'll be no bodies, just clumps of rich, black earth,
twigs and things that crawl.

These days the garden strays into the kitchen.
Apples, herbs, salad crops, clods of dirt,
the odd crust of mud and brittle spikes of plants
that hang their heads and spill their secrets.
Collected in envelopes, stored in the fridge.
Labelled? No one ever died from eating seeds.

I can live with these incursions
onto cream tiles and polished granite.
It's gleanings that grow
into next year's dreams.

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