

Garden Design

I planted thoughtlessly,
made mistakes in the layout
by rushing to fill the empty space:

take those two patches of grass,
the size of door mats,
obscured on all sides by spires of hollyhocks.

I still mow this pointless turf,
trim the edges, scrape the bits
into an insignificant pile.

Then the roses with petals of blood,
drooping in the darkest corner,
abandoned by those who rarely watered.

I moved them to a sunnier spot
only out of pity.

Now they steal the eye's delight,
upstaging all the purples, the silver,
the sage greens I have begun to love.

I have spent so much time maintaining things
that no longer apply,
reluctant to uproot anything I have planted.

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