

## The Garden

I am nervous this morning  
wilderness trembles reaching into my heart  
my subsurface moves with the tides and the stars  
I fight the temblor with ideas

hypotenuse square root life cycles  
peace is a condition of self-discovery

so many concepts

filling up holes and cracks  
generating places for worms and bugs to live  
inching through the safety of roots

the garden of a mind, my mind, forms, builds up,  
images

trees, shrubs, flower beds  
arranged in an architecture  
that substitutes for the deep reality  
of a universe not to our scale or our taste

the hard discipline of a garden is never a form of peace  
imagination of a home that is the foundation of who we are  
imagination projected into activity and objects that please us

we push back the dark forest  
we force the remaining trees to serve as decoration  
we channel water into a fountain  
our children build forts and play house  
they make villages between the flowers where

their dreams are tamed into the laws of the garden  
and our children grow not knowing they too should be morsels  
that animals, other humans, viruses, the soil consume

the wilderness of my heart shakes  
a temblor sinking me back into the black lake  
deep beneath the gardenlands