

Sophia's garden

Past the shed
of red Virginia Creeper
reciprocity in patterns
grow deeper and deeper

Over the landscape
she plants her knees
and fragrant invitations
for the bees.

Digging her fingers
in the soil
worms uncovered
coil and uncoil.

Sun to their
bare, thin, skin
(gently) she invites them
to the compost bin.

The pruning
in a pile
to be digested
into dark, fertile

ground. Grounded like plants
in silent contemplation
she shares her more
than-human interrogation.

What does it mean
to be in the world?
She asks, the basil
and the Marie Gold.

Listen, with all senses
to the stillness
of the apple trees
taste, their culinary expertise.

Crumbles and crusts
of grey-green lichen
algae and fungi
in symbiosis tighten.



Dry Goldenrods
on her jumper cling
to hitch a ride
for their offspring.

She grafts herself
in this circle
Rooting down from
the pelvic girdle

once a cradle to her daughter.
Planted placenta in the garden
renewing with nature
their bargain.

Beetroots reborn as organs
organs reborn as beetroots
may the earth
of our bodies bare the fruits.

to dig
to mother
to plant
to teach
to love
to garden.