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At the Seminary Garden

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At The Seminary Garden

Today the sweet peas, dried and twisted
to the trellis, were pulled out in orderly bundles.

I wondered if we could decipher vine-scars
stained across the bared wood, find
what we’d never read from our palms.
Small petals of lobelia gleamed out
of the shade. I noticed pea leaves still
green-tinted along the edges, which were separated
and left uncut. They seemed patient—
as if for them it could only be the sun
as it was right then, as if that green
rim was somehow worth their pucker and hunch.

So I no longer thought of the future, of how
it would be for us who crawl into the small pods
of our beliefs before realizing that even
the whitest moonlight is reflection, and that
song, too, must have something to push against—
some vein for its last spot of green . . .

—for John Carpenter