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Easter Garden

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EASTER GARDEN

It had been weeks since we had spoken.
For once we didn't take ourselves miserably
home where our sister began a long descent
that simply ended on a jail floor and her burial,
on my birthday in Starkville the narcissus in full bloom.
So I asked him and he said yeah
and came but came late and forgot the hoe.
That day it felt good to give up language,
the whole world reduced to transparent
gestures, to grunt, sigh, and pointing.
Sunday of dirt beneath my nails.
Sunday of blue on blue and discovery.
I hardly know what it meant to my brother,
but we fetched the wheelbarrow out of the truck
and hauled some dirt up from the creek.
We found an old loading pallet and broke
the handle off a broom and made a trellis, sort of.
Though I wasn't even going to be around
to watch the cucumber vines rise up each plank,
or sit down with him and eat our vegetables.
Though you could see we were getting tired of each other,
and already the first few hard stars were out,
and the yellow flowers that make me sigh for summer,
for I don't know what, were gone,
leaving only the blood-spit azalea blossoms,
leaving only my brother to say *ah laud*—
half sigh, half why—to nothing in particular.