Bamboo

Kathryn Hunt
Bamboo

Today I laid a path of broken blue stones in the garden, Bear Creek basalt quarried from the ribs of a mountain near here.

The stones draw an arc through the garden, and inside the crescent the young sasa vecheii grows in a patch of good soil where I mean it to flourish.

Where two months ago I knelt one gray morning and coaxed tender starts from their plastic containers, laid each one in a dark, scented hollow scooped from the earth, as if from a grave, and abandoned it there with its roots in the mud, to enter paradise all on its own.

Already the fierce bamboo sends its nocturnal shoots nosing through the damp clay. I saw the blind, bloodless wands of new growth when I dug the trenches for my stones earlier today.

One day I'll look from the window to see
a thousand green leaves held aloft,
their tender palms turned toward the sky—
saying, This is the body, the blood,
here, where flesh comes down
into fresh earth, where water
comes down.