Easter Garden

Billy Reynolds
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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 ab lawd— half sigh, half why—to nothing in particular.