

Community Garden

I lead my friend along the hoggin path,
show her the last chicory whose leaves
have outgrown any danger of being eaten.
She photographs the newly made beehouse
with its hundreds of holes that wait for tenants.
I teach her how to say nasturtium,
shiver in the thin winter light
that creeps shyly over the ivied wall.
I start to think about the warm office
when she says that close to her home town
officials, dissatisfied with society
retreated to their country palaces
where they expressed their feelings through gardening.
I imagine secret messages spelt in flowers
and lakes dug in significant positions.
I look round at the reeds by the leaf-clogged pond,
the small note of organic carrot fronds.

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