

Putting the Garden to Sleep

We've carried the last of the tenderer plants indoors
To sit on window ledges, dumb,
Vegetable presences in a tidy row
To green our winter expectations on.
Thin soil, stretched and brown as a worn drum,
Rattles under the first hard snow;
What's left outdoors
Must dry all spirit down to the deep pith
Before this wrath is done.
Even the house slides into winter stupor,
And doors that stuck all summer now hang slack,
But we draw our natures closer to the bone
And tend love's body, for whatever reason —
Root, stem, leaf — as if there still might be
Under the dark earth
Something remaining of a passionate season.

H. C. Dillow