

My Grandfather's Garden

I think a lot about the garden that my grandfather kept always
Full of green beans, cabbage, tomatoes, and okra
which was only for me because no one else ate it including Grandpa I think
and I know now that this is what is important, not
Drinking, and unhappiness, and the illness which finally took him
But rather that garden from which came the okra that my Grandfather grew for me and
It makes me smile to understand that everything that was good and loving in him
He did share with us through his garden.

Marshelle Dawkins



Fani Anagnostou



Fani Anagnostou