

Confessions of an Awkward Gardener

A Meditation on Letting Go

I awkwardly saw
at dead branches above
with a saw on the end of a pole.
I flinch, repeatedly,
hoping not to catch a branch in the face.
My arms tremble
with effort and fatigue.
I must look ridiculous—
a dancing gardener,
limbs moving in rhythm
to a song no one can hear.

The Weight of Waiting

I have turned the soil
and planted the seed,
but each morning
I see only grey skies,
I smell no rain,
I feel no warmth,
nothing to spark light
in what waits underneath.

A weight settles on my chest
and sadness builds in my eyes,
as I watch the empty bed,
and wonder if I could have done more—
spread straw for warmth,
waited longer to sow,
tended my garden better.

Maybe I am just a worrisome spirit,
lacking patience,
lacking confidence in myself,
lacking hope.
Or maybe I have failed already,
and don't know it yet.
Maybe I am a bad gardener.

The waiting game continues,
and my anxiety grows
and I cannot tell
if I have lost,
am losing,
or have just lost
my patience.

The Ground Near my Apple Tree

Apples, apples, everywhere,
nor any fruit to eat.
Last week it was not ready,
today it is too late.
They have all fallen to the ground
and have been eaten by bird and worm.
My orchard has become
an abundance of missed opportunity.
When will I learn?