

In the garden of grief

by [Annette Sisson](#) in the [March 9, 2022](#) issue

She pummels the ground, rakes, hefts  
foot on shovel, slices the earth.

Her trowel unburies the root systems  
of grass, clover, wild strawberries

pitching runners. She dredges for taproots,  
plucks out invasives, sifts  
clumps of clay, culling the rue  
wild to reseed itself even

in rock. Into loam she combs centipedes  
and snails, braids topsoil with humus,  
laces the plots of tilth with seeds,  
knowing the split seams will shoot

serrations of leaf, palings of stem,  
a cacophony of color reeling, hapless,  
into summer's clutch. She sows thyme,  
edges the garden in lemon balm.