



Garden (july unit)

I wanted to dig.

Michael Pollan

1. *July*

What will prolong this?
Because it wants to be prolonged.

One of those lazy summer evenings
where even a fine spray from the hose
feels like it could provoke redemptive violence.

Hasn't the garden taught you
that an interesting life always has something to hide.

The peas have overwhelmed their trellises.
They need the water.

2. *August*

What will prolong this?

Not because it wants to be prolonged.
But because the impersonal loop, the drifts of things
have never felt so intimate.

Some things stop.
And some, like the squash, which you have to hack off
just past the bud

don't know when.

3. *September*

What would be normal.
To be back to.

The beefsteak tomatoes are large and irregular.
Ribbed, multi-hued, punctured here and there by birds
crows maybe, and patrolled by ants.

When one of them falls
it is as if something has happened.

But maybe nothing
has.

4. *October*

Every time I walk into the garden
it feels like something has just happened

or that it was just starting
and I interrupted it.

There is the lurch of dream
along the thinned out rows.

I bring what I need in the toolbelt.

And a shovel.

5. *November*

Sooner or later
you feel alive.

And the only way you can stay alive
is to run like hell.

Both of you.
All of you.

The pumpkins stare at you
unable to move.

6. *December*

The raw bones of the wind are all that's left of it.

It blew all night and pushed the snow
into corners

Why would anyone bother to note that the garden
is a contested site

since all sites are contested
and all lives are made of the raw and unfashionable bones.

7. January

Ah, I am ready to transplant the moonlight.

Standing at the kitchen window
4am, and my daughter not quite asleep again
and the whole stars not quite asleep either.

The stillness has nothing to do with me.
And I have also gotten
tired of myself.

I live in a house that is not heated by all that light.

8. February

The fat ghosts.

That's all I can say.

The fat ghosts
are better than the thin ghosts.

9. *March*

The garden wolves don't show up.

Maybe because the ghosts keep them away
but there's no way of knowing that for sure.

The garden wolves now have a wilderness
somewhere

maybe as an art project in downtown Toronto.
No wonder.

10. *April*

There is an idea in the hollow of the garden.
Is just a theory the garden generates on the other side
of the garden.

All ideas are the same idea.
There is always another one that explains it better.

How then will one explain another garden?