

Posy

I found a poem in my grandma's garden
buried deep in the soil
with one word in spidery scrawl
stretching across the leaf and thriving
upwards to the sun.
With my trowel I leavened it
roots and all
from its place of burial
and held it close to find its message—

its edges were torn
and worms had left small windows
where the world poked through.

With fervent energy I dug up
the whole flower bed
to find more poems
but no more came to fruition

and this lonely prize of mine
fell apart on my desk
on the following day.

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