

The long silence continues ..

Tho the stars predict a year of growth,
many challenges too ...
there's little solace to be had
in what some might consider good news ...

The long silence continues ...

The garden is going in ... not yet here, in this spot, a year.

Eight fruit trees – espalier fencing ...
Four white dogwoods, 3 red buds ...
50 more sprouted from seed ...

A ton, literally, of mid-to-large sized stones
For lining the garden beds ...
Heavy lifting, but so satisfying as they clearly mark off
Ornament from sustenance.

Carrots and lettuce, peas, beans, and turnips,
Tomatoes of so many varieties, where to put them all
Peppers, hot and mild
Garlic onions, chives and so many herbs
Squash, spinach, cauliflower, broccoli ...
Mostly sprouts in our various grow pots,
Under grow lights, which we turn on and off –
Our very own sun up and sun down each day.

Yet, the long silence continues.

Voices, choked off .. swallowed behind masks ...
Or mere scratchy sounds on internet calls ...
Faces, illuminated or not,
Framed in too-much-at-home decor...

And I want to say 'Nice to meet you ... '
Yet, even if nice, still such a lie

It is March. Our first season of this challenging year about to close.

And I sign up for more and more outlets
Which I am not committed to honoring ...

And the long silence continues.

And the longer it does, the deeper I probe
The depths, my own inner depths
Looking for meaning,
Human contact which, even in its random way,
Says 'I affirm'
'I am here'

While the long silence continues.