

The Affectioned Gardener

He prefers the weeds, spindly and lank,
over perfumed blossoms who've passed
their prime; cultivates them with careful inspect,
watches them root, sprout—
tender shafts that waft white.

Nights, he digs
feverishly at red-soiled nails, grafts bandage
to green thumb, pulls thatch
from his dead head and buries
the tell-tale tendrils of a day's harvest
beneath the loam
of some forgotten forest.

Tomorrow, crops
of plastic-ponchoed wildflower
choke his fertile garden,
bag the tender weed,
and weep.

—*Michael Pracht*