

## Our Garden

*after Donald Hall*

I helped our garden grow.

*see it grow, see it grow*

How could I watch the hard earth turn

Beneath her touch

So quick to such

A yielding soil, and not be glad to learn

To use a hoe?

We pulled the weeds by hand

*see it grow, see it grow*

And in their place sowed four-o'clocks

And feverfew;

Around the new

Spring beds we bordered tidy rounds of rocks

Set loose in sand.

Who in this plot could have foreseen

*see it grow, see it grow*

But her midsummer sage and thyme

Where thistles were,

And cockleburr?

We cultivate the ground together. I'm

Grown fond of green.