

# Late Gardens

(for Georganne)

These days morning with a deep honey light and air  
is a lure that makes you hesitate—  
as though abundance under the brimming sky  
will require the utmost you can give,  
then more,  
as though the enclosure of late summer—  
blossoms heavy with sweetness,  
and leaves relinquishing green to truer colors,  
a coming syrup that will drip down—  
will hold you accountable  
for such weight, until you are convinced  
this might once last forever, and are fearful.

These mornings, just rising is like looking up  
*life* in the encyclopedia, for explanations  
that fill all need to know.  
The paisley growth around you  
refuses to take you in.  
In the end, there's nothing to be done  
but make your vague way among the gardened flowers,  
snip a faded bloom, pinch back a token of overgrowth,  
and to refrain from crushing,  
as though reverence for the delicate  
amid such denseness  
is salvation.

—Dixie Partridge