

Another Eden

The last chrysanthemum is going.
I water it, knowing
wilted petals blanche toward centre.

Remember when my house was garden-full,
purple mums as these,
bouquets of gold seed and stem,
roses once in the hey-day of bloom?

But this is another country, cold,
where beds are frost-bitten
and journeying with hothouse flourish
precarious at best.

Having clawed and crawled
back to that garden echo, I know now
I must go with stubble,
green crabby things, greedy for light.

Yet a cactus
blooms one petal breath
at a further window of another room.

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