

Garden Diary, Wednesday

10 a.m.

by Peter A. Witt

A parade of roses welcomes visitors:
hi, they say, whispering sweet nothings
in a voice filled with rainbow hues,
not knowing their leaves will shrivel
under an onslaught of aphids.

Dandelions explode across the lawn
like tiny landmines, each an invitation to a hungry
lawn mower, each despised by a fastidious gardener
who doesn't understand forgiveness.

Hummingbird dances around the sunflowers,
dodging a territorial sentinel who missed
the lesson on sharing when he was just a nestling.

Monarch is suspended in the shimmering ether
between blooms and cumulus, lands, then flits away,
not knowing its life is short.

Bumblebees pirouette through coneflowers
with the precision of buzzing ballerinas
then disappear into the noonday sun.

Dragonflies streak like tiny blue bolts
around the garden, never seeming to land.

Sun dips, garden succumbs to silence,
sparrows snuggle into rosebush cradles.