

## In The Garden

I went to the garden this morning  
before the heat of day could erase the dew.  
I take in the smell of last night's rain  
still lingering under the canopy of the leaves.  
The only sounds are the birds chattering  
as they forage for their breakfast, and the murmur of bees  
hiding here and there amongst the blossoms.  
We used to take our morning tea here in the garden,  
savoring the last of the quiet before the workday began.  
I feel closest to you here, and though it has been many years  
and many gardens since, I can picture you walking among the plants.  
Judging each one's progress, with a smile or a frown. Selecting  
the reddest tomato, brushing off the soil and sampling its sweetness  
still warm from the sun. This is the reason I come back every year,  
despite the backaches and blisters, to work the soil, and to remember.