

### 3.9 In her Garden (2008)

This deep receding tapestry of layers,  
thread upon thread -  
the horizontal greens,  
the open spaces, paths  
are stitched across by upright  
silver maple, honey locust,  
hornbeam, pear and darkling beech.  
And she between them all  
moves silent, as if behind a glass,  
among the leaves, between the flowers:  
her constant movement at the core,  
her presence testified  
by tiniest distant clink  
of steel on stone  
as she slowly works the earth.

And all the while, from every angle,  
birds observe and commentate  
in antiphon, and dart from tree to tree  
above her head.  
A gentle western breeze  
disturbs the leaves, defies  
the sun's quiescent heat.  
And slowly consciousness expands  
to listen to the outer world  
which tramples round the far  
circumference of sense, defines  
the private peace within.

Again I watch her move  
between the threads,  
at times in view, at others  
out of sight, conducting  
endless tiny dialogues of love.  
with every living thing.

Barge Walk - 14 February 2008