

PERFECTION ROWED IN A BOAT

A mathematician laid out the garden so light shone into every corner.

A poet chose a cast of Shakespearean blooms: coreopsis, foxglove, gillyflowers and the fragrant mint.

An equestrian offered the droppings of his mare named Beauty, her compost holding the scent of contentment.

A honey bee pollinated the honeysuckle – its sticky drone sending out waves of passion.

The hummingbird flew into prisms of color powdering its wings with rainbows.

A slug left patterns in the leaves, unlocking the darkness of membrane, fiber, leaf sperm – filling its gellatinous body.

Brown spiders wove hexagons of silk with running lines that joined thorns to the ancient limbs of trees.

A windchime harnessed the breeze and translated its song into rhythms of rhysomes, whisper of savory, rasp of snap peas.

The storm came at a slant, welcoming the luxury of obstacles, unhinging boundaries laid out or implied, furrowing the earth into torrents of imperfection.

by Margaret Chula