



## MARIGOLDS

*suddenly / A mortal splendor*

— Robinson Jeffers, “Shine, Perishing Republic”

If we’re talking about annuals,  
annual show-offs, let’s use marigolds,  
you’ll put them in the ground and ignore them,  
and really how’s that so different

from what gets done to most of us, but  
the thing is these suckers suffer and don’t quit,  
not until October or maybe  
November, yes, that late. I know a gardener

who calls them “forgiving,” which is more  
than I can say for you, and supposedly  
they can take a hit and bounce right back.  
You could learn from them you could. Here’s something else,

marigolds commend themselves, they’ll stun you  
in the spring, and maybe you’ll astonish me  
equally, I should be so lucky.  
If I see you then, perhaps I’ll take my

spade and yes, root around for a finer  
spot for us, the three of us, because I’d  
bring a marigold along, some plot  
with the right rain and a steadfast sun,

just in the event we manage to discover  
our roots can, after all, outlast each other.

by Bruce Robinson