

GARDEN MOMENTS

A moment is not truly lived
until it is lived twice
when a taste, a scent, a sound
brings back . . .

How only now
seeing the pyramids
of vegetables and fruits
at a roadside market
do I suddenly understand
that moment when
I stood with my father
viewing our crops
in the victory
garden we planted during WWII.
It all comes back . . .

How we dropped in one inch
holes exactly three inches apart
kernels of corn
and pressed in other seeds
but not too deep to sprout.
How my father strung lanes

for the creeping traffic
of string beans.
How each row we marked
with seed packets
impaled on saved-up ice cream sticks
pictured our hopes.
How I worried that the war gremlins
might come in the night
to switch those signs.
Would the sleeping seeds know
what they were supposed to be
or would they push back up
through the earth
as something else, perhaps deadly
white like the slugs
instead of sweet
tomatoes, corn and cabbage?

But how everything,
everything came up exactly right
and how we had summer
moments in a jar
all white winter long.

by Sarah Brown Weitzman