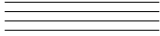


J A R D I N D U P O È T E



M O I R A E G A N

The garden's ancient walls are low and broken
and thus (yes, "even at my age") easy
to scale. They say this was a garden Goethe
adored. I see him sketching: helicrysum,
angelica (whose name reminds him of . . .)
and focused: parsing genus, species, love.
I'm sure he knew that cypress is the tree
that marks Italian cemeteries, death
embodied in the dark green spears that gesture
toward heaven. I inhale: crisp vetiver,
grapefruit and orange so pungent that I'm thrust
back to another garden, where I learned
of bitter oxymoron in the sweet
and luscious fruit he fed me, piece by piece;
the faintly musky warmth of his embrace;
the ancient stone walls crumbled, and my trust.