

Winter Gardens

(for my mother)

drawn by a darkling wood
as by a hollow tunnel

deep into the furrows
of your nest

plucked a single rose

bearing its barbed stem
handed to your mate

where robins & bluebirds claim
sweet sorrow of a million deaths

& eyes protruding like beetles
hoodwink the hairy Phantom

Calling your mate to rest
while funnelling my sorrow & greed

ripe martin bows his head
into the cup of hands

spooning the final remnants
what's left of dregs and chatter

teacups in your garden
white hankies edged in lace

Where curtains hang in ribbons
curtailing the darkening blood
devising a stricter totem
drawing the blind to rest

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