

Our Covid Garden

by David O'Neil

My love, to grow a garden is our best
hope in these times. When plans have shriveled up
like sunburnt seeds—like unsaid words suppressed
in fear—resilience sows fresh strength. A cup
runs over, sloshing life across each cracked
white furrow, urging as we fade, “Do not
look back!” Your faithless almanac has tracked
last season’s blight, saplings we had thought
in safer months might thrive. Ignore their call.
Though promised yields were spilled from springtime roots,
kind harvests wait. Look calmly to a fall
of bold rebirth, and tend these new-world fruits
with me. In time sunflower, squash, or maize
may climb in crisp green spirals through the haze.