

## To live in my garden

something about the taste  
of falling petals  
the heavy ache  
between maturing legs  
as iron leaks without consent

something about the burst  
of pregnant anthers  
the constant prickle  
of ingrown hairs  
harvested without consent

something about the fall  
of ripening fruit  
the deafening tension  
between poised lips  
tasting desire  
expectation  
consent

something about the shower  
of spring rain  
falling soft  
on hungry leaves.

Yes  
I whisper  
and let the waters mingle  
between aching souls.