

A Year's Lessons

Jan 1

The orchid needs two
ice cubes—a simple need, less
complex than we thought.

Feb 3

I miss the soft swish—
a broom, dusting maple seeds
from summered concrete.

Feb 20

Dressed in a sweater,
sharp heels, digging new dirt
seems so appealing.

Apr 9

In apple orchards,
men paint blossoms with pollen—
all of the bees have gone.

May 2

My trowel sliced a worm—
I don't know yet how to plant
new sunflowers well.

June 10

Two small French boys
slap young frogs with a flip-flop—
little cruelties.

July 7

Parts of the garden
are wilted—even the plain
grass needs attention.

July 13

Setting dingy lures
small baits skewered—mosquitoes
block the moonlight.

Aug 6

Deep maroon cherries
picked, I wager—one of you
exceptionally sour.

Aug 22

Two buckets of pulled
crabgrass, sprouted oaks, dead grass
everything emptied out.

Oct 19

I forgot to buy
coffee filters—the apples
stole my attention.

Dec 23

I tried to add up
everything—wind, sparrows, sand.
It cost too much to bear.

~ Jane Blakeley

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