

The Garden on Gugh

(For Rhondda Wraith)

How does your garden grow here
On this speck of rock and sand;
Gale-worn, sea-wrapped and contrary,
Rooted only by its fragile strand?

They ancient dead watch over it -
Their ashy crocks of bone
Were broadcast by the winnowing wind
To germinate as stone.

With toil, spadework and tonnage,
Fertility drilled into the dunes.
Seeds borne on far off tides made landfall
Here beneath new moons.

Antipodean inversion
Of mountains, hazy blue;
Green succulents squeaking, speak of desert
Burning up the scanty dew.

An elision of hemispheres:
Gardening on a knife's
Edge; slashing joyously at tangles.
Confirmation of life!