

The Rose

We are out in the garden wrestling a rose
from its old location to another
we think more propitious—near the fibro garage
where it can nestle into future summers
that we imagine. Such possibilities
are alive in the garden, are why we persist
in digging and mulching, pursuing the muse of change
through its growing seasons, through drier years.
The rose is stubborn, won't let go the soil
where it has been embedding itself for decades,
ever since we were young and living elsewhere.
We are disturbing the layered past it keeps,
associations of leaf and litter and soil,
to remake our idea of the garden, and it resists
because of what it is, prizing survival,
tendencies deep in every flower and fibre.

Paul Hetherington