

forgive

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There is a flower
in the center of the universe
it is plucked and eaten by
some stranger
from the garden of
a man who has nurtured it.

He drives his spade
into the earth
over and again
turning soil
dust into dust
watering the emptiness with tears . . .

The things he grows
you can taste, smell, see—
The flower is thrown back
because nobody cared more for it than he;

Rain doesn't bring it back
nor sun
nor his gentle touch

He is angry for it leaving his garden.
Love should have kept it there.

He slices it into the earth.

Maybe something better will grow.

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