

Quilted Garden Glove

You rise in a wilderness of midage,
fetch the quilted garden glove
(a squire's firm hand, quiet tongue.)

Sparrows wing to their olive nest.
A tin of nails
& an angel by your side.

Peace
of wheats
& waters rising.

It stops the heart.
Songbird & snowstorm
throng your window—things out of a Book of Marvels.

Still, confusion.
Lean.
Mathematics & physics fail—but not the garden.

Black briar & sweetpea;
the ring made by the swan's wing
cutting water to silver at dawn

widens
out to sky;
widens to the tip of earth. Tips your world.