

## The Garden

It is only a short drive  
from the nursing home,  
and even closer to the old house.  
But dad and I never came here  
before he was disabled.

Today he dozes in his wheelchair  
(we finally find a shady place  
with a bench so I can sit too)  
as I watch assorted bees  
stick their noses into one  
rose after another,  
while off two hundred  
yards or so a great green wall  
shimmers with the breeze

In a year, or ten  
after dad is no longer  
sitting beside me  
this is one when  
I expect to remember

Steve Bloom  
June 2003