

The pastor's wife considers drought

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [July 28, 2009](#) issue

Faux thunder haunts my incoherent garden.
My chervil withers. The lettuce bolts.
Only rosemary's roots remember rain.

Out by the road I find a young possum—
swollen—the fire ants celebrating, while
under the live oak resurrection ferns tarry.

Must I weigh the excellence of weeds—
how they thrive in their congregation—
thistle, wire grass, groundsel, nettle?