

Sweet garden, sweet tangle of herbs

by [David Wright](#) in the [April 2, 2014](#) issue

Sweet garden, sweet tangle of herbs  
sweet April without rains, then coming

sweet basil, sweet scented fingertips  
sweet unfolded afternoon

I would love to be sweet  
Jesus who withers a tree

forsythia, lilac, mock orange, red twig,  
ceanothus in the wrong region

opened fists of flowering  
opened eye of unnamings

sweet taste of the compost  
in the stems of violets, in chives

inside my mouth a bittering and dearth  
suckled need for my losses

sweet muddled creed of the bloodroot  
sweet delicate tongue, licking my fingers clean