



Walking fragile in the garden

We can only truly love what
is impermanent.
This idea is new to me.
As was the idea of your impermanence.

I don't love the tectonic plates,
concrete, gravity,
time.
Even my love for a mountain
is just love for my ability
to climb it.

I love honeybees,
fresh snow,
the last delicious bite,
you.

And I have never loved you more
than I did the moment right after
you died.

I love the garden we kept.
The potatoes, the year they
succumbed to blight.
How we walked together.
How as we kissed by
the beanstalks,
you curled your
perfect pink
toes in the dirt.

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