

The Garden

for L. P.

All the gardening tools away
and the shed tightly closed
as you always did.
Behind the withered picket fence
the light is drenched in white
and the riot of colors bowing their shade
has long been defeated.
Winter has cast its shadow
and the snow covers now
the remembrance of your garden,
once glorious and tended,
with the wind writing on it
with an invisible pen.
I should not feel sad because
nothing could disturb you now
since you slipped away
to garden on better soil,
on greener pastures as they usually say,
and Spring with its subdued
assurance of fresh hope
is a redemption not far away,
and for me, just like for anyone
who has loved gardens
the precious memory that
remains here, is eternity.

—*Guillermo Arango*