

I cut the weeds around the ditch,
churned into noise and blue gas fumes
alfalfa, daisies, berry vines,
and long hay grass the rain made rich.
The place, to the suburban eye,
looked much, much better after this
rough mulching into what would please
a neighbor's sense of symmetry.
Finished, I thought it wastefulness
to treat the garden as I had.
Admittedly, mosquitoes bred
a nuisance in the ditch-side grass,
but I missed colors thrashed to ruin
where soft July gave ragged bloom.

Hamish Guthrie