

**The Planting**

I hold the clay, wet with this morning rain  
roots intertwined with worms and mint.  
The children bring a spade  
and watering can. Again I tell them  
that we plant the flowers for us  
they cannot move her being gone  
although she lives  
perennial in my brain.

Returned, I find the flower lives  
a clustering forget-me-not  
rooted into the shallow ground.  
The sun is glistening  
through new-leaved trees.  
Today is windy clear  
as on that day,  
I walk the formal path  
remembering dumb grief  
and celebrate my change  
and distancing.

After eleven years  
the heart allows  
formalities.  
For many nights  
she has not visited  
my dreams.  
Soon I shall cease  
to haunt her.

—*Jean Hollander*