

## PERENNIALS

The sun shines into me to my fingertips  
As I plant bulbs of perennials  
Along rows of arguments that come and go  
Like the moving shadows of the sun.  
Off my soiled knees with slight whisks,  
The small spasm in my lower back  
Rhizomes roots through one long ache  
To ascend straight into the full day's sun.  
I sit on the bench in the garden under  
The shade blossoms of cherry tree.  
A rabbit hops into view as shade  
Journeys along body as sweat  
Cools sun down in me. The slow slope  
Of patchwork of shade and sun enchants  
With intricate weaves of moving designs.  
I measure good depth for bulbs, sink them  
Into the soil, while the arguments turbulence  
Streams disgust into intensity of cool clarity.  
Sun and shade lattices me the greenhouse.