

## **What I think about the garden bed**

I've tried to grow flowers for 16 years.

They never bloom.

The tulip bulbs hide away all season, the sunflower seeds never sprout, the marigolds merry to stay underground.

I've tried for 16 full years.

My earliest memories are at the garden bed, tending to the dirt, raking the leaves, and watering the ground.

I thought I saw a rose bloom a year or two ago, and remembered I never planted a rose bush.

I had seen a mirage.

A hallucination.

Although I have no luck with flowers, the trees around my garden bed are great.

They keep me company when all my flowering endeavors prove fruitless.

I took apart the wood of the garden bed today.

I gave up today.

I realized it was never my care that killed the flowers, never my song that scared them away.

It was a fox.

The green and yellow fox down by the pond,

I swear I saw him eat the flowers, tear the bulbs, snarl at the marigolds.

I swear I saw a blue fox.

So I make him a home from the leftover wood of my garden's bed.

At least something can come from all this.

I see him, he is decorated in detail, petals replace his fur.

He has a sort of smirk. He reminds me of all my attempts.

He, so colorful, draws near and I see it.

All my flowers.

The flowering fox, and me.