Revenant

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REVENANT

by Jim Bishop

first breath of evening another season at the full sitting here at the edge of the garden as the light changes as the season turns you feel more than hear the forms of life in conversation grasses trees even underground an indeterminate chorale toward what end but stored intentions coded prompts from god knows where

in the fading beebalm a hummingbird is making do marigolds nasturtiums zinnias holding their pedestrian glory even through the pinch of early frost in the lengthening shadow cast by a bordering pine they seem now to relax their grip exhale when as if this modest plot dug from hard-pack clay were become in the waning light a portal
to some ancient ground where mingle the living and the dead she appears my mother out of nowhere drawn perhaps by the astringent smell of marigolds the flowers of the dead or my passing thought of her tending her scruffy flower bed abutting the foundation of the old frame house before they tore it down

mama now at peace so she seems granted reentrance to this remembered green sanctum in a life of making do and me here in my worldly wicker chair permitted witness while around us chipping sparrows flit and peck at the season’s late bequest before their own migrations it is to be reminded we are still in play a patch of compost in the wake of stars