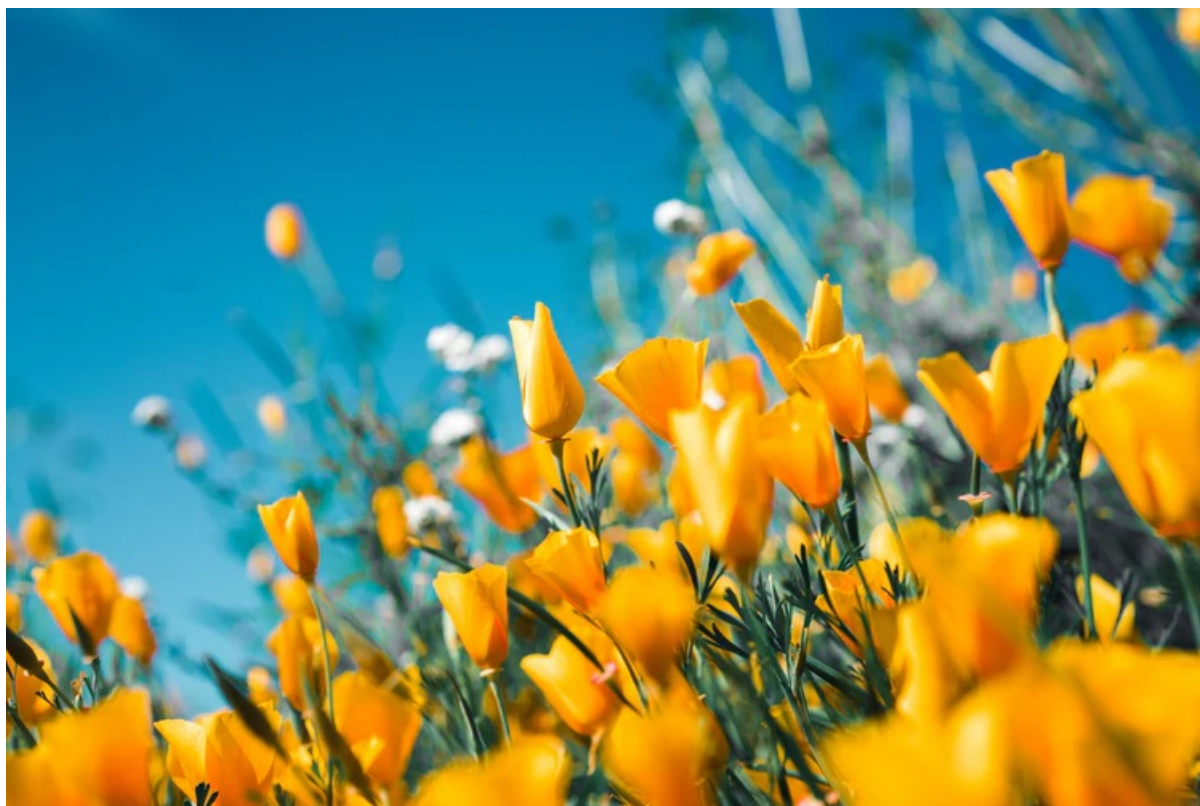


The Garden - May 2020

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Catherine Heath

May 2020

Being neighbours means

A bond of trust that never dies--

Thick as thieves,

Through and through,

And that's no lie.

We are a gang,

Made up of artists,

Crack addicts,

Murderers,

And bums,

Sharing ice,

And candy,
As we soak up the midday sun.
We are the people who run
Away from home--
Looking for neighbours
To comfort us when we are sad,
Reason with us
When we are mad,
Let the postman in,
Or help us
When we are in need.
I say, indeed,
This is a happy place,
Where the garden is

(A delicate pool of light).

We exchange gifts
Of haircuts,
Elusive boxes of eggs--
And even a laugh,
Or two.
We are neighbours,
Through and through--
Following the invisible codes
Of respect and care.
People may stare,
But we know they are rude,
And just ignore them.
White cats strutting through the leaves,

Fighting with the neighbours,
And sleeping in the bushes--
Wishing to enter
This place we call home.
We no longer want to roam.
We want to sit and converse,
Tell stories,
Of happier times,
When we felt on top of the world.
We sit around our bench,
For all time,
Swapping rhymes
And verses.
We're a happy sort of gang,
Drinking cups of tea,
And munching cake,
Since that's how little it takes
To make us happy.
We know the people who are fakes--
And we don't open up to them
Because we avoid harm
From those who would stab us in the back,
Attack our good names

(And much worse,
Besides).

And so when the world is burning,
We'll make our way into the garden,
Close the gate,

And lay out the blankets--

Extend the folding chairs,

And say,

"Hey neighbour!

"How are you today?"

Photo by [Warren Wong](#) on [Unsplash](#)
