



The Gardener and the Garden

Phoebe Reeves

You brought me a gift this afternoon—
a bumblebee not yet dead, twitching

her limbs and working her black
bean abdomen up and down

unsteadily on the cool cement walk.
I had just woken from a dream of a room

the color of twilight, that pure deep
blue like the ringing of a large bell.

Why did you strike her down, there
where any foot could have pressed her

to the ground? I watched her
for a while, her antennae, the complicated

smoothness of her eyes, and then
picked two plantain leaves, carefully

pushed her onto one with the other,
flipped her over to her belly, and

carried her to the daylilies growing
in the sunlight, where I thanked her

and left her trembling there.



