

Sonnet Scroll

He Gets the Help He Needs

By David Landon

The universe has more than endlessness
at stake, he likes to think, fixing his wife
her breakfast buttered toast: small acts of love
have consequence; he hopes, trowel in hand,
gardening's an antidote to history:
plant enough roses, power will call it quits.

Weather, like history—he can't forget—
doesn't much care; wind chill, and angry tanks,
like hungry bugs, don't get that beauty shit:
roses obliterated, frozen, torn.

But in their summer corner of the cosmos,
there with his wife beneath the garden trees,
he studies how she listens to the leaves:
the ultimate is still a mystery.