

The Garden

H.R. Webster

Am I going to be talking about the Virginia creeper turning on the split rail forever?

The cosmos petaling themselves monstrous all fall?

I am tired of the garden. The seasons.

It is easy to say:

At that moment I felt like I had 10,000 tits.

It felt like I had 10,000 tits and they were all being licked at once.

To say I was the lodestone sewn into the bird.

I was the second-hand trembling in place.

It is better, maybe, to talk about the horses. The horses ripping up the grass.

Let me tell you what I love:

The way they will eat from your hand even when locked in a brimming pasture.

Even when locked in a field sugared in rain.



H.R. Webster is a 2017-2018 poetry fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. She holds an MFA from the University of Michigan. Her work has appeared in *The Massachusetts Review*, *Black Warrior Review*, *The Seattle Review*, *Ecotone*, and other journals.