

Katy Day
Weeding, Etc.

I was only going for the little ones:
crabgrass, ragweed, dandelion.

Their roots, barely rooted, came out smooth.
I made a little pile with their mutilated bodies

and once the garden was purged of them
what harm was it to pull the ones

twice their size, and twice their size again?
Gardening gloves helped grip

the woody stems of mulberry,
clippers for ones that wouldn't budge.

To amputate. Once they got to a certain stature,
everything started looking like weeds.

Whole hostas. Azalea bushes.
It went like this until my neighbors,

home from work,
found me muddied in the driveway

surrounded by decapitated hydrangea bushes
that had taken a whole decade to bloom.

I knew then there is no end to weeding
once you have begun.

Did my then-boyfriend see the foreshadowing
massacre in the yard on his way in?

He found me sitting at a table
in the dark,

staring through the window,
murderous, at the trees.