

*Gary Margolis*

## **Moon Of Another Childhood**

The moon rises over the Green Mountains,  
 lighting night's stones, half-floating  
 in the winter graveyard of the garden.  
 I see the scattered squash seeds,  
 as Kelley, the gardener, did, frozen  
 beads of a fairy's broken necklace.  
 Bleached vines of snow peas  
 stick up from their small mounds,  
 and the pale skins of unpicked tomatoes  
 are almost a bloody paper. Evening  
 grosbeaks pick over all the fallen  
 sunflower heads, and from the window  
 of memory's room, I raise the garden  
 of childhood and hold it. White  
 and pink peonies opened along the side  
 of that house; purple phlox filled  
 the spaces between the set stones;  
 and the pansies, carefully and confused,  
 on the whim of their stems, responded  
 to night's blue suburban breezes.  
 My father brought home flats  
 of flowers for Kelley to plant,  
 whose brogue floated up from the bog  
 of peat moss he mixed by hand.  
 I could not follow the lilt  
 to his words, as he watered the new  
 lawn, made room for the transplanted  
 bulbs. But now I know he was singing of home,  
 speaking in sounds that tried to mend  
 the ripped Irish earth. At dusk,  
 he loaded his rakes and hand mower,  
 his sprinklers and roller onto the back  
 of his truck, and drove to the little  
 Ireland inside the city, to its warm

beer and baritones, its song,  
from this side of the ocean,  
of one loved and undivided island.  
No longer able to afford his work,  
my father had to let him go. Yet  
Kelley returned each week to care  
for everything he had started in  
the ground and raised, rising  
as the seed of this moon rises,  
casting its green light over the halved  
pods and broken rinds, over the dug-  
out bed of three-eyed potatoes.