

POETRY

BY ADA LIM ÓN

In the Company of Ghosts

Mainly in the square raised garden
kneeling over the new inky seeds

of California poppies I've planted
in the Bluegrass State, rainbow chard,

Chioggia beets, chocolate sunflowers
already half eaten by the screaming jay,

mainly, with the encroaching weeds
creeping in the curated earth, I think

I hated the way you'd waste our bright
weekends meticulously uprooting

the dandelions and vines, your obsession
with clean lines and variations of color,

mainly I remember you most in
the garden off Arnold Drive how

you were happiest controlling
something small and leaving your expert

mark on the land, how you wanted me
to help even for extra chore money, but

I never liked to kneel with you, never
wanted to be so still, so quiet, so ordered

with free hours, until now, when I speak
to you and bury and unbury and bury.

Lindsey Bailey

The Light that Brings the Missing

The last of the day's sunlight is stuck
in the mimosa tree, a clean light, something
out of a movie made in the seventies or a music
video where someone falls in love or hits a slow
motion home run. Back when we could predict
the future, a delight to make a plan, take a road trip,
see the ocean, your brick-red bridge, see your mother
and your stepfather, your mother's white kitchen
with that same clean light over the yellow hills
of your hometown. A place where she is always
cooking onions in a cast iron and there is cornbread,
and she makes a dry joke your stepfather laughs at
while he turns from the news to take a plate to
the table, a table in the first home they finally own,
a blossoming orange tree in the front, and blooming
hydrangeas too big for bees to even wrap
their whole buzzing heads around, and somehow you
can hold them there for as long as you can hold
one breath, until just like the light they are gone,
and the future goes dim with the enormity of the sky.

Lindsey Bailey



