

Edward Baugh

THE DARK HOLE IN THE GARDEN



We visit our newly widowed friend.
just like other times – the familiar
patio overlooking the garden he planted,
his handiwork, his joy, it flowers bright
praise in the Sunday morning sunlight.
We enjoy our usual good spirits,
gin and tonic, Scotch on the rocks.
He never touched the hard stuff,
we chuckle, making cool, playing the bluff.

But there's this dark hole in the garden.
Our talk steps precariously round it,
camouflages it with color. Sometimes we forget
it is there. Hardest to endure
is the feeling no one dares utter:
that, any moment now, he will walk through the door.