A Garden in the Desert

At the end
my father sat in his garden
in the early morning

the desert in Sun City,
Arizona, that strange place,
still cool

the clear light
tinged with desert blue

the pigeons cooing.

He couldn't lift
the shovel then, drag
the bag of topsoil
from here to there.

He couldn't breathe
or stand either.
There wasn't much
left to him.

But he could nod
toward an orange tree,
its roots bound in burlap,
and point to the place
where he wanted me
to plant it.

There, he'd say
to me in Polish,
please plant it there.

Excerpt from Echoes of Tattered Tongues Audiobook, narrated by Jon Brandi:

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