

Underground

Alison Jones

Today, I met my mother in the soil,
up at the top of the garden,
beneath cypress leylandii -
who bolted to the sky, years ago.

We need to uncover what she has lost.
It is there under needle and cone,
the trees' offerings, around gnarled ankles,
and oddly hitched skirts.

Together we sweep and rake,
I apologise to aquilegia and nightshade,
as she considers them weeds -
tuck secret seeds into night time pockets.

We dig, shape, turn loam,
pull lichen-plastic furniture
up the clay slope,
to rest where best view open eyes.

For once we agree,
that we are better in this garden.
In kindness and help we forget,
the weight of other things.