

SCANT

JULIE HANSON

I planted those seeds bitterly. What good could
come of them? Though the moon was new,
though the rain began before I was done,
I scattered them hurriedly and without real hope.

For hadn't last year's winter garden been well in
by then? A good two weeks earlier, yet nothing much
had flourished—a few small leaves from the hardiest
seeds. The very minimum, apparently.