

Gardening as Current Administration Anti-venom

When I say I despise weeding, what I mean is I hate
how the ground between us grows harder, more full
of rocks. Sister, such sour jelly these days. Did I say hate?

What I really mean is a kind of dislike akin to flypaper
with the flies attached, the bathtub with its brown recluse,
Nixon tattoo between Roger Stone's scapula. On my knees

I dig out taproot with my Hori-Hori, claw away at radicles that
choke, hack at vines wrapping talons around bare legs and back -
Did I say sister? I mean whine that winds itself back into truth

coiled deep beneath the soil, waiting. When I say I insist
on shifting my position on this stony field before me, I wish
to join a conclave of crocuses, be wisterial, scaffolding trained

to uphold any gauzy resolve. Sister, shovel the good manure,
syringe me with sunlight, compassion seeds ready to sow.



Poet and photographer, **Ronda Pizsk Broatch** is the author of *Lake of Fallen Constellations*, (MoonPath Press, 2015). Ronda was a finalist for the Four Way Books Prize, and her poems have been nominated several times for the Pushcart prize. Her journal publications include *Blackbird*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Sycamore Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, and Public Radio KUOW's *All Things Considered*, among others.

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The Pangolin Review, Issue 16 (May 2020)