

## *Jeannette Svoboda*

after we sail into the garden  
plunge the spade into the hard rippled surface  
dive in and pitch out chunks of clay  
plane forward and furrow sideways,  
after the glimmer of blade, shimmer of sprout,  
wave of bloom and splash of first fruit,

it strikes with a crash of jawbone

broccoli tosses  
artichoke topples  
cauliflower crashes  
and strawberry sinks

a dried berry trembles above,  
savage teeth clamp, shake, and wrench it down,  
the wind tears at battered leaves and cleaved stems  
I hold onto a remnant of the wreck,  
try to remain afloat as I curse, and watch  
the mound of dirt trail in its wake