

What Lies Between

By R.J. Cordes

A Neat, tidy little line of rocks lines my garden.

In guarded yard and veldt there is little alike, but such is our right—
to yearn for order in our lives, to strive for border and for structure.

Within the Neat, tidy little lines of rocks lies flower and shrub,
positioned, just so,
done with care, but sewed—
not with love,
but with command.

And under these shrubs lie grubs and ants—

And between these plants lie the young locks of thistle—

Between these rocks are lies, but such is our right to believe them.