In the garden

May i not stand

beneath the shelter

of your porch’s roof,

the water of a pure rain

running singing through

the eaves? I would

stand here

as long as it takes

to see the dripping rose

open to receive

the moonlight’s love.

And am i not allowed

to sit quietly through

the starless night,

slowly becoming damp

with the thick vapour

of the swirling mist,

until the clouds

become bored

with their dominance,

and retreat

to seek

new playgrounds?

I will be here,

my eyes never closing

when you let

the cat out,

and with

your permission,

will show you the

handiwork

of the passing rains,

who have,

with only you in mind,

washed the dust

from your garden,

and decorated

your quiet herbs

with the tears

of requitedness.