

Week 6 exercise, omniscient third person narrator, calm patient tone, small scene between two unnamed characters that hints at a larger emotional story

Below the blazing august sun,
The kid watched in awe
His father tended this garden,
A garden filled with green and joy,
Brushed by the winds of change

The fathers' hands blistered from weeds removed
The kid apologised to those weeds,
Don't they deserve a place in this garden too?

Tears of sweat dripping down his chin
Dirt in his pores, sweat, salty skin
His blisters burned under the august sun,
The kid watched and wondered,
How his father always pressed on

Berry filled bushes, bees buzzing by
Fields full flowers, blossom blooming sweet
A harmonious creation from bugs and plants,
They all lived in the garden,
A garden the father had made

Past the dancing wildflowers and singing bugs,

Across fields cheering blissful life,
The garden had been left untended

As the kid and his father crossed dry barren paths,
The kid saw old roots wrangling the garden trail,
Weeds had taken over, their domain a green dark
Thorns filled empty bushes, dried brown and sharp
Here the fathers' skin didn't burn under solar heat,
For its light was swallowed, by the invasively green

Having traversed this domain of dark,
They reached a plain of grass,
There lied a tree stump, a woman's old,
Winds of loss cried the fathers sweat cold

The once motherly shadow of the tree still covering his eyes,
Looming tears of sweat, rolling over his cheek
The father quietly apologised

The kid didn't know what his father had done,
He didn't have to know yet, he wouldn't understand
The rusty axe still there, it had been an act of love
But the kid quietly wondered

When will mommy come back?