

An Everlasting Garden by Joanne Sin and Elsa Mathew

Everyone must leave something behind
when he dies,
my grandfather said.
A child or a book or a painting or a house or a wall built or a pair of shoes made.
Or a garden planted.
Something your hand touched
some way so your soul has somewhere to go
when you die,
and when people look at that tree
or that flower you planted,
you're there.

It doesn't matter what you do,
he said,
so long as you change something from the way it was before
you touched it into something
that's like you
after you take your hands away.
The difference between the man who just cuts lawns and
a real gardener
is in the touching,
he said.
The lawn-cutter might just as well not have been there at all;
the gardener will be there
a lifetime.

*Taken from Fahrenheit 451
(Bradbury, 156)