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Green Nana

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I always loved to see you in the garden
lumpy straw hat shielding freckled shoulders
withered breasts drooping
you stoop over carrot tops
lips curving upward
in rare celebration
watching tomato vines
sprout toward the sun

ignoring arthritic joints
you kneel to coax along young marigolds
one hand supporting a sore and sturdy back
the other plunged deeply in dark soil
planting seeds

I kept waiting for you
waiting for the day you would turn
those wondrous eyes on me
eyes green with growth, not envy
celebrating my successes
as the fruits of your labour

but the day never came
and now, as then
when I watch you in your garden
you look up
only to stare past me
uncomprehendingly