

## Weeding/Wedding

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In the garden I descend onto the dirt,  
nearer the ground of need to pull  
at chickweed, crabgrass, thistle.

I hum as I work the earthen loam.  
Nasturtium, citrus blossom, clover.  
Under the nightshades—tomatoes,

peppers—and mints in symbiosis,  
garden bed, I ponder “wedding,”  
the difference of two letters—

“e” and “d,” ending, destiny—  
twinned, alliterative, Eden, den,  
consecutive in a litany of coupling.

To weed is excision; to wed is union.  
The “w” in the “hole” for entirety.  
In my years of loves weeding out

on my knees, on all fours, I looked up  
beyond the night’s clipped branches  
to the sky a vacant slate. I ran off

to the marriage of sun and soil, to  
my tropical mud, the Nebraska farm  
of him, fecund country we transgressed.

