**Eden’s Garden**

Arya Ramesh

my garden is beautiful,

with its carefully crafted paths

curving in caramel brown stretches,

lined by soft raw topsoil

at the apex of my humble plot

lies a cascading grapevine

the tendrils point in every direction

and are coiled up in a flourish

vital nutrients and freshwater

with hours of hard labor

i prudently work with vigor

to sculpt the garden of my dreams

Emily said her flowers are too large

while Betty cries about short roots

their words echo in my eardrum

as i solemnly stare at my garden

yes my garden is beautiful

but sometimes i despise it

i want to hack at the trees

and trample over the orchids

if i could smooth over the cracks

i'd do it until they dissolved

i don't like the weeds—

growing in uniform resilience

i chop and trim and uproot

but they come back every week

my garden, what an eyesore

the flowers coloured imperfect

varying in size with every inch

like the hastily drawn scenery

in a preteen's lined notebook

at the foot of the grapevine

i drop my saw and sheers in vain

the tendrils wild and rebellious—

unruly spirals that defy gravity

splitter splatter of heavy liquid

droplets of tepid rainwater on me

i look up at the blinding sun

showering my garden with blessings

the noisy rain descends around me

my weeds mutter whispers of life

daisies and dahlias flutter in awe

bound to the grapevine by extended coils

even with carefully crafted paths,

curving in caramel brown stretches—

maybe my garden is not perfect,

and perhaps that is quite alright