**Between Now & Next**

Carole Symer

There’s a dark corner of my garden

where everything I plant dies

until suddenly this summer

the lime delight of coleus

the beguiling daylilies.

I am amazed by the pitch inside

this earth this peril

giving pause

a comma or two

at the edge of assumption

as the light shifts

across our baring skin—

variations in tan

mahogany pink olive—

airborne branches leafing out

into the ether

there and then

to find ourselves

tender.