

Wave Hill, Saturday Morning

The secret garden
charges ten dollar admission
to non members-
no outside food or drink permitted except
for by a few chairs and on a single
stone patio, from which
you can't actually see any of the flowers.

I sneak a thermos of instant cider
down into the trails one fall morning
during free hours, find a secluded bench amidst
dry black eyed susans and bright, downy aster
knowing any visitors who might stumble across
my meditation
aren't likely to narc.

The packed powder apple taste is
both cloying and bitter centered-
a showy simulacrum of chemicals
so unlike the pressed, rot-sweet stuff of
the orchards of my childhood.

Still, here, by the stone pot of rosemary;
here, on the cold stone bench
in the hot fall sun;
here, with the distant murmurs of other visitors
who have also come during free hours,
it almost feels like home anyway.

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