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Jon Remmerde (The gardener in clay, the flowers, the photo, the idea for the gardener's thoughts by C. Remmerde. The poem by Jon Remmerde.)

### The Gardener Selects a Petal

At first, I thought it was Coyote,  
sneaking up the draw, quiet as silk  
above sand  
stalking a meal  
of quail, of strawberry,  
of opportunity,  
in my yard,  
but our first rainstorm  
announced desert monsoon  
drops of rain, hot at first  
on sand from summer heat  
sizzling, and then  
cool as rain building sandy currents  
down my gully, and rain, and rain  
on seeds I planted in early morning  
coolness of late winter, early spring.  
Promises of coolness.  
Seeds soaked water, sprouted.  
Green stems reached for blue sky  
for sunshine, grew and grew  
and bloomed  
and this one,

this particular petal, I will wear  
for hat  
to shed water and sun  
and sand in wind,  
to cast sweet smells toward  
desert sky, the heat,  
cool,  
white  
blue  
desert sky.