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Out What Was the Kitchen Window

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Lucien Darjeun Meadows

Out What Was the Kitchen Window

Spearmint lifting itself into a bush
that falls on the skirt of a Virginia Pine
Grandfather planted in the first summer
of his marriage, the July my mother

was born. Only three are left, the remnants
of diagonal rows that filled the field
between home and forest. Nothing like his
telephone line of Sweetgum down the drive,

planted a few years later, my aunt's year,
days of dollar-bags of loam, the feeling
that anything he could plant would grow—

all those trees are still there, even after
my grandparents' house became my parents'
house, then my aunt's house, trembled, and burned down.