

Planting Garlic

The black soil glistens
in late afternoon light. It could
be Spring, but it's the waxing
moon of October, a warm breeze
blowing in from the south.

The garlic skins flutter purple
and gleaming white from my hands:
Nootka Rose, Inchelium Red and *Purple Glazer*—
the cloves easily peeled and revealing
moist pearls of fragrant gold.

Arranged in circle patterns
like crocodile teeth, or bits of shell,
my thumb finds each and pushes it down
just like I was taught, or taught myself
this art of hope against winter.