The Garden of Uncertainty

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I went to sleep in spring with my eyelids dusted with moonlight and your fingers and toes planted among me in fertility. When I woke in the middle of the night I found only your left leg tangled around me like a tomato vine in August. Somewhere in the night our faces have disappeared and we have grown separate blankets. Color has gone in this moment, even the moon has been harvested by clouds. This grey scares me because I cannot tell whether it is stability or uncertainty and both I have learned to despise. But you wake, and grip my shoulders, squeezing them as peaches dangling from branches and as I close my eyes
I can see blue leftovers
of the moon — I am
reassured that my unripe
thoughts can wait—
for now, I only know
to grow toward the light.

-Amy Mooney