

A Yelp from the Garden

A pitchfork shakes, lifts, plunges. *What is it?*
I call from a new bed of tulip bulbs. I cover

the kernels with dirt, compost, and lavender
transplants. *Help!* my cock cries, *It's after me!*

I stand, brush the dirt from my knees and bum.
At the raised square of carrot tops, strawberries,

and the second year fringe of asparagus I stop.
The pitchfork tines pierce a snake. A second

snake writhes in half, Lorena Bobbitt style.
I reach to reattach, but see it's pointless.

Where are you? I ask. *Are you afraid of snakes?*
From the slash pine boughs immature cones drop.

Will you please call the fire department?
My cock pleads, *I'm afraid of heights too.*