

Eclogue III

by Frederick Smock

*The lemon tree in my garden
Is a bigger influence on my work
Than all the poets together*
—Miguel Hernandez

The lovely old woman is working in her garden.
From where I sit reading, on the back stoop,

I can see directly into her courtyard enclosure,
since her boy cut back the honeysuckle this spring.

She wears a wide-brimmed hat (though I have seen her
hatless). She may never have looked up

to see me here. Her gaze is ever downward,
to her hostas, ferns, geraniums, day lilies,

and more whose names I do not know.
Her gaze is ever downward, to her beauties,

as is mine, to my words, and also to her,
as if from on high, as if in blessing.