

Vandalism

by Karen L. George

You were horrified when you drove by your home of thirty years to find the new owner leveled your raised garden, yanked the chain link fence draped with clematis that on August nights bloomed tiny white stars of intense scent. Gone your black-eyed Susans, purple coneflowers, hydrangea, butterfly bush, blue spruce you liked to say the Daniel Boone Forest loaned you.

Yesterday, on my annual ride past, I saw the sugar maples had been chopped down. No longer deep shade by branches intertwined. Only patchy grass and the wall with stones nudged forward by remnant roots.

That fall before you moved, I clicked so many pictures of those yellow leaves that surely tasted like sun if you bit their liquid pulp.