

# The Promises in My Garden

*Poem by Holly Day*



*Artwork by ira joel haber*

The moth selects the leaf carefully from the others  
following some algorithm or philosophy only she knows  
lays her eggs on the ribbed, green surface in patterns that seem  
either profound or random, depending on the decipherer.

There could be messages for her unborn offspring in the discarded casings  
they will soon burst from, perhaps a forwarding address so her children can find her  
a map to a treasure of honeysuckle vines and wide, green backyards  
religious texts that have been passed from one generation to another.

In turn, the leaf reacts in dismay to having the eggs deposited on its surface  
begins layering cellular material around the encased larvae, like an oyster or a clam  
trying to protect itself from an irritating grain of sand  
by creating a pearl, leaving the moth's original message all but obliterated  
by a jungle of thick, green spikes jutting out of the leaf  
its formerly flat surface curled and distressed. But perhaps this, too  
is part of the moth's message, the transformation of her words  
into Braille illuminated by the agony of a weed.