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A Garden Party on Friday

Mid-afternoon, the sun yet to fall
over the ridge of trees that kept
the sanctuary safe from street
sounds and industry. Bejeweled
and properly hatted, the ladies
arrived, placed like the stone
cherubs they came to admire.
Block wood framed an oversized
swing reminiscent of the metal
structure from an old neighborhood
park. Not aged by years, her face,
was that of joy and wonder as she
trapezed over freshly mown grass
and summer blooms.

I teared a bit for one muse.
Her corner, with babes and winsome blooms.
I recall in detail her flamboyance and thirst
for an uncommon life.

St. Francis tucked in tree bark.
Droplets stepping from pebble to pebble.
Pocket shrines for the sick and lonely.
Every affliction prayed for and honored.

Late afternoon, the sun to fall past
tree lines guarding this refuge,
the ladies prayed.
They prayed for the past.
They prayed for the future.
They drank wine and buttered bread.
And, while the world spun around them,
they were saved in the garden on Friday.

Susan Ward Trestrail