

# The Flowers are Beautiful

Poetry — Alysha Matthews

The flowers are beautiful.  
They match the colorful tomatoes and red peppers.  
The peppers are picked, washed, and then simmered.  
Olive oil and thyme dances around them  
My grandmother adds the ackee and saltfish  
dumplings fry nearby  
She cuts an onion in her hands  
the pieces join the beloved pot  
She glances out the window at the garden.  
The grass is tall and a plush green,  
too green to be real.  
The gardener's tools are in the basement nearby,  
they've been dormant for a while now.  
The fence meant nothing to the squirrels and snakes,  
They didn't bother the gardener,  
and they didn't dare bother us as we played  
and laughed  
and danced  
at our backyard parties.  
There's a beloved white rabbit buried here somewhere  
in the little wooden coffin  
that the gardener made for him so  
lay the flowers at the rabbit's grave,  
And the gardener's also.