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.