

JULEIGH HOWARD-HOBSON

Garden Truth

It is hot. Even with the hose spraying
Mists across the plants, leaves wilt, blossoms bend
On flagging stems, everything's displaying
Some sort of reaction. They say this trend
Of warm air fronts (that's what they call hot days)
Should abatebut what does that really mean
To the pea whose tendril no longer waves
But falls, just like the pumpkin's, and the bean's?
Or to the ladybug who hides and waits
For the blasted sun to sink so it can eat
Hot aphids from warm broccoli? Ornate
Euphemisms don't shield us from the heat
Anymore than hoses, lightly training
Fine drops on stems, make us think it's raining.

Juleigh Howard-Hobson's poetry has appeared in Soundzine, The Rain-town Review, The Barefoot Muse, Mobius and many other print and online journals. She has been awarded the Australian RSL Anzac Day Award for poetry.