

Sage

from *Garden Time: thymus vulgaris*

Where gardening leaves off
sage takes us gently by the nose and whispers
I know I know like the beginning
to some greek tragedy
we know we have been here before
but we need to burn our tongues
on sage again,
prove the old gods
have lost none of their potency.

Sage shakes off the dust of delphi
and invites you to the shadows of the herb patch
promising with a sapient smile:
you can still taste olympus
you can still feel the wrinkled skin of a god.

SHANE RHODES