

## *An Empty Tomb*

What empty tombs repose in your garden?  
Do the wild roses intertwine  
Creating Sleeping Beauty's forcefield of protection  
Or do honeysuckle vines and forsythia branches  
Beckon you to an inner sanctum of peace?  
What is revealed in the emptiness?  
What has been absconded with?  
Escaped?  
Left behind?  
Does the scent of "myrrh and aloe" abide  
As you linger in the vastness of what appears to be a vacuum?  
Do the walls close in  
From the fear, the ignorance  
Or do you seek what's missing  
In another time and place?  
Do you tarry  
Weeping in the midst of your loss  
Only to be surprised by angels  
Not comprehending your sorrow?  
And then you see,  
But you don't,  
Your heartbreaking absence right before you  
Making wild promises to ascend,  
Yet return.  
Isn't that the grief and joy  
Laying in wait in the empty tomb?  
The "farewell"  
And the "hello"?  
The stone has been rolled away.  
Now what?

From Susan Ceely Philips

*Tending My Garden*

With spade  
With fingers  
I dig into the soil  
Of my soul  
Of my garden  
Loosening what's bound and dry  
Digging deep until  
Replenishing moisture is found,  
Life is awakened from its retreat from the light.  
Within this fertility  
Seeds of beauty, hope, sustenance  
Are planted  
And then I wait.  
I hope I remember what's been offered  
And where and when,  
But, if not, a surprise can be in store.  
But, first I wait,  
Believing that the fruit of my labor  
Will reward me  
With that beauty and hope,  
That sustenance longed for.

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*Sorry, Mom.*

A tear rolls down my cheek  
In shame  
In regret  
In guilt.  
Firestorms  
Thunderstorms  
Snowstorms  
Storms  
Swirling in tornadic fury  
For the parched terrain  
Over the glut of torrents  
Her rebellion against  
The axes  
The combines  
The plastics  
The ashes  
The waste  
Our Mother is angry  
No one is safe when Mother is angry.  
Best to do what Mother says.

*My Glorious Garden*

I tend the garden of me,  
Not well  
Not consistently  
In fits and starts  
My longings and desires  
My creaking bones and  
Whining muscles  
My slothfulness  
My taste buds  
Throw up obstacles right and left.  
But I do tend this garden gift.  
This remarkable gift  
Of firings and flow  
Of synchrony and cooperation  
Of mystery and fact.  
I do tend this garden  
With light  
With love  
With compassion  
With thoughtful input  
But not 'as best as I can'.  
Not my best.  
Neglect's hurtful intention  
Yields warning bells.  
Alarms of dissatisfaction  
Belly up  
Rattle and roil  
Thrust backwards into a declining recline.  
Sometimes ugly reminders  
To tend,  
To mind,  
To be en garde.  
I gather my tools  
Begin again and again.  
Her graciousness  
Her forgiving ways  
Will trickle to a stop one day.  
So now,  
I tend, attend, will be a friend  
To my glorious garden.

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