

# Gardening

*by* Nora Nadjarian

And there we were, weeding, weeding and yanking all that evil from our souls.

I knew there needed to be a hyacinth somewhere in my story, but I didn't know where to plant it.

My hands were looking for soil. Everything else was of secondary importance. I had to keep in touch.

There was once a bird which helped me. It pecked. I always knew pecking was innate, an instinct. I've met so many peckers and husbands.

Something about the Garden of Eden. That it isn't really a garden, and I'm not even sure what Eden means. But all the seeds are there, and there is always hope.

Then I start reading this story again, but in a different order, and somehow it still makes sense.

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