

## Paradiso

In a garden they had named their Paradiso  
The garage stands with the door always ajar  
An old man in the evening waters roses  
Plastic flowers grow amid some Pampas grass.

In a garden—and its name is Paradiso  
an old woman sets the table for some tea  
A veil of lilac blue perfume dances around her  
for an instant she's become his young new wife.

In this garden—and its name is Paradiso  
Flags of laundry fly their colours in the wind  
A picnic table, plastic chairs, mismatched companions  
the man whistles for the stray cats to come back.

There's a garden whose name is Paradiso  
An old barbecue leans rusting by the vine  
Smells of rhubarb, dandelions and wild garlic  
Water barrels stand forgotten in the rain.

In the garden whose name is Paradiso  
she finds solace as she sits there in the shade  
she remembers the good times when they gathered for a feast  
Sunday afternoons with friends long gone away.

In her dreams she named this garden Paradiso  
In wrought iron its name written on the gate  
It doesn't matter—just a dream—the garden lives still within  
And she loves him among the stray cats and the rain.

In this garden whose name is Paradiso  
There's a teapot on the table, and two cups.  
So I miss you but you don't know that you're not here.  
We have tea in conversation with stray cats.

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