

Our Zingiber

Elaine Bougie Gilligan

I tell you, “our ginger is weeping.”
You smile. “Yes?”

“That gingerroot I planted
because it was sprouting in the kitchen.
Big tears standing on the leaves. Why
do you think our ginger
would be weeping?”

You laugh,
“For the sins of the world?”

I smile. That three-foot-thin green
reaching thing from a root I decided not
to throw out.

Which I hope will fill in,
grow bushy, from five new spears

following the first. And that I wish
will flower, without confidence I know
growing things well enough
ever to be blessed by
rough red plumes
like the ones from the florist.

But it stands by the window,
weeps, sweats or does whatever
tenuous life does, in a rented one-
bedroom suite, with an unskilled
watcher, such as me, with an
occasionally genius clown,
such as you.



*Image source (ginger from the florist):
Gordon E. McCaw*