



Botanical Garden

The trade show done, the flight home well ahead,
The hour too soon to linger in a bar,
We leafed through what the brochures said
Might make use of our time and rental car.
Arriving at a point of local pride
And global note, according to its ads,
We bought feed at the pond, then cast it wide
And watched for motion in the lily pads.
First one koi buoyed and snatched its floating dole,
As we had seized a sample, ads to read.
Soon others rose, a sudden, mottled shoal;
The water roiled with something more than need.
We threw no more and wished the water clearer:
Less of a feeding frenzy—or a mirror.

