



Gardening

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Back in the day, a tell-tale sign of your enlightenment was how well-kempt your garden was. These Men walked around with their heads held high, knowing their plants were happy. A healthy garden meant respect from their village, partners, and children.

Other Men, who were suffering, looked up to These Men and asked These Men for gardening tips. Of course, These Men would go on to share their knowledge. Growth, for Other Men, in every which way, then took place.

Nowadays, Other Men boast the grandest, most captivating gardens but rarely step foot inside. They don't think about getting on their knees to weed. It is a waste of their time. Instead, they offer These Men a smidgen of their earnings to do it for them. Oh, how time can dance.

If not for the growth of your plants, for what reason have a beautiful, blooming garden? What other than selfish ones? Do Other Men love their garden? Do their plants love them?

I imagine how the plants look up at Other Men. Sad faces, attention-deprived children. Now I imagine the plants when Other Men's workers come to tend the garden. I imagine they are happy to see These Men. If the plants had tails, they would be wagging.

To the plants, These Men are their guardians. To Other Men, because they own the plants, they think of themselves as the father of their garden. However, to the plants, Other Men are only a rare sight. Who is the true mirror? Your children. In how they look at you.

