

Grain

by Harry Zirkelbach 07-26-2010

Windsor Gardens has 72 real gardens, available to residents, first come basis. Spaces are a raised planting boxes, many eight foot square, with water supply.

In a few garden plots, the seed being raised is a corn seed. Its stalks are stately, reaching up, not out. It's fruit clutches the stalk, develops fine hair. Early in life, that fruit is fertilized by secretions from tassels at the stock's top. Then delicious corn.

What a romantic tale, just drifting on any breeze seeking romance,
found in falling to death.

Where was I when distracted by romance?

Oh yes, Grain. Grain is simply a seed.

All who garden plant seeds, only a few initially grain.

Consider all seeds planted in the 72 gardens at Windsor Gardens they might weigh less than a dozen tomatoes. And what productivity. In addition those seeds managed piles of the plant debris, abandoned season's end.

This remarkable story, visible eternally; seed to life, then back to seed;
so far, an unending cycle,

2010 was my first garden in years. Here no great diversity in planting. Two rows of radishes, regular and icicle; one of green beans and peas; two of beets; 6 tomato plants on the south edge to get the most sun, several rows of green onion seed; and in the middle, six hills of cucumbers.

One crop took off. In weeks there were red radishes to an extreme. Had to be harvested. Could not all be consumed. They were mild, delicious, crunching to the bite. White radishes however produce nothing but tops.

Early, nothing else seemed to flourish,
even when Miracle Grow Plant Food was added.

Then suddenly, cucumber plants explode.

I found, contrary to experiences of youth back east, every seed, 6 per hill, had germinated. Earlier years, half the seeds just disappeared, perhaps dug up and eaten by bird or animal, careless planting, or ineptness.

I thought I was pleased by this development.

Then, Cucumber plants promise to take the sunlight and energy from every other plant in those 64 square feet. The vines latch on, climb the tomato wire baskets, everything, tents over and shade all onion, beet, pea, bean plants.

Yes, I know that all smaller plants, like animals, know how to struggle and survive. But this gardener's planting thoughtlessly altered the odds. Now I must dismember many of the virile, grasping arms of the cucumber plants.

In defense of cucumbers. Their produce is tasty. They are productive; their tubulars graced our table all summer. And, judging by flowers on their limbs, could have produce sizable adults even untoil the first frost.

Samples were offered at our building lobby the remaining warm days of 2010.

And each who shared, might marvel with me;
Does every seed produce such an abundance of potent new seeds?

And, is this embodied in all life-cycle beings?

