

**In the garden** with you



This is an intergenerational story  
We learn from each other  
Who we were  
Who we are and aspire to be  
In the rose aisle when your backyard returned  
You must have planted these seven decades ago, for us







In the garden with you  
Full of joy when I learned  
Not enough time  
Of accumulating time, and feeling, and an inevitable cycle  
Being in a space, in memory, in passing, and in the present

Unbinding  
Rewind  
FLOAT  
Play it again  
Ask once more  
You were in the field  
When they took you



*He was working in the fields when he was picked up and taken.*



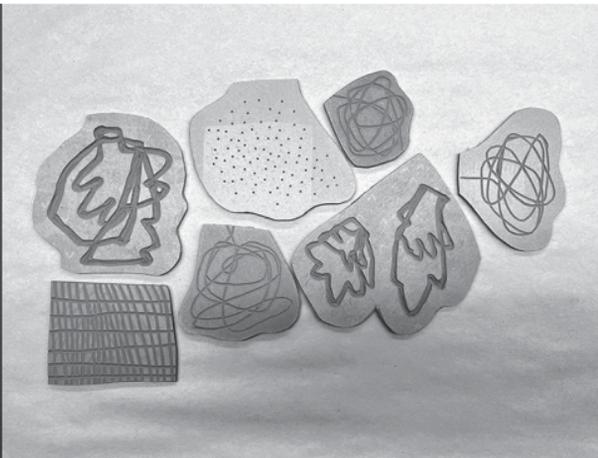


There was a pear tree  
And plums  
That we threw over the house, we looked for them  
on the other side  
Don't go in the street  
Spoken in a language never understood



Is it coming or going?







They fled in the middle of the night  
See you later, Dad  
We're never going back

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