***I Walk in This garden, Holding the Hands of Dead Friends*[1]**
By Rebecca Zeman

He sowed seeds in shingle
wove washed-up ropes and rusted links
around driftwood stakes rising in wind
like maypoles from a dustbowl,

cast colour over the bald spit's
bloated power plant and pylons,
his creosote seaman's hut gilded
with marigold window frames.

He coaxed foxgloves from flint,
made his backyard a film-set,
stripped the counterpane from his bed
for the Christ's Passion cloak

inscribed Donne's *The Sun Rising*
on the shack's midnight face,
as the virus felled son after son
and scratched out his sight.

I walk in his garden,
think how beauty defies
waste and ugliness and hurt.
This wide-hipped white rose
overriding the razored artichoke
dredging furrows in the grit.

[1] Derek Jarman, *Garden Journal III*, April-May 1989.