T. Zachary Cotler

Balzac's Garden

Overgrown, with battered
benches, scattered
humans in whom I,
mellow, dapper, monstrous
with ambition,
find
nothing Comical today.
Yellow roses climb
the wall.
The bushes are embattled, overwritten by
a delegation
of voluptuous,
and likely
toxic, mushrooms.
The incongruous
flag of Turkey flies
from the roof of ye
olde adjacent embassy.
"Where ambition begins, naïve
unreflecting actions cease."
Over and over
I was a child
in California
in a garden
without mushrooms
without roses
(these are merely details, never
symbols—nearly never) with my sister,
nothing Comical, we were
such serious children, until over
and over was over and won't be ever.