

8.

I watched him weed dandelions from a row of cabbage. His trowel went in deep, at the angle he taught me, so the trowel would lift and cut the root. He wrapped a handkerchief around the seeded head so the fluff wouldn't spread, carefully, as if capturing a trapped bird. He placed the root in a bucket reserved for his medicines and folded the seed head into his pocket.

There was a spasm in the movement of his wrist. A moment when something else passed through and was gone.

He turned to me, his six coronas glowing. I felt their light on my downturned face. I did not look up.

Later, I passed by his door to see if the silence contained him.

I had dreams of speaking the first weeks.