



1997

## Landscaping

Eric Freeze

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### Recommended Citation

Freeze, Eric (1997) "Landscaping," *Inscape*: Vol. 17 : No. 1 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol17/iss1/16>

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# Landscaping

*Eric Freeze*

My husband always paid attention  
to landscaping—

the way he venerated the earth with  
a shovel and rake—

holding and bending while I would cut  
the *Times* into dolls

where coupons once were, circle garage sales  
with a permanent marker

then leave—him looking, leaning, so I would cross  
between the weeds and

piles of overturned soil.  
I remember—

He would plant Hawaiian orchids like  
quick purple ships

expecting me to come in the back way because  
I, a woman, wouldn't know where to step.

On Sunday, he would leave  
the earth

Caking in the sun. The mounds remind  
me of the landfill

On the north end of town collecting residue  
from the city.

My mother went there once—she told me  
how they,

Young marrieds, had driven off the road  
on the way to

their honeymoon, and found a field  
at night

(that night was the memorable one) and how  
in the morning

It was the city dump. I can remember she  
laughed.

She has always wanted it to be  
that way for us.