

Workshop Views

Yoshi thinks I don't pay enough attention to her gardens. Actually I do. It's just that I don't coo over blossoms the way she does. My workshop bay window offers a full view of the front yard, and I often sit there, sipping whatever I'm sipping and smoking cheap cigarettes sold over the Internet by the Tuscarora Indians. With admiration, I gaze down at what Yoshi has wrought. But it's true, I guess, that I pretty much take it for granted, just as I take Yoshi herself for granted, just as she takes me for granted after 40 years of marriage. The red roses at right, flourishing under an olive tree and hanging over a three-quarter-ton rock, are the largest I have ever seen. The photo provides no reference as to size, but take my word for it. They are huge. Below, mostly orange roses decorate a sidewalk plot, and mostly pansies spill over from a large clay pot. I like the blue-blossomed ground cover, but I don't know the name for it and Yoshi can't remember.

Jackson Sellers
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