

'A Garden for your thoughts'  
Arion-Amity

She was sat beneath a window in the house she shared outside the city. Which city it was is not entirely important. She sat, waiting for the wind to blow again, and when it did, a troupe of leaves danced down from the roof of the squat little house, drifting slowly into a loose heap on the small garden out front. It was a satisfying way to waste an afternoon. As was reminiscing, as she did so often behind the glass now as the world trundled by outside.

She remembered walking from her family's house, on top of the hill one warm day at the beginning of the month. She had walked that path a thousand times over, and her head didn't need to be present for the trip anymore. A caterpillar had squished its way towards her, moving with the energy of a creature that doesn't really have a purpose. He still seemed a bit lost. The girl had crouched to the pavement, and the heat from the cracked concrete radiated up her legs, adding to the sweat behind her knees. She'd picked up the caterpillar carefully, and moved him to a tree that lined the pathway, and continued. The trees were blossoming healthily, and ripe lillypillies grew in small bunches above her head as she dawdled towards town. The heat that January was the kind that sits on you uncomfortably, in a stubborn way, resting on you as soon as you decide the outside might be a nice place to be. It was the same every year, she thought, but it's easy to forget weather patterns between months, and each year find yourself complaining again and again about the heat.

However, the heat of the summer when she was a kid was hard to forget.

That had been a more peaceful heat. Either that, she mused to herself, or children didn't feel the heat the same way. It's harder to complain about fickle things like the temperature when there are more serious issues to back; such as convincing your mother you heard the cat say your sister's name, or defending yourself over pushing your siblings out of the cubbyhouse. The backyard was always in bloom at that house, in one way or another. The orange or the mandarin trees. The weeds and the daffodils. If mum had been inspired enough that year, the jonquils or tulips. There was more life in the backyard than her and her sisters could possibly fathom. The chickens ran around, and when the family had dogs, they bounded after them. Before dad cut down the fruit trees, they were full of stink beetles and there was more than one occasion where the girls got sprayed; in the mouth was without doubt the worst. She remembered being sat in the bath, scrubbing that smell off and being force fed liquorice allsorts to get rid of the taste – to be honest, she would have preferred the stink beetle. But regardless, summer in that backyard was a time she floated back to mentally during times of stress and long, sleepless nights, of which there were many at this current time of crisis. The backyard even found her in her dreams when she finally fell asleep.

Lately a garden had been coming to her in her daydreams. A new garden. One that didn't exist yet, but one she wanted to. She had planned it all out in her head. Cabbages, snow peas, oranges, and parsley. It had been a long few weeks, with everything going on in the world outside. Sometimes it was lonely and sometimes it was infuriating, but that's just the way it is, even when the world isn't spinning off its axis. But there had been an abundance of butterflies lately, and she figured it might be time to get on with her life, as much as she could inside her little corner of the world. So, looking out the window of her own home as she so often did these days, she gathered all the motivation she could and got up. It was time to go outside and plant some of her own flowers and fruit.