This week’s poem, by Thomas Moore of Brooksville, consists of just one sentence with a surprise ending. The poem relates a story of Moore’s grandmother, who taught him gardening and, as he puts it, “how to get through a tough time.”

**Her Telling**  
*By Thomas R. Moore*

When she told me  
after she’d uncoiled the line  
with the steel stakes at the ends  
to set straight rows of peas  
clad in her denim cover-alls  
and tall rubber boots at seventy,  
after she’d tossed garden stones  
on to the long windrow  
beyond the asparagus,  
after she’d showed me  
the ants climbing the peony stalks  
to the hard buds and cupped hands  
beside the kitchen propane tanks,  
and even after years of stirring  
green tomato mincemeat  
on the yellow Glenwood  
and tugging carrots  
from the hot August soil  
and snapping off ears of corn  
and letting me pick clean  
the tree of seckel pears—  
the hard tangy red fruit—  
in October,  
even forty years after that Christmas day  
when she smashed the third floor door,  
the children listening below,  
to find her husband inside,  
dead by his own hand,  
my grandmother was stunned  
by her own telling.