Poet Lynn Ascrizzi, from Freedom, writes that in her garden she raises fruits, vegetables, “and those elusive crops, the perennial ones, that hide in between the sown and planted,” yielding “poems like ‘New England Asters.’”

New England Asters
by Lynn Ascrizzi

They’re firing purple from the rock wall, shouting hurrahs amid gloriosas, towering on leggy stalks near the rose trellis, before the frost.

The dames are taking over. Fringy and sticky, drunk with nectar, they lean and swagger, staging a revolution.

Volunteers from last year’s seeds spring up near the house, and new forces bivouac down the long dirt drive, ready to occupy the roadside past the mailbox.

Shovel in hand, I am fully enlisted in the cause of late bloomers. I transplant rootstock, shake out new progeny, post ensigns amid the wan and cheerless, marshal troops down desolate hollows, seed my universe with stars.