Where the Tiny Things Are: Feathered Essays
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Published by Punctum Books

Walker, Nicole.
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Micromeria

Micromeria just means mint. Not even tiny mint. Lots of mint. Lots of kinds of mint. Mint. If you plant it anywhere, it grows like bamboo. My old boyfriend’s dad, right before he moved from one house in Tigard, Oregon to another house in Tigard, Oregon, planted bamboo along the fence. The instructions for planting bamboo read, line a deep hole with black plastic, otherwise, the bamboo will grow unbounded, taking out fences, roses, tulips, small fruit-bearing trees, and uprooting foundations. My old boyfriend’s dad did not like his neighbor. The neighbor had built the high fence without asking Roger how it would be for him. The fence blocked not only the sun but the sunset. He planted the bamboo without a bit of plastic.

Three miles away, safely in his new yard, he planted lavender. He planted lemon verbena, forgetting it was a member of the ever-large mint family. Now the bees cover his yard, rolling in the flowers, getting their backs all sticky with syrup. The smell permeates the walls of the house, even the small room in the back of the house, where my old boyfriend’s dad counts out old vinyl records, age staved off age by multiplication. The house murmurs with the number of bees.