

# Mum's Garden

by Lisa Reily

Vanilla sandstone stolen from a local park. A fake nail, snapped in the heist, is shaken from my mother's gardening glove onto our thick, green lawn. And a miniature Stonehenge takes shape around our new above-ground pool.

My small hands are scratched white by the sugared stone, but it's worth it. I rest a blistered palm in the promising water as it fills. We have our own pool— Clark Rubber blue stretched over sand—and a new rockery...

We are back at the park again. Shaded by paperbarks, we collect chunks of rock and pretty river stones. Mum concretes them into our lives. And by morning, a 'dog pond'.

I step out to our yard; a phallic stack of river stones towers into the sky. Our dog paddles reluctantly around it; a spectacle as the stack chugs and spurts—a 'dog fountain'—due to Mum's clever garden hose engineering.

Our ingenious fake rock, strategically placed, hides our spare key. Concealed in the strawberry patch, jam jars of rolled up money Mum won at the races. And under the fallen leaves of Mum's favourite tree, beneath her blue violets, a lifetime of dogs loved; wrapped and buried in their blankets.



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