

# Garden On Your Tongue

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& Friends

sidekickBOOKS

*An Introduction*  
*by the Correspondent*

According to Witchhatchet's Almanac, there are three major sources of magic in the world. Stations and interchanges are one; they are known to generate a havocking, haphazarding kind of magic, difficult to bag or tame. Ruins are another; the magic that can be tapped in such places is thick and oozy and deep, and needs to be hacked to pieces, but is abundantly powerful. The third source is gardens, where a supple, warm-flowing, weasel-quick magic is said to spring up spontaneously, if not always reliably.

I am no magician, so this information is of limited use to me. I am also no gardener. In fact, it's seemed to me for much of my life that I will never come to own or keep a real garden, and that there is something *deliberate* in this. A garden is in some ways a symbol of humility. It is something a person serves, bows towards – something that compels them to shove their fingers into the dirt. At the same time, gardens are aspirational. To be able to keep one first requires owning property, or at least being sufficiently settled and secure in one's lodging that managing the land attached to it is a viable long-term project.

## *Muddled Gardens*

There is a garden in her face,  
on a hill, gone to flowers, run to weeds.  
A garden of the mind.  
A still-cool grotto about my god,  
where dreams are wild and wet,  
tranced and crescent-lit.

And my heart is a garden,  
muffled in leaves – o to blot out this garden,  
and all thy garden change and glow.  
Garden, in a city. Garden she walked across.  
Garden we owned. Birdling memories  
of gardens. Cloying balm  
of gardens.

Many things the garden shows,  
the garden lies, the garden farewells  
and most woefully fares,  
the garden murmuring, goeth murmuring,  
in grass of graveyards murmuring:

here-bloweth-thyme and trespass-not,  
let-the-wind's-breath and unafraid,  
knit-the-dark-brow, and roll-the-unsteady,  
I-dare-not-go, I-dare-not-stay,  
twilight-of-dark-locks, shining-lair,  
tart-to-the-taste and snap-their-spiced-heads,

dust-in-wolf's-eyes and tarry-awhile,  
who-for-thy-sake and hoarded-herself,  
linger, Gilbert's-secret-deeds,  
feed-and-forget and least-of-her-trace,  
cobbler, croupier, hatchet, beast.

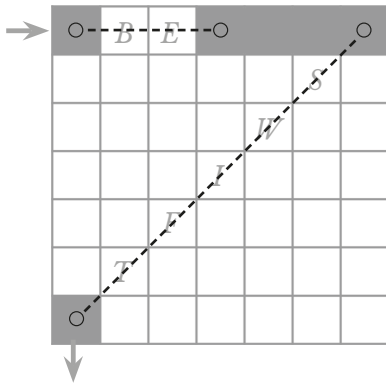
Whose fault? Where is he?  
What seest thou? What mark have I left?  
What was it? Whom?  
Well, and what then? Will Spring come again?  
Will it ever wake?

(source texts: *The Botanic Garden. Part 2, Containing the Loves of the Plants* by Erasmus Darwin; *The Garden of Bright Waters* by E. Powys Mathers; *The Sunken Garden and Other Poems* by Walter De La Mare; *In the Great Steep's Garden* by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts; *Sea Garden* by H.D. 'The Garden' by Thomas Campion; 'The Garden' by Sara Teasdale; 'The Garden' by Ralph Waldo Emerson; 'The Garden' by Lola Ridge; 'The Garden' by Victoria Mary Sackville-West; 'Garden and Gardener' by Madison Julius Cawein; 'The Garden of Dreams' by Madison Julius Cawein; 'The Garden of Shadow' by Ernest Christopher Dowson; 'The Garden of Sin' by Robert Fuller Murray; 'The Garden of Eros' by Oscar Wilde; 'The Gardener's Daughter' by Alfred Lord-Tennyson, 'The Garden' by Charlotte Bronte; 'Garden Fancies' by Robert Browning.)



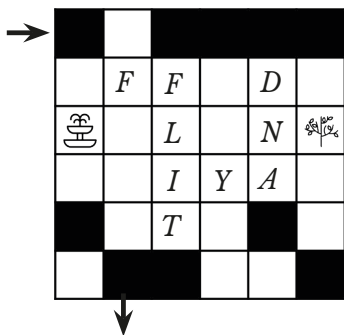
You can move diagonally, or backwards, and freely through any shaded area to a new point of departure:

'Be swift'



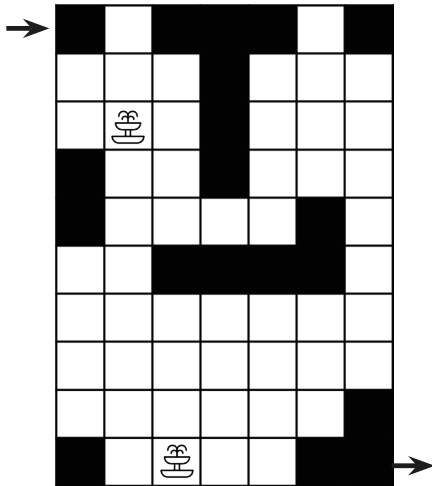
You can cross the same grid tiles twice, so long as it doesn't involve changing the letter already entered into the tile. You cannot pass through obstacles:

'Fly and flit'



Try this one:

'To your torn keep'



*“In my garden  
the winds have beaten  
the ripe lilies ...”*

— HD, ‘The Islands’

## *British Gardens*

'British Gardens' was a poem-generating algorithm bot designed by the author Thomas McMullan. It used a vast pre-existing set of parts to output unique miniature scenarios four times a day, each one situating the reader in a different imaginary British garden:

You are in a British garden. Your lungs are aching.  
There are watchers in the frost. The starlight is a gate.

You are in a British garden. In front of you is a film set.  
The pigs are scheming. The haze is too tired to talk.

This was its last poem, posted on April 6th:

You are in a British garden. In front of you is a secret.  
The butterflies are mourning. The puddle is nodding  
off.

*from* Small Gardens and How to Make the  
Most of Them *by Violet Purton Biddle*

A *spade* is a daily necessity. Has not one of our most learned divines exalted the art of digging by his commendation thereof, and who shall say him nay? It is expedient to wear *thick boots*, however, during this operation, not only on account of the earth's moisture, but also because otherwise it is ruinous to our soles. To preserve the latter, a spade with a sharp edge should never be chosen, but one which has a flat piece of iron welded on to the body of it. Digging is good because it breaks up the earth, and exposes it to the sun and also to the frost, which sweetens and purifies it; care must be taken however, in doing it, as so many things die down in the winter and are not easily seen. The ordinary hired gardener is very clever at *burying things so deep that they never come up again!*

*A Short Guide to  
Pernicious Flower Imps*

*from Ada Georgia's A Manual of Weeds  
and Emily Lawless's A Garden Diary*

PEPPERFOOT

Our indefatigable, sharp-toothed satellite,  
spreading on all sides from a permanent uncut heart,  
here in the capsule beside me.

Let our dusky minds dwell upon  
its frolic – dark green, clammy-hairy.

I notice in myself graceful clusters of wayside  
and fussy little ribs, emerging embarrassed  
from the rootstocks of my relish.

To fall so readily into the trick! The spirits of the wise  
sit in their lobed, curved seeds and mock us.

*Means of control:*

To make amends, it burns merrily,  
fine bulblets roughening.

## CROW-BOY OR GOOSE-GIRL

Long-leaved, night-flying and tipped  
with bespattered anthers. Through such a furious,  
beautifully veined pile,  
the juices of the afternoon stir to existence  
and savage aspects menace the nursery.  
Light boils, stands rankly erect,  
lemon-yellow or cream-coloured. What outrage.  
I have left them, forked homeward,  
and returned to find no blemish;  
just blunderings in the clearest of auricles.

### *Means of control:*

Best destroyed by powerful viscid rosettes  
of wolf or stag.

## TRIFLING GROPEHOUND

Deep-boring, black, crowned with grimaces,  
somewhat like a gentleman's tongue,  
the same semicircular sweep  
of grizzled stamens,  
reddish-purple,  
the corolla entangled elsewhere,  
five-lobed, cyclopean blooms –  
what reckless prodigality! Raiding, racking,  
ruining and running amuck, fringed  
with spreading fibrous purposes.

### *Means of control:*

Prompt interruption, doing  
over the grooved field of the mind.

## *Winter Gardens*

### WINTER GARDEN FOR SIÂN

Sunwine-and-snapdragon-lichen-spattered tumbled stone.  
Swan pansy. Asian kale. Copper rain chains hung from a  
sleigh. Anise. Borders stuffed with San Franciscan cyan  
heather.

### WINTER GARDEN FOR KIRSTY

Eye-kissed daphne shaded by a cherry plum. Coarse apricot.  
Trellis struck with honeysuckle, starry jasmine. Trussed  
viola. Footprints on key-feather moss.

### WINTER GARDEN FOR CLIFF

Frollicking ginkgo. Ivy. The sundial crawling with fool-  
collared lichen. Fickle camelia, and here a watering can,  
rust-stiffened, leaves erupting from the spout.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR SEBASTIAN

Bestirred satin stepping stones beside a fountain with beach pebble basin. Beastly holly and Tuscan kale. Lichen gripping an ash. Sable moss and glory of the snow.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR REBECCA

Cabaret aconite. Firecracker. Barefoot on the pea gravel path we step between primrose and beckoning crocus. Cacti on the sill in a shed painted buccaneer red.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR PAULA

Leaping pansies, lop-eared violas and brick walls plaited with Nepalese creeper. Slim path of sawn stone paving, fogged by pillow moss. A plain white pool.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR DARREN

Under the awning: a daring scupper fountain. Ruddy camelias, dun winter honeysuckle. Melon-rind crocus. Slanted gritstone sundial and a drum collecting rain.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR JAMES

Blameless jasmine, sage and hardy marjoram. Submerged miniature boats, water snails and Java fern, jammed in a smudge of pond. Samphire – a jot. Wind chimes.

## WINTER GARDEN FOR DIANA

Dawn-banner heather, strewn amongst travertine rubble. Bandana lichen, tie-dye pansies. Daffodils. Daphnes. A dithering stream fringed with snowdrops and mana.