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## Travels in my Garden

by Victoria Cooper

People who travel are always fugitives.

What do they have to hide?

They are not like you my bindweed, your strong coils wrap around the stem.

You amaze with your strength, your pursuit and tenacity.

Unlike a renegade, you neither run nor hide.

But you are shameless with your ambition.

Bellbind strangles thoughtfully.

Do you remember when travel was elegant?

Can you recall Saloon class or Steerage?

They were both revered, yet cocooned inside that magnificent hull.

White Star Liner where have you gone?

Your glamour was excitement, your grand microcosm at sea

How I wish I had seen your flashy hats Molly Brown; you must have been a devilish delight.

Yet I have my perennial carpet of Bishop's weed, my sweet, my ground elder if you will.

You keep me rooted when blousy flower heads call my attention.

What are you running from anyway?

What's your story Morning Glory, or Convolvulus if you prefer?

Nothing. It is the impetus that matters only.

Tangles shoot star wards when nobody watches.

They move minute by minute, they move hour by hour.

It does not matter where they end.

The journey not the destination, the old chestnut smiles.

But I love you still Lesser Celandine with your yellow yolk star petals

Only you can cheer on damp March days, when I fear nothing else really can.

Do you remember 377 Stratocruiser with your lounge rooms and overhead sleeping berths

Do you remember how seriously we took you?

We reclined with sweet smiling faces and felt your fabric coverings muffle the sound.

Okay you were racist as hell but where have all your china plates gone?

The pre-cooked meals and fully-stocked bar.

O to be aboard with you Marilyn, or Sophia maybe even you my dear Frank.

But my Hollywood heartthrobs have flown now "O beautiful for spacious skies."

So, it's down to you my Rosebay Willowherb, you keep me home when I want to flee.

You teach me with ornamental spires that we travel first class in our minds.

With you there is nothing to fear, with you my invasive summer perennial, only with you.

So, let us remember we are as free as a freebird

So, let's fly beautiful fireweed, lets fly, lets fly, lets fly.