

# Zine Verschenken

#11 | april 2023 | garden of eden



# Editorial

Hey everyone, welcome to our Garden of Eden. Spring equinox is just behind us, Saturn is in Pisces, and recently I've been thinking a lot about ideal moments, or ideal life. I've come to the realization that the Eden I'm creating is full of dream-like snippets where I lie in the grass, or on a pebbly beach, in the nude, eating grapes, looking at the sky, feeling the breeze... Or waking up in the morning, listening to some records, going on a bike ride and skinny dipping in a nearby lake. You know, peace. Studio Ghibli vibes. That is the life I crave and the life I strive to lead.

I've been learning to live from my body, not my head, to breath, to feel and move, instead of think and think and overthink. Our bodies are such wise vessels, and they are talking to us non-stop. Lean in, listen. Life is so much fuller when we get out of our heads. Taste the fresh fruits, bask in the sun, look at your fellow humans with heart shaped eyes, nurture nature, expand, take space, get comfortable with yourself.

We are so much more, we are ethereal, part of the universe, divine energy... Reach for Eden, it's yours already. It's within you.

## The garden of my childhood

To say Pax cottage had a mature garden was an understatement. It was wild, but therein lay its charm. The kind of garden where seeds sewed themselves, and cabbage white butterflies drifted on the breeze, like apple blossom. A place where you'd catch your wellington boot in a rabbit hole hidden in the grass, or jump over mole hills that sprang up like mushrooms in the night. A haven where birds nested undisturbed in the hedges and badgers made wiggly tracks in the grass after dark.

The front lawn was studded with crocuses and lily of the valley in spring, Mama's pride and joy. She would prune the rampant clematis or plant marigolds and primulas around the porch while Sonia or Simon napped in their pram next to the azalea bush. Although the time she mistook a giant, hibernating toad for a boulder, and it croaked in her hands, almost put her off rooting around the tangled borders forever. Around the corner, under the cooking apple tree, was a dry well that glinted with wishful sixpences at the bottom and a raised flower bed with a low stone wall, filled with every variety of daffodil and, later on in the year, bright orange irises. My sister and me had a little bed of our own by the side of the house, so we could plant apple pips, plum stones, beech nuts, acorns and anything else that caught our fancy.

Separating the well-kept lower lawn from the unkempt upper one stood a red brick roundel with four great yews, one in each corner. At one time, this might have been a more formal focal point, but the trees were so old, they were prone to moult. Nevertheless, they formed the lens through which the upper garden was viewed as it disappeared into the tangly copse beyond. Here, it was more like a meadow with long grasses and wildflowers. On the rare occasions it was cut, the lawnmower was often abandoned in favour of the scythe. If you had a pitchfork, you could make hay while the sun shone, Papa said. A patch of unruly roses flourished raggedly every other June and an ancient pear yielded five or six rock-hard, wizened fruits each leap year. On account of the hedges being full of holes, there were a series of animal invasions from neighbouring farmland over the years. We would wake up to the sound of mooing and trampling hooves and the entertaining scene of Papa in his nightshirt, shoeing cows back through the hedge armed with a hazel switch.

It was hard to see where the garden ended and the woodland began, screened as it was by the craggy eating apple tree that held our treehouse. Beyond its outstretched branches was a mossy glade dotted by shade-loving harebells and violets in the middle of which stood the bonfire with its rough-hewn circle of log

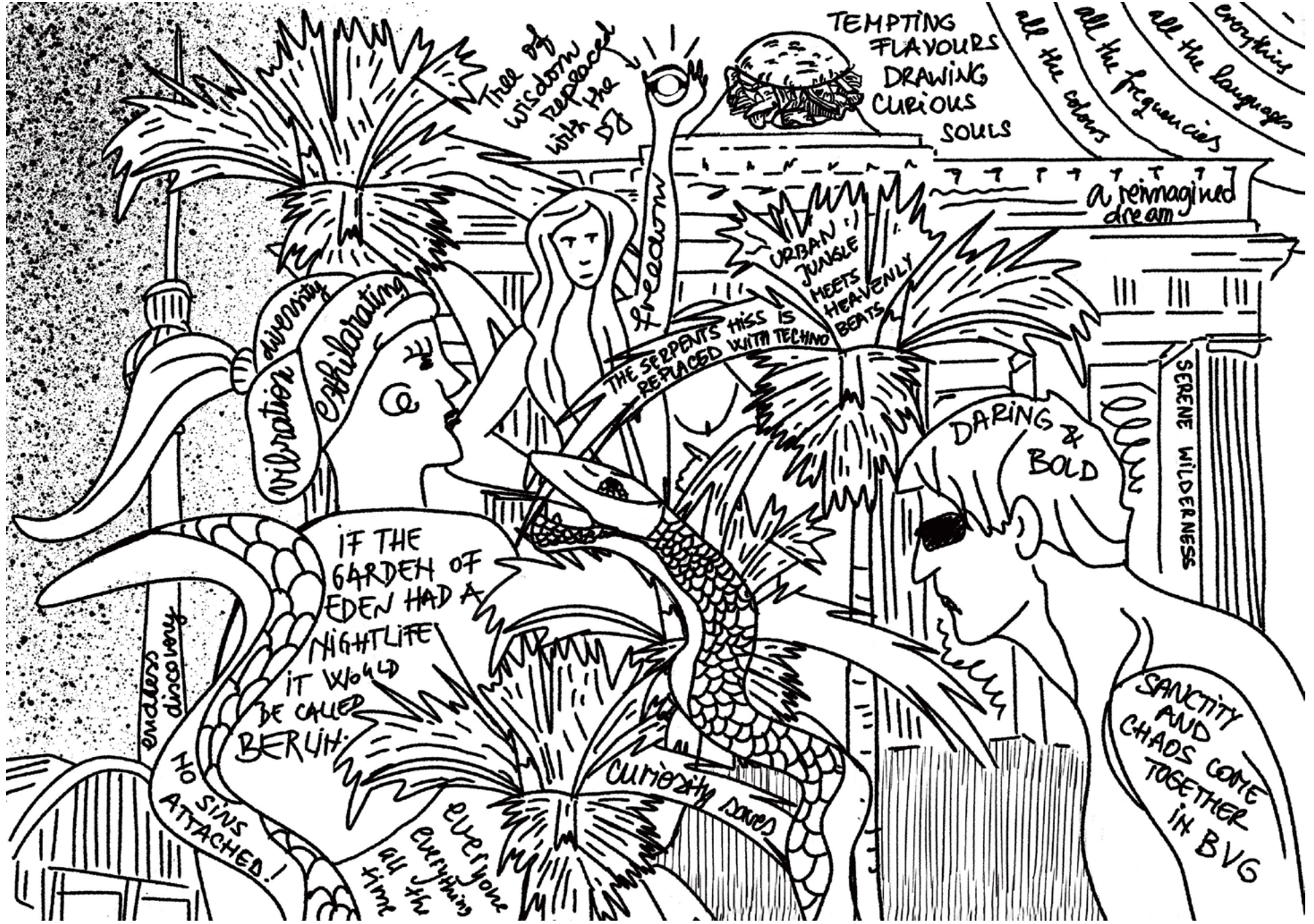
seats. From here on up, the trees gradually thinned out to a spinney of saplings, and the garden narrowed until the hedges on either side almost touched over the lopsided gate at the very top.

For me, swinging to and fro on my swing, the cottage garden and the countryside around set the scene for many a daydream and childhood memory, as my thoughts drifted like pollen in the wind.



## The swing

Underneath the apple tree  
Hangs a swing  
A plank of polished wood  
Edged in bark  
Its grain rippled by the years  
Held up by twisted string  
Tied and knotted by my father's hands  
Whenever the wind blew  
I'd swing to and fro  
Till my feet tipped the blossomy-blue horizon  
The creaking of its crooked branches  
The music that accompanied  
All my dreamings and  
Make-believings  
...And to this day  
When memories play with my mind  
I stray to that garden  
And the swing that slowly twirls on its string  
Under the old apple tree  
And remember...  
To and fro, to and fro  
For as long as the wind blows  
And apples grow





The world once was a place of green  
With oceans blue, and skies serene  
The air was pure, the land was clean  
But now, a doom we've never seen

The sun is hotter, the storms are strong  
The droughts are longer, the winters long  
The ice is melting, the seas rise high.

As while we watch our planet die  
This art was made some help from AI



## A Midsummer Dream

Now who planted these rhododendrons in the hawthorn hedge? Brushing back the dark, tangled foliage I opened my eyes to see pink blooms fading as if I'd woken from a hundred years' night. But it was only the wallpaper which I had picked and torn in an idle moment, and beyond which lay the path to a hidden gate into the midnight garden of my dreams. This was the place that I and the twelve dancing princesses had tripped across with dewy feet, before traipsing along the cinder path and over the lane. Then down, down, down through the copper beeches to the silver stream at the bottom, where drifts of wild garlic and milkweed grew. There, swans were tethered to the bank, ready to take us to the midsummer ball.

I too had broken off a golden twig in the Chestnut Woods to remind me of those fabulous dream-filled nights... The full moon, a yellow lantern between the trees, berries glowing under their nightshades around the Buttercup Field where we danced and danced in the long, long grass. Somewhere nearby a band had played, or was it the foxgloves blowing their trumpets on the breeze? I never knew.

Just before dawn we hurried back, paddling upstream again to where the path wound up to the lane. Opening the garden gate we tiptoed across the lawn, around the lilac tree, along by the honeysuckle hedge, past the rhododendrons and under the crab apple to the back door. Lifting the latch, we crept in. They to their featherbed dreams and I to mine...

As dawn broke, suddenly the sparrows were squabbling in the gutter outside my window. I rubbed my eyes and pushed my feet into my slippers. I would have to explain to Mama why they were damp and full of grass again. The trouble is, princesses only ever dance at midnight and they can never remember their dreams... I put on my dressing gown and went downstairs.

What on earth are those leaves doing in your pocket? Mama wanted to know. I really couldn't say...

Brave in the way she moves  
I cannot look away  
Heart beats in my throat  
Chest is tight, ears silent to sound

Fast come night, slow by dawn  
I wonder when it's time to shake me

Writhing to her known beat  
One that is never heard  
Dance, pure elegance  
Strength as one, in tiny pieces

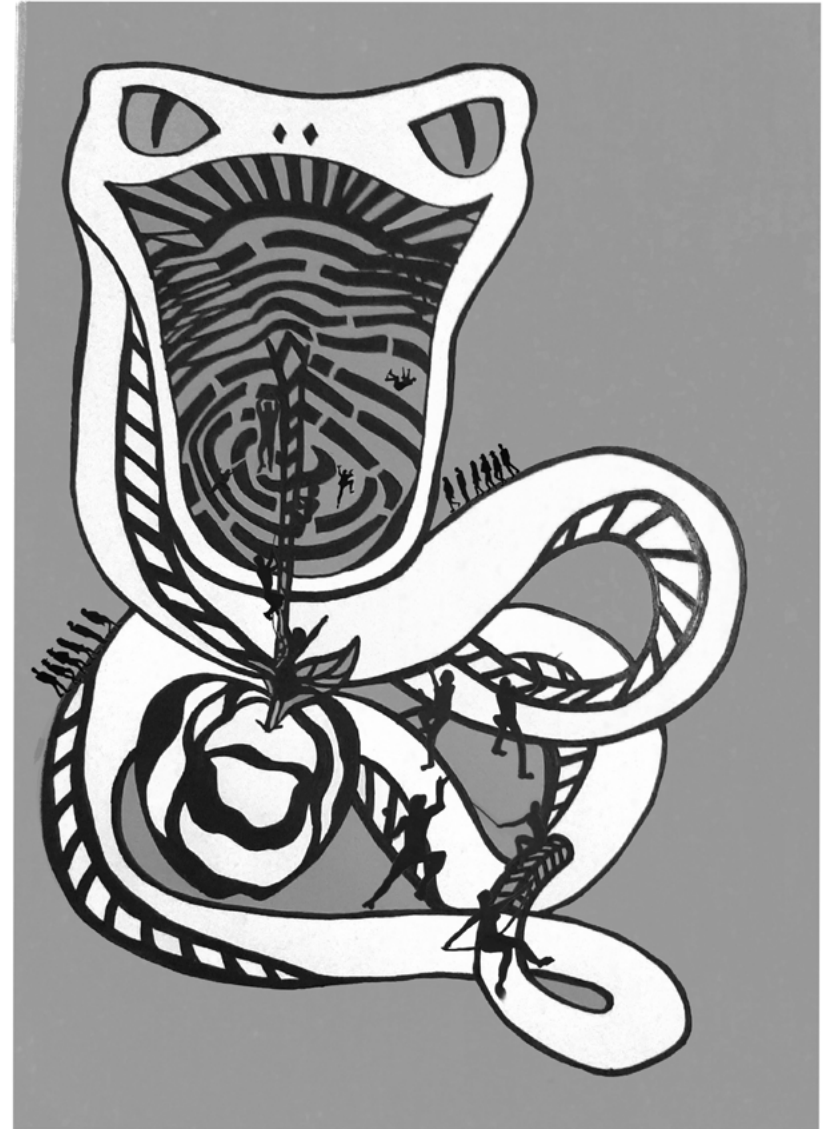
Cascading silk, cool weight divine  
I wonder when it's time to call me

The feminine temptress  
Contorted into fear  
This story's told wrong  
Curiosity gains reward

Passion by day, desire by night  
I wonder when it's time to take me

The serpent is calling  
He told us not to hear  
Still louder she sings  
Purely blinded by her request

Seize your day, claim your night  
I will know when it's time to choose her





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