**Siddhartha**

I slowly dig into the soil with my hand fork and carefully and methodically remove the weeds around the children’s daffodils. She sits beside me and pokes at the earth with her own fork and talks to me, every sentence begins with my name and every sentence is a question.

“Mr Knight, do you think you can find me a wiggly worm?”

“Mr Knight, is this weed a prickly one?”

I have dug up a large fat worm and carefully pick it up and place it in the palm of her hand. She squeals with pleasure and I tell her that her worm will boast to all it’s friends that it sat on her hand.

“Will it really Mr Knight?”

“Yes, Lily it can’t wait to get back into the soil to tell them.”

I take the worm from her hand and place it back in the upturned earth and she waves to it as it burrows back into the soil.

A power saw starts in the distance and she covers her ears.

“Mr Knight, what is that sound?”

I tell her what it is and for a moment she looks thoughtful.

“Mr Knight its so loud, when is it going to stop?”

I tell her I don’t know and I pretend to be talk as if I am a saw and she laughs.

“Mr Knight, is the saw poorly?”

I tell her it has a sore throat and she looks puzzled.

“Is it really Mr Knight, I hope it gets better?” She says.

I smile at her and carry on digging up the weeds, calmly and methodically and lay them to one side so that later we can put them in the compost and for a brief moment I wonder what my twenty one year old self would make of these moments. Would he feel that this was evidence of a life wasted or would he, I hope, be proud of this gentle man with earth on his fingers and a smile on his lips?