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**Gardens and Outhouses**  
by David M. Valadez

Deshi: This right here seems like a garden sometimes. It is so different from the world around us. I fear I will never find it again should I leave it now. The rarity that is this place makes me wonder whether I am relating to it properly or not. Should I not hold such rarity within myself?

Sensei: It seems you already are. You have realized much about this garden of ours. Most have not and will not until it is too late for them to return.

Deshi: You make it sound like this place is truly indeed a rarity. Is it? Or is it me, us, that make it a rarity?

Sensei: The answer is "yes" to both questions.

Deshi: Then can I not carry it around with me, find it other places, make it other places?

Sensei: The first question is answered by "yes," the last two are answered only by "perhaps." And, whether it is said or not, "perhaps" must always also be understood as "perhaps not."

Deshi: You do not sound so positive that such a place as this will ever be found again.

Sensei: Gardens are gardens. Outhouses are outhouses. More people shit than plant flowers.