



It's May 1st. It has rained all weekend long, flooding streets across NYC and soaking through my inadequate raincoat. On my way to the train I think about walking through the park north of my apartment, but abandon this plan due to mud. I wonder when I will have time this week to go out to harvest some garlic mustard, which arrived a few weeks ago, at exactly the point where things tipped from almost spring to full on spring. That point feels early this year, and I remember wearing my winter coat in mid April in years past. Mid April felt more like summer than winter this year. Garlic mustard is classified as an invasive plant, and if you google it the first link that comes up calls it highly destructive. I've been told that new growth of garlic mustard in the spring will make a soft green paper and I want to try to make some. It is a plant native to Europe and Asia, brought over in the mid-nineteenth century as herbal medicine. Crushing the leaves releases a garlic scent which gives the plant its name. Young plants are edible, and many people

gather it as food.









