

## THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

A gardener's job must be the best,  
more satisfying than all the rest.  
Working towards that perfect bloom  
with added prize, a sweet perfume.

Alongside nature's open door,  
attuned with insects, birds and more.  
From seeds and bulbs and cuttings too,  
a true fulfilment, something new.

Nurturing, loving, all consuming;  
a passion that is non-assuming.  
A sigh reflecting pleasure found,  
and here is peace, that perfect sound.

Some colours blend and others blaze.  
Mix emotions, calm, amaze  
The structures, vistas, all sublime  
just like a vision made to rhyme.

A favourite flower, or shrub or tree,  
we all are individuals free  
with wondrous choice, amazingly  
from hybrid rose to wild daisy

And here the rat race far away,  
there's time to think and even pray.  
From window box to grand estate,  
there'll be a flower to contemplate.

Jo Robson

.

.