

Father's Garden

Daisies loop eloquently across the path
To your secret place,
Your hideaway.

This tiny Eden bursts with blossoms,
Pledge of peach, plum and pear,
Swarm of strawberry and cherry.
Spraying down walls like Cameron Falls
Cascades of grapevine tangle.

Yet in a dark corner,
Jagged thorns of blackberry,
Sinister silver of a wasp nest
And the squalid smell of compost.

Twisting back apricot branches
You snip off snails with your fingers
To crush them with the rounding heel
Of a cracked black shoe.

Humming your fingers through deep rich dirt
You dream new wonders—
Impressionist, sculptor of sun and seed,
Life-giver.

—Jim Walker

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