

*In the Garden*

*Painting the Fence*

I DID not want to paint my fence.  
The prospect filled me with dismay.  
I never wanted to commence,  
And yet it would not go away.

My fence is grey and speaks neglect:  
It's all close-boarded, brittle, old.  
Painting's what it might expect:  
Instead, the years have taken hold.

Some boards have slipped, some nails are loose.  
It clearly does not look its best.  
I haven't helped it: what's the use  
Of rushing on a brushing quest?

There came the point, I did not see  
How bad my ancient fence now seemed.  
The grey did not impinge on me  
With constant calls to be redeemed.

But even so, I bought a pot  
Of something known as Harvest Gold –  
And found when I'd applied a spot,  
My fence seemed more like new than old.

With yards and yards of fence to do,  
The fever gripped – I might have guessed.  
Those yards and yards soon looked like new:  
I painted like a man possessed.

At six feet wide and six feet high,  
Each panel took me just an hour.  
I soon began to wonder why

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My zest had failed 'til now to flower

With brush that's full and mind that's not,  
The brain is hardly overtaxed.  
I circumnavigate my plot,  
And feel I've neither waned nor waxed.

And as for colour, I have learned,  
As minutes pass and hours unfold,  
That it's quite easily discerned  
What's bilious wet dries Harvest Gold.

I haven't finished, as I say,  
But may decide, the day I do,  
And Harvest Gold has hidden grey,  
An overlap of honour's due.

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