

In the Garden

Summer Garden

THE sapphire heavens blaze with summer heat,
The summer garden fills the pleased eye,
As shades of green and vibrant colours meet
In buoyant bliss beneath a burning sky.

The archway and the fence sustain sweet peas.
Delphiniums seem to guard the tiny lawn.
A small mock-Grecian statue oversees
The clustered alpines, there to greet each dawn.

The garden pinks make rainbows on the rocks,
Where steps twist to an arbour path above,
Near elder and mock orange in their smocks.
The border wears its lushness like a glove.

A fountain in an unpretentious pool;
Wind-chimes' jingle in a fitful breeze;
A haven in which idle thoughts may rule:
A garden where the soul may be at ease.

Pyracanthas arch before my gaze.
Montana rages rampant nearby.
An unseen road finds no time for delays:
I hear it and, on its behalf, I sigh.
