

In the Garden

Trojan Weeds

FOR elderly arthritics, there is pleasure to be found
When the garden's needing weeding and there's not much help around.
Spring-heeled Jack has vanished in the days beyond recall,
As you inch-crawl crouch in anguish through the border by the wall.
The wall gave no resistance to the scores of breeze-blown seeds,
So you take your tortured trowel to attack the Trojan weeds,
And you travel oh-so-slowly in a painful inching crawl,
Besieged by the delphiniums in the border by the wall.

You uproot docks as best you can, by means of tug and trowel,
Assisted very often by a rather rude avowel.
With your thumb and finger, you can manage, more or less,
To remove a cushioned outcrop made of hairy bitter cress.
You clear the lot in half an hour, but – really hard to swallow –
You know that several hundred more will show they're keen to follow.
Fairy clocks make dandelions, and dandelions are what
Manage most immovably to hang onto their spot.

Weeding, when considered, is at best a great mistake,
A diversion that's demanding; cause of universal ache.
You'd be hard-pressed to think of it as summer's source of fun –
But no one thinks of it at all, unless it isn't done.
