

Time
The Cottage Garden

ITS brash, kaleidoscopic shout
Ignores the colour-blender's chart.
Its mismatched hues are all about –
A patchwork palette, nothing smart –
And yet. . . it hugely warms the heart.

With lupins, lavender and thyme
And lady's mantle, golden rod
And bergamot all poised to prime
The senses. . . well, it may look odd,
And yet they cry that there's a God.

And who can doubt? God surely sees
This place of special sounds, like those
Of bees whose murmurs seem to ease
A drowsy day to lazy close.
He must feel proud – but heaven knows.

The honeysuckle and the rose
Surround the doorway with intent
To charm the eyes and feast the nose.
On sun-kissed tasks, their days are spent:
A magic mission, heaven-scent.

In turn aspiring to the heights:
Proud delphiniums, hollyhocks.
I see it all, these cold, bleak nights,
Although, outside, a tempest mocks. . .
Sweet-dreaming with my chocolate box.
