

## MY GARDEN

The love of my life,  
always there,  
always ready to accept me,  
love me, respond to me, and  
grow with me

I take my sorrows and my pains  
into my garden to be  
transmuted into gold, to  
teach me invaluable life lessons

Lessons of patience, fortitude,  
adaptability, for if we ask, and listen,  
plants will always tell us when they are not  
happy and want to be moved  
elsewhere in the garden

At special times I see the devas,  
the fairies that frolic in my garden,  
tucked cosily beneath a leaf,  
inhabitants and guardians of my  
sylvan domain, my floral fortress

I serenade my paradise with Mozart,  
their preferred composer, so they assure me,  
increasing growth and joyful display of  
flowers, inviting birds to come and nest here, and  
wildish creatures to visit with their blessing

Never failing, never ending comfort and  
solace are mine, as I till the soil,  
talk to my plants, walk thoughtfully at  
dawn and dusk listening to their gentle response,  
planning my next obeisant act of love

*by Susan P. Blevins*