

THE PREFERRED GARDEN

Give me the herbivores in life.
The gentle browsers, the gentle tempered.
Each nibbling at his own grass.
How unlike the carnivores
running after prey, seeking fangs,
bringing threat and fear into
the world. The placid cud chewer
eschews becoming Machiavelli. The meat-eater
covets it. The herbivore writes memoirs,
the carnivore, "How I Became a Success."
The greening of the world
awaits.

GARDEN

the flower
of perhaps
is growing
in the garden
of certainty

of all
the flowers
in the garden
it blooms
the brightest

by Larry Lefkowitz