

The Gardener

In the autumn of my youth, my blossom went to seed
The subtle fragrance wasted, stayed choking in the weed
The unrestricted winding and covering from the light
Made it very hard to tell the daytime from the night

But senses felt the seasons and deep roots held their ground
The stem of hope grew stronger. He finally came around
So many times he passed me by, although the weeds he pulled
And I was just too tiny, but smallness made me bold

Then springtime gave its blessing, with rumors of a feast
The essence of all feeling cries the first light of the east
The one and only source of endless energy
Awake and fully conscious, introspection is a key

I took a look around me to note the fertile soil
Illusions of the weeds were gone. Distraction was my toil
I realized the difference, compared my home to sand
And thanked the thoughtful gardener as a seed dropped from his hand

My roots gave many graftings. His hybrids are the best
When seeds of faith are planted, wild growth destroys the rest

DK 1989