

The Hand Me Down Garden

*I stroll around my garden
One sunny day in June,
With good intentions--really
To weed and hoe and prune.*

*But the scent of climbing roses
Drifts lightly through the air,
And I'm so very thankful
I've been entrusted with their care.*

*For mine is a hand-me-down garden,
Planted oh so long ago.
By someone I supposed, just like me,
Who loved to make things grow.*

*She probably wore a straw hat
And a work dress of everyday brown,
Planning her garden so carefully
Before sowing the seeds in the ground.*

*I only wish she could be here,
To see how it has grown
Into a rainbow of soft colors
Outside her Victorian home.*

*Now did I just hear a whisper
By the old Magnolia tree?
Or was it only the wisteria
Rustling gently in the breeze...*

*I blink my eyes and shiver
Despite the warmth of the sun.
Time now to stop romancing,
There's so much to be done.*

*Finally I finish the gardening
Then pause to pick a bunch
Of dainty bluish flowers
To grace my table during lunch.*

*And I smile as I gaze upon them
For again she is back in my thoughts
A tribute to her, they are surely,
This bouquet of forget-me-nots.*

~ Linda D Prouse