

The Farmer and His Garden

A humble farmer seeded ground to know
That he could cause the Earth to bear its fruit. Steady hand and hopeful heart were his,
And from his palm a bloom of white did spring.
A precious gift that once had never been
Pronounced unique and wild petals bright.
A gentle stroke and gentle rains had pushed
A peacock, white as ivory, from the Earth.
The honey-bees, so gay in child like play
Engendered more of these to fructify.
One day, the snowy petals of the field
Engendered stars and seasons in the sky.
The bees held true the cycles Nature spins,
So prosperous and free the garden grew
Forever on, for years and years at least,
Taking pride in pulsing, earthen crowns.
The flowers decked the heavens, which, in turn,
Did bless and water holy fields below.
A chain of life, as bright as any smile,
Yet brighter still, for 'twas compelled by Day
And by the Sun which thaws the trembling night
And shines thru Life and Nature, swayed and bowed
In waltzing sails of glory from the clouds
Down to the boundless fields of rosy cheer,
A monument of life's own endless strength,
Benign despite the quickness of the bolts
That strike in wasteful thunder but dissolve
Like shooting stars infused with curse, not wish.
An old and withered farmer smiled to know
That he could cause himself to grow such life.
But never did he hold his seeds in debt;
Their beauty and their glee was his to share.
And children shared the blessed treasure, too,
So softly, gaily picking wondrous stems
And taking simple, innocent delight.
One rowdy boy, to prove his ill command
Kicked up and tore but four sweet, precious blooms.
That chain of life, though strung beyond the eye
Was darkened, blackened, shattered by this flash
Of fatal sin, which instantly produced
A plagued glory for the deadly brute.
As he ran out, and cried, and reached his hand,
And wept, and fell, the farmer felt his heart
So shocked and blackened, as if struck by lightning,
Shattered, wrested from his chest and planted
In the paradise he'd given life.

By Brian Preskitt