

Spring By Chris Burleigh

I think I shall grow Spring in my garden,
Open to warming rays of returning light,
A garden that buds and bursts and blooms.
I shall not allow the dark, grey light
Of weeping Winter to linger,
I'll have fresh, new light, wide-eyed dry light
Firm and steady.

I shall plant my garden
Not with briars and hollies, nor even roses,
But shrubs and flowers, annuals, perennials
With roots that run and reach
And wrap, entwine and mingle,
I shall grow colour and fragrances
To revive the senses.

I think I shall grow Spring in my garden
Perpetually, perfectly, protected,
Shaded from scorching sun, from bright light
From fierce Summer,
Cooled by a temperate air, by a whispering.

I shall not allow shaking by gusts and gales,
Blustering, battering,
It shall not be shocked by sparks, flashes,
No shouts of thunder booming above, startling strangers
Nor shall I allow torrents of ripping rain, tearing at trees,
But a soothing shy cry, a warm tear
A quiet breeze, a hushed breath.

I think I shall grow Spring in my garden
In my wizened mind,
Sprinkle soft showers on shrivelled thought,
So that every word is compassion
Every utterance, kindness,
A gentleness on every ear.

I think I shall grow Spring in my garden
Every day, every morning, afternoon, every night,
Never more the endless cycle, again and again
Burnt Summer, a withering Fall, and wasted Winter,
In my Spring eternal.

I think I shall grow Spring, grow Spring, in the soil of my soul.