

My Garden Wilderness

In my garden wilderness
That insects call their home
Beetles delve, and spiders spin
And hedgehogs nightly roam.

In my garden wilderness
I often sit alone
Survey my realm from end to end,
A weathered bench my throne.

In my garden wilderness
I hear the neighbours moan
Of toil to make their gardens neat
Whilst mine is overgrown.

In my garden wilderness
Little's dug or sown,
When winter's out, then new things sprout
From seedlings dropped or blown.

In my garden wilderness
There's few things trimmed or mown,
I merely oversee the fruits
Of work that's not my own.

With my garden wilderness,
I feel no need to roam.
When I cease, I'll rest in peace,
This plot my final home.

Martin Brown