

To new beginnings

There is always an end to the growing season
Heraldic banners of campfire color leaves
Announce the cold cloud sky
And the gray and somber autumn breeze

At the end of each growing season
I feel hopeful inside
Gratefulness stokes my ramshackle heart
Reminding me that I too will survive

Gratefulness for growing a variety
Of vegetables and fresh herbs
Grateful for cultivating
New friendship here in the suburbs

Gratefulness is another season
Of filling your plate
Gratefulness is another candle
In the slice of your birthday cake

Gardening reminds me that even
Season of ourselves pass us by
Like a stray cotton cloud floating across
The summer kissed sunset sky

Gardening reminds me there is always an end
Years of our lives put aside again and again.
But in gardening there are also boundless beginnings
To explore the world around us and also deep within.