**That Garden - Forever in My Mind**

**For so long I dreamed of silver skies,**

**Sparkling with the sun’s sweet light -**

**Thin forests of trails and deer**

**Without a wolf in sight.**

**So long I dreamed of a garden,**

**One I’d caught sight of long ago,**

**And each choice I made, each trail I dug**

**That I might find myself closer.**

**Yet years spin by, and men do change**

**And so indeed have I -**

**The boy who explored the forest**

**Cannot craft the romances of his eye.**

**And so I labored on and on,**

**Gave up and tried, laughed and sung,**

**Forward and back in confused delusion**

**But slowly paving that garden of my mind.**

**And each time I checked, each time I knew**

**The garden was still as it once was.**

**And so I went on and on, made the garden of my mind**

**But alas, it was only now to find.**

**I have that which I’d have died for years ago,**

**My Eden’s garden ready, crafted, made**

**Each detail - tree, bush, pear, apple -**

**Exactly as I had known.**

**And yet while the vision of the garden**

**Still sends smiles to my mind,**

**I find that standing in it,**

**I am…well, dissatisfied.**

**The dream still makes me smile,**

**O Gasby’s orgastic green lights!**

**But yet, I love the dream**

**But not when it comes alive.**

**Oh, how I enjoy the love I had**

**For the garden where I might return.**

**But much as I love the memory, vision -   
That garden is my place no more.**

**Garden of Eden, how I love**

**What memories you once held,**

**Wish that I might have stepped to you**

**All those long years ago.**

**But the apples eaten,**

**The skins been worn,**

**The child’s borne,**

**The earth is worked.**

**Eden fit for me no more.**

**And now the gates are opened,**

**The flaming sword no more.**

**But now, now, now,**

**The garden is not where I head towards.**

**Oh, all my wishes from years ago**

**Granted to me true!**

**But to me, this me,**

**The future me, the one who ate the fruit.**

**No, the gardens gone and so indeed am I.**

**Away from sword, sweets, and snake,**

**From apple, fruit and One of life,**

**Away from thinking - that evil snake of lies.**

**Oh, I hold the garden up - dreams too true for truth,**

**And hope to find an Eden that in present too,**

**But that path is gone and this one too,**

**So farewell Eden; I wish I’d never left you.**

**And yet had I remained, somehow allowed to stay:**

**Would I be who I am today?**

**The earth would not be worked,**

**The snake, alive and wake.**

**So, farewell blissful Eden**

**Which I will forever in some way love,**

**For I am due away from here**

**To seek an Eden for who I have become.**