

Geoff



Who can doubt you belong to the Garden,
One to ask flowers their pardon –
Loving their patterns, colors, wear,
Spontaneous thoughts / fragrant air.

Add in sweetness attracts bees,
Wade in nectar to their knees –
Down to Earth, eminently practical,
Intuitive rational given to actual.

Careful, worried, memory-filled heart,
Understanding narratives from the start –
Information artist / future present needs,
Identifying, pulling up take-over weeds.

The issue, of course, things are a mess,
Without a clear picture, it's anyone's guess –
To whom else might the Living turn,
Precious Blue Planet more aptly yearn.

