



My Wife The Gardener

My wife Garland's a gardener of great ability
She grows good things with skill and agility
She treats them all as their surrogate mother,
And if one doesn't make it, she comes with another.

Her community garden is at the Dominican Sisters
She's been known to come home with bites and blisters
She and Isabelle were funny when they began
Wondering if Bible study was part of the plan?

But the sisters allowed them to join the garden
Where hard work and learning is part of the bargain
The harvested veggies include roots and leafy
And the collected produce is donated to the needy.

But recently I've noticed a problem developing
I think that the gardening is becoming enveloping
The first changes I noticed were slow in appearing
But then I saw things that made me start fearing.

And then one morning I awoke with great alarm
Wondering if gardening was causing great harm
For something had happened to one of her hands
Was she secreting plants from her glands?

Her fingers were covered with leaves and vines
And some of the veins were marked with red lines
And also apparent was a bird and bee
And the sun and the moon added chemistry.

But the scariest thing was the bunch of carrots

Perfect for a relationship with a rabbit
Complete with their tops so lovely and green
Oh my, it's the hand of my gardening queen.

So now I stroll through the neighborhood with pride
Hand in carrots beside my garden-queen bride
How lucky am I that I've found a life mate
And I'm looking forward to our next veggie date.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
And pray that a gardener
Spends the future with you.