



CITRUS  
CUREY SAGE

DUSTY MILK

MAIDEN HAIR FERT

OXFETAL UM

CITRUS

## My Mother's Hands

These hands once held me as a child,  
When I was unruly and borderline wild,  
Hands that communicated love to me,  
Hands that helped me sleep peacefully.

And then I got older and left my home,  
At times it felt like I was all alone,  
And I'd pull up the image of my mom,  
The thought would help me to be calm.

And then one day she was feeling wise,  
Offering new wisdom – a motherly surprise,  
Advising that when I'd had a bad day,  
Focusing on gardening would reveal the way.

She said when you're down and feeling low,  
Buy a flat of plants - let 'em loose to grow,  
Surround them carefully with good strong dirt,  
Be sure to use materials both organic and inert.

Connections exist between plant and gardener,  
It's like Morse code – I need an interpreter,  
What is certainly clear is that magic occurs,  
Metaphysical discussion is what the plant prefers.

In thinking back on this wonderful advice  
That could not be purchased for any price,  
I see the connection between mother and plant  
As something organic one cannot supplant.

I see roots extending down into her veins,

The plants refusing to stay in their lanes,  
Sprouting out green from her fingertips,  
Her skin a high-quality organic soil mix.

And now as I'm growing so much older,  
I'd love to put my arm on her shoulder,  
Giving thanks and a hug with care and love,  
I hope she heard me from the tree above.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here plants speak to humans,  
And the Earth does too.