

Holloway

THE WILD LOVER

No garden prize for me. I say
Let seasons' cycles have their way.
I don't subscribe to formal rows;
No leaf or stem on my place grows
According to a pinioned plan,
And nothing's planted other than
What came by wind or bird or bee.
My land's a haven for the free.

The galax slopes and piney floor
Grow bloodroot, squill and many more
That you might label common weeds.
I smile as cranesbill sprays its seeds
Beneath the hardwoods' regal stand
Which knows no pruning reprimand.
No chemicals or rasping blade
Defiles this purple-scented shade.

Unlandscaped ground, rain-scarred and gulched
Is gently nature-nursed and mulched,
For here she rules with perfect scales
Between bobcats and baby quails.
Machine-made sounds don't interfere
With daily rounds of sloe-eyed deer.
I've known arbutus buds in ice
And frosted webs and spruces' spice.

Through summer scorch and winter freeze
My patient wonders wait to please.
I welcome all who wish to pause
To look for beauty--not for flaws.

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