

Country Poetry Corner

THE GARDEN by Lindsay Waddell

I stop, I rest upon the fork

The garden it is quite hard work

I've created a feast for quite a few

The blackbird, thrush and robin too!

I've turned the weeds into the soil

I've moistened it with my own toil

The garden pest's no friend of mine

I consign them all to the bin

And though it is with care I take

With spade and fork and garden rake

The seedbed work I really do

And yet the weeds do first come through

The seeds I planted with great care

At last they make it to the air

They grow, they grow. Look really good

I'm starting to think of all that food

The summer days are long and warm

There's even the occasional thunderstorm

And when the garden's looking fine

And some of the produce gathered in

I spare a thought for my aching back,

As I add more spuds into the sack,

And upon the fork I lean at leisure

It's not hard work, more a pleasure



Photo courtesy of Dobies of Devon