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Jon Remmerde

The Garden of My Mind

This first day of summer,
sun shines well.

Breeze
plays complex melodies,
soft harmonies,
dances trees.

I cultivate the garden
of my back yard,
garden of my mind,
water sleeping beds
of carrots, strawberries, peas,
thin out small,
sweet and crunchy crops
for the laborer,
pull weeds along
a small row of poems
grow eagerly toward golden sun.

The weeds, yes, the weeds
are useful too,
mulch edible-pod peas,
fertilize a wide row of mixed
strawberries and peas
with essays about life
topping.

Water-color drawings,
ink lines,
small, sweet green onions
suggest the face of Love,
the force of Life,
grow
toward summer sun.

And I, gardener,
small gardener,
help toothsome crops
grow,
grow,
bear fruit
of a dozen forms,
a hundred, a thousand
uncountable
ineffable
green, growing, golden,

every color, every taste,
every smell,
thought, memory
word
light
golden, summer sun.

The largest Gardener
loves Life,
lives Love,
growth,
light, light, light.

I bathe in love,
in light,
and bend to soil,
find growth, growth, growth.

Plants bathe
in light,
in warmth of love
and my mind
and I
and trees
and life
and my garden, carrots,
lettuce, kohlrabi
poems, essays, songs
my mind, my thoughts
all my visions
dreams
knowledge
Myself, My Self.