

AN ORDINARY GARDEN

Written by Patty Francis

A woman's digging in her garden, the first she's ever grown,
In the springtime of the first year since she was left alone,
The thought comes out of nowhere as she covers the seeds,
Sooner or later, they'll look just like my widow's weeds.

Her garden's so much like the love that was stolen away,
The taking root, then the blossom, then the harvest, then decay,
She understands that's part of nature, like the turning of the leaf,
Still she can't help regretting their harvest was so brief.

And she's heard of other gardens that grow on sacred ground,
Where hope springs eternal and miracles abound,
But hers is an ordinary garden, full of dirt and sweat and stone,
Where she slowly grows accustomed to living on her own.

She forgets about the other world, out beyond the fence,
The one she lost control of, the one that makes no sense,
She slowly builds her garden according to a plan,
And she follows it exactly, just because she can.

And she's heard of other gardens that drink of magic dew,
Where anything is possible and dreams and prayers come true,
But hers is an ordinary garden, marked by string and wooden stakes,
Where she sometimes grows impatient at how long grieving takes

Sometimes she loses her reason, lets herself forget the facts,
And closing her eyes up, she wishes her love back,
But even as she offers her prayers for the dead,
She thinks they'd be used better for the living instead.

Yes she's heard of other gardens enclosed by golden gates,
Where sorrow's momentary and fears evaporate,
But hers is an ordinary garden, that drinks of ordinary rain
Where each day she grows stronger, 'til she can start her life again.