



## Life's Garden

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You have a wee small plot With your life at its dawn It's just about so wide The length not yet been drawn. A garden you are to tend Tilling, working it well What will become of it Just time and toil to tell. Turning stumbling blocks Into path stepping stones Breaking up all the clods Your body aches and groans Compost and nutrients Working into the soil Hoeing, weeding, sweating A life of work and toil. Then you begin to plant What should you strive to reap What harvest is unwanted And what you wish to keep. Rows of hopes, rows of dreams There a fantasy or two Your ambitions and desires They are planted there too. Along the path some roses Stop and smell on the way Just in case someone trails Blooms to brighten their day. Then a small bench to sit To watch, to think, to rest Place to admire your work Hoping you've done your best. One plant should never grow This caution you must heed It will destroy your toil A foul obnoxious weed. Whether planted by you Or someone passing by If left there to take root You'll sit alone and cry. So take my advice friends Do not let it will out Tis fair warning I give Beware the Seeds of Doubt.