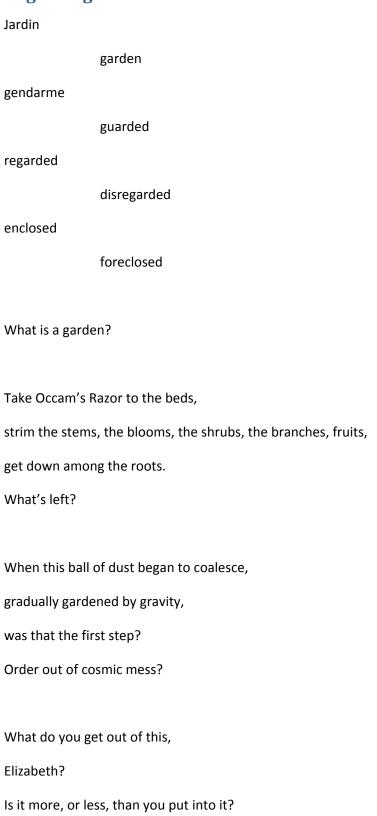
## **Regarding Gardens**



Is it because we were thrown out? We can't keep still in the womb, we couldn't stay put in Eden: something about a sanctuary drives us out. An urge to seed our own Creation, lay out our entrances and exits. You master nature but seven of your eleven tenderest buds were nipped off by frost. The Melancholy Way can be assuaged by an Orangery. Graft Italian Sun to English stem, let Tuscan shadows whisper in the Wilderness. Umbragreous Bird cages You gave two shillings and sixpence to ye Boy that brought ye Nest of Nightingales then feathered your nest with the freshest and best for the great and the good.

Watch your tongue,
seal your knots,
tend your heart with citriculture
but be wise enough
to add a pinch of sugar.

Stone pineapples will grow in time,
the leaden heads of upstart leaders dare to stare down
Father Thames.

Who do you let in?
Who do you keep out?

Wrap yourself in tarp before the winter comes.