

THE GARDENER AT CHRISTMAS

He has done all that needs to be done.

Rake, fork, spade, cleaned and oiled,

Idle indoors; seeds, knotty with destiny, rattle

Inside their paper jackets. The travelling birds

Have left; predictable locals

Mooch in the early dusk.

He dreams of a future in apples,

Of three white lilies in flower,

Of a tree that could bear a man.

He sits back and waits

For it all to happen.

U. A. Fanthorpe

