

In My Garden – David Washington

Early morning, the ground is warming up.

Mist is rising in the air.

Life is stirring east of Eden

In my garden planted there.

In the quiet of the day

I'm on my knees as if to pray;

Choosing what will go and what will stay

If beauty, beauty is to have her way.

Early morning, I'm barely waking up

To the dawning light of day.

My hands are shaking dirt off the roots and leaves

As the dreamtime fades away.

Early morning, my world is unaware

Of my quiet garden here.

I am planting seeds for all of us

In the future that we share.

Let beauty, beauty have her way.