

The Garden

by David Solway (March 2016)

On the clipped borders, a trellis of plums and cherries,
straight paths embroidered in choreopsis and monarda
and in the corner a strictly trimmed honeysuckle bush,
mint and lavender floating in the measured air.

Here the Lord will walk in the cool of the day
conversing with the Towers and Dominions
who form his retinue of Divine consent,
planning the new world, all fragrance and order.

There will be a pond scaled in water lilies and turtle shells,
beyond, a low embankment and a grassy terrace
made for strolling with a companion,
and a wicker loveseat not too comfortable—

a world like an English garden tiled in shade
trickling nectar for the hummingbirds,
embellished with pavilions and gazebos,
a little shed for tools and flowerpots

beside the parsonage embowered in clematis.

The Lord has had enough of deserts and stones,

the natural outcome of wild luxuriance.

It will be an English garden this time.

David Solway is a Canadian poet and essayist. His most recent volume of poetry, *Installations*, appeared in fall 2015 from Signal Editions. A partly autobiographical prose manifesto, *Reflections on Music, Poetry & Politics*, was released by Shomron Press in spring 2016. A CD of his original songs, *Blood Guitar and Other Tales*, appeared last summer. Solway's current projects include work on a second CD with his pianist wife Janice and writing for the major American political sites such as *PJ Media*, *FrontPage Magazine*, *American Thinker* and *WorldNetDaily*.

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