



**Standing in the middle of the garden  
slightly stooping, like St Francis  
feeding the birds and sheltering  
the small animals around his feet.**

**In the youth of spring-time, her attire  
exudes promise with fragrance:  
the white of purity and innocent pink.**

**Summer casts his deep green cloak  
around her fertile frame, secreted  
in its folds her beguiling treasure  
pleasing to the eye, sweet to the taste.**

**With the autumn she throws off all restraint  
spreading her favours generously  
delighting both humankind and the beasts  
of land and sky, with plenty to spare.**

**Now it is winter.  
She stands naked, her wealth all gone.  
Yet beneath the similitude of death, new life is already  
preparing yet more fruitful seasons to come.**

**So I know, despite the blows  
which must surely come... that the blossom will return  
as surely, as powerfully, as sweetly.**

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