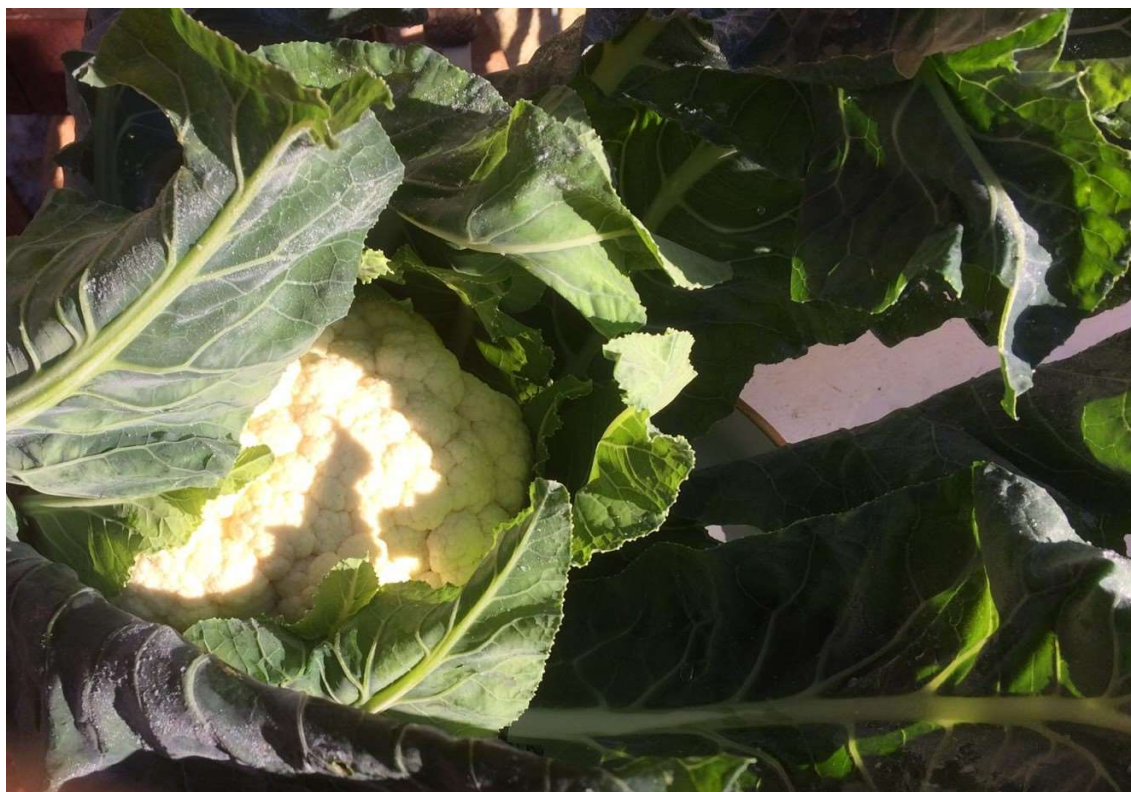


Hope is in the Garden.

Hope is in the Garden,
I went outside to see it.
I took my boots and my jacket
And I buttoned up,
And I stuffed my pockets with hankies
and string
and some scraps for the chickens
and a bottle for the recycling bin.
And I went outside to see Hope.
And in the grass and the roots and the fallen leaves,
in the rustling and the buzzing and the last sad crickets,
in the breeze and the roses
and the cat playing hide and seek
and the buzzard slowly and knowingly circling above us,
there was Hope.
And out came the sun, who'd been there all along, and who showed me this.



November 2020: "One of my six cauliflowers in the garden: 1kg500...my best crop ever!! Shared it with the priest in exchange for the newspaper."