

The Garden Watchman

See the cane tower rise from the earth,
One meter high, one inch in girth.

A small pointed head, dark and unseen,
Stoically watching the growing and green.

Each morning you rise to your small precipice,
Observing and saying: "what's that?" and "what's this."

The giant slumbers 'round, kicking the dirt,
His thumbs glow green, but his patience is curt.

Leaves become larger with each passing day,
Some however, turn brown then decay.

For strongest of which, been neatly sown,
Treasures to be kept, once fully grown.

Here then I will stay in this place of fun,
Watching, waiting, and enjoying the sun.

Michael Thomas Harbuck 2008 , Sanford FL USA