Horticulture

Maxx Marshall

Bindweed like white Morning Glory,
I was too vain, second guessing the rain.
she never did fall, never did call for me

To become a gardener two springs ago
On some land I just bought. I never thought
She'd cultivate and teach, with the roots and the shoots and the leaves,

Love is simple horticulture.
Love is simple horticulture.
Give a whistle.
Hold the thistles with care.

true, I worry more in December for sure.
Deciduous love, rest my sheets or' her buds.
Fearing winter's loss, for that wry old Jack Frost's cool as ice.

when darkness is late in descending, I'll wait.
In backyard July soil cloaked I will lie
out like a wren in her bed, in her hymn:

Love is simple horticulture.
Love is simple horticulture.
Give a whistle.
Hold the thistles with care.

Hold the thistles with care,
When the harvest is spare
I will wear and I'll tear
For the drought, I'll prepare
An arbored sanctuary.

In spring I'll behold
My garden. She grows
Untold marigolds
Worthy of fables.
My garden she knows.

Love is simple horticulture.
Love is simple horticulture.

Give a whistle.
Hold the thistles with care.ï»¿

Lyrics Submitted by Diana EnrÃ-quez

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