OPUS TO THE IRRATIONAL GARDENER

January, looking fore and aft,
read seed catalogs; hone the craft.

February, Brotherhood time,
collect gardening books; study the clime.

March, through thunder and bluster,
start seedlings; let confidence muster.

April, soft rains with warming breezes,
pace out garden; wait out late freezes.

May, with lusty, wicked thoughts extant,
hoe, fertilize, plow and plant.

June, intemperate goddess clashing with mate,
dogs romp through garden - devastate.

July, honoring Caesar, with scorching sun,
water diligently; suddenly weeds overrun.

August, ditto on Caesar, in Latin increase,
picked over by rabbits; blighted by disease.

September, waning days, dew-drenched ground,
tomatoes overflowing, parsley never found.

October, hints of autumn, sniffs of witches brew,
more tomatoes vining where greens never grew.

November, angry clouds, messy rain,
last of tomatoes ripening at every window pane.

December, winter solstice, sun at Capricorn,
patch of jumbled earth; silent, forlorn.

- Rita Kohn