

In due time

Entering the garden  
of diversity  
a snake is watching  
the garden grow  
it willingly  
does its work  
for free  
Nectar  
on the peony buds  
a sweet dessert  
for the ants  
eating bugs  
with self intent  
A thistle  
has its thorns  
what foreknowledge  
armed it so  
Differs it from  
the lovely rose  
seemingly aware  
its beauty is  
a pathway  
to its throes  
Each its season  
each its nature  
to grow  
for there is  
always  
the hesitation  
of tomorrows  
In that garden  
are you  
and me  
with attributes  
that allows us  
each to be  
for we all come out  
of uncharted time  
and must return  
to it  
as times due