

Petal Poems

Garden Seasons



G. Edwin Varner

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Written by G. Edwin Varner.

Preface

The following poems are exclusively my work, and the digital photos are from my home, public gardens, many nurseries within my area and by Creative Commons (CC0) licensed images.

My Gardening Poetry Introduction

I do not consider myself a poet.

Here, you shall certainly know it,
But truth be told I can tell a story,
Even an occasional allegory.

I'll transform paragraphs to condense

Into lines of basic rhyming sense.

Floral subjects fit me like a glove,
Based on my long gardening love.

Here you shall read for various reasons

Of gardening in all four seasons,

Enjoying each flower as it grows,

Fertilized with some colorful prose.

Poetry is better having a rhyme,

Purists will view this as a crime,

But what better way to express

Ideas and inspirations to address?

Gardening poetry plenty to tell,

I wish not for your mind to dwell

On complex thoughts hard to think,

Making our minds go out of sync.

Let our thoughts bloom like flowers,

Words drop as refreshing showers,
With explanations simple – not complex,
Understanding so as not to perplex.
Let me begin my poems of gardens,
If I offend you, I offer many pardons.
Far from being a poet so profound,
My wish for you a poem to astound!

January Garden Catalogs



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Gazing outdoors to view bitterly cold,
The reality of a wintry landscape hits me bold.
After the party-hearty holidays finally close,
Boredom is painful like holding a thorny rose.
Plenty of past plans, but now – not a clue,
Waiting until a thought blooms anew.
Time to fire-up slumbering neurons awake,
Stop being brain-dead for heaven's sake!

As snow falls and chilled winds howl,
Outside activities are nothing but foul,
But indoor warmth germinates ideas to grow,
New plans that, just recently, I didn't know.
Warm imaginations sprout beautiful visions,
Thinking about details and major decisions.
Outside is snow but my mind's garden is abloom,
Comfortably knowing that Spring will resume.
With the giddy anticipation of today's mail,
Gardening catalogs make a smile set sail.
Page after page of beautiful earthly delights,
Plenty to peruse with many colorful sights.
Each mail delivery becomes an exciting event,
More catalogs make my mood take an ascent.
Flowers bright with color and of various scent,
Vegetables fresh and delicious makes me content.
I know – they are only pictures and of ink,
But they make me dreamily wish and think.
All sorts of temptations to plant or sow,
I can't wait to work with a rake and hoe.
Decisions, decisions, what should I order?
So many choices my mind is in disorder.
Should I get heirloom, popular, colorful or hardy?

Something rare to show off at a garden party?

There is no hurry; I'll order seeds someday.

A lot more time to plan – and that's A-Okay.

Whatever cold happenings are outside the door,
I'm happy with catalogs scattered all over the floor.

Resurrection



Angled low along the southern sky,
Winter sun shines brightly cold,
Lighting the way for geese to fly
Toward warmer waters that sparkle gold.
The sun shines a billion candles bright
After nights dark as bituminous coal.
Brightening the snow, it's a beautiful sight,
But warms only the depth of your soul.
Upon the ground the blanket of snow

Covers the dormant world underneath.

New life waits for warm soil to grow,

Tired of living darkly far beneath.

Each day lengthens in brighter time,

Soon melts away the solid white cold.

Soil begins a mighty degree climb

Allowing Spring to gain a foothold.

But on one day a shoot does rise

Above the surface of warmed earth,

Growing toward the bright blue sky,

A wonderful celebration of rebirth.

Awaken now and grow with green fury

Or stay in the darkened cold,

Better to begin with excited hurry

Or succumb to the dank, earthy mold.

Green of leaf and lengthening stem,

A mighty shoot does rapidly rise,

As beautiful as an emerald gem,

As valuable as a winning prize.

The day a flower does finally bloom,

Colorful petals radiate last year's light,

Spreading an elixir of sweet perfume,

Beautiful Spring will turn out alright!

Wooden Valentines



Recorded in a Beech tree grove,
Written on smooth, gray bark pages,
Initials carved by couples that Cupid interwove
Into a woody fabric that time slowly ages.
History may tell of famous people and places
Brought together by cause and effect,
But here at a tree, that love embraces,
Two people share what their hearts reflect.
They carve their first names into the wood,

Not for the world but only their eyes to see,
After they and the tree age it is understood,
Their love was always meant to be.

The mathematics of love is of simple addition

For one plus one equals a basic pair.

Cut into the wood is a simple rendition

Of two people's love to declare.

It takes no genius of Newton to understand

The equations that love consists,

Of how it may make the universe expand

Or gravitate into their hearts to exist.

Carved into the wood is "Joe + Nancy,"

Or "MU + KS" within a figure of a heart,

With no calculus or algebraic fancy,

Only a union of science and love's art.

Today's lovers may use paint spray

Coloring rock or bridge with savage verse,

But a living tree is what true love can convey

Better to those whose souls can converse.

Some people may complain of tree butchery,

Disliking its woody hide marked like a brand,

But a mighty Beech may forgive the injury

When couples walk under it, hand to hand.

So, as the years have now lengthened,
We wonder if their love did thrive,
Wooden valentines now long forgotten
On a tree that's still much alive.

Spring Slowly Begins



Spring slowly begins to strengthen
With warmer days before too long,
As the days noticeably lengthen,
And birds perfect each special song.
Spring slowly begins each new day
With chilled air so fresh and clean,
As the snow slowly melts away,
And grass grows freshly green.
Spring slowly begins an amazing rebirth

With flowers of a beautiful smell,
As the sun warms the chilled earth,
And tree buds begin to swell.
Spring slowly begins as foretold
With bright blue cloudless skies,
As flower petals gradually unfold,
And vivid colors awaken wintry eyes.

Spring slowly begins with a thrill
With Winter in a hasty retreat,
As our smiles become larger still,
And a heart with a stronger beat.

Spring slowly begins we rejoice
With new life wondrous to behold,
As birds sing with harmonic voice,
And warmth overtakes the cold.

On A Perfect Spring Day



Hocus pocus up pops a crocus

On a magical spring day.

Kill the chill, sunshine warms a daffodil

On a delightful springtime day.

Grip and clip the stem of a tulip

On a beautiful spring day.

Fume of perfume as Lilacs bloom

On a gorgeous springtime day.

Awesome is an apple blossom

On a fantastic spring day.

What a view of violets dark blue

On a lovely springtime day.

Soul-mellow, Forsythia yellow

On a heavenly spring day.

Flowers sweet, Hyacinths are a treat

All on a perfect springtime day!

A Matter of Perspective



Lowly Dandelions reflect the warm spring sun,
From a child's view, they make hands-on fun.

Adults whine and call them lawn weeds,
Spreading across the earth on downy seeds.

Their name evokes a dapper King Tabby
But the adults hate them and become crabby.

They feel they are part of Satan's spawn
When they bloom yellow in a thick green lawn.

To a child, the blossoms invite floral play,

Also, quick to make an impromptu bouquet.

Rubbing the petals quickly on your skin

Makes rich butter much to a cow's chagrin.

The flowers change to globes of pure white,

With a lip pucker blow, the seeds take flight.

Each seed is a miniature paratrooper in the sky,

With a windy gust, they promptly say "goodbye!"

The fate of the seed parachutes is by chance,

Some land next door or on a field in France.

Some make it to a newly plowed ground,

There they begin to grow unbound.

With their tenacious life cycle almost complete,

In lawns, gardens and even cracked concrete,

They grow again with a ferocious roar,

Making adult's blood pressure begin to soar!

Guardians of the Garden



Two big cats guard my garden each day.
Noble cats – even if each is a wayward stray.
They work hard though I know it's all play,
Dashing around to catch imaginary prey.
One short hair was initially named Willy
Until “he” is a “she” so now it's Millie.
Sometimes, naming can be so silly
For a garden cat's name should be Tiger Lily.
My other feline is a Maine Coon named Chat,

Confusing since his name is French for cat.
I don't remember why I named him that.
No matter – he's handsome to look at.
Both are hardy souls free to roam about,
Abandoned by soulless people, no doubt.
Poor cats no more for they have special clout,
The garden shed is where they like to hang-out.
With food aplenty and warm beds all year,
They leave for a while then magically reappear.
Most of the time the reason is all too clear,
Hiding in the garden jungle they so revere.
Lurking under flowers or climbing tall trees,
They can act like leopards or pampered Siamese.
While weeding, they wait for a hand to seize
Or become so damn difficult and hard to please.
They eventually came out of their wildness shell
Never again to live in a homeless hell.
With a garden and a perfect place to dwell,
A second chance at life – and all is well.

Early Risers



Early risers begin a brand-new day,
Expressing confidence along the way,
On the constant climb to the top,
Determined never to stop.
Early risers feel the first rays of the sun;
Accomplish much before the day is done.
Working hard with growing ambition
By unfurling a happy disposition.
Early risers dream of a future bright;

Having the courage to scale the height
But wise enough to correctly plan
While doing the very best they can.
Early risers have opportunities to choose;
Staying still only means to lose.
Using enthusiasm to help exceed
While determination soars to proceed.
Early risers make the entire day last;
Thinking of the future and not the past.
Always growing in spirit and of deed,
Competing to excel and succeed.
Early riser's days eventually do end;
Time to rest as night begins to descend.
But that is not the end of their story;
They're ready for tomorrow morning's glory.

Poison Ivy



Poison Ivy came in contact with me,
Or was it I finding Ivy so we can agree?
I overlooked her or did not plainly see
That dear Ivy was climbing up a tree.
No matter – for the results are the same,
Poison Ivy is notorious for ways to maim.
And I have only myself to blame
As my skin has begun to inflame.
Ivy's leaf oil quickly did spread

From hands to the top of my head,
And it is appropriate to be sadly said,
I have blisters that seep and are red.
The itching and scratching will not cease.
It seems it won't ease but increase,
Never allowing me one moment's peace,
Oh, how I wish for a comfortable release!
The doctor prescribed calamine lotion
Equal to the volume of a small ocean.
The idea is a half decent notion,
Apply to my skin this soothing potion.
It took a while for my comfort to begin,
Battles against Ivy I am about to win.
No more blisters from fingers to chin,
I no longer need to scratch my skin.
I am now leery of leaflets of three,
Don't handle wood until I certainly see
That if any is around – leave it be,
So that Poison Ivy never gets back onto me.

Reflections of July



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Firecrackers and thunder booms,
Vivid colored butterflies and floral blooms,
July is here full of heat and shining sun,
Time to enjoy some midsummer fun!
July arrives by sparkles and of flash,
Celebrating day four with a big birthday bash.
Each evening provides many light shows,
Lightning so bright or fireflies soft glows.

Petals and fluttery wings open very wide,
Displaying colors the sun rays provide.
Butterflies kiss all flowers so near and dear,
Back-dropped by the sky so blue and clear.
These days are for waves of water and of heat,
Splashing, swimming and running on bare feet.
Picnics under trees or splash down a water slide,
Sunscreen to protect your skin from being fried.
July is a month full of sun and grains of gold,
Of melted ice cream and tea that's cold.
It offers much that is very worthwhile,
Providing you ways to have a big smile.
Celebrate July with enjoyment and of wonder,
Laugh and sing but never fear the claps of thunder.
Try to stay cool and be sure to quench your thirst
Beginning on day one to the end of the thirty-first!

Turtle Rescue



Something slow this way came,
Unknown to me I will truthfully claim,
To my garden one stormy night,
But, being there was not alright.
It was a turtle with a colorful shell,
Maybe lost from what I could tell,
Acting on instinct to slowly roam,
Traveling far from its watery home.
It had trudged through torrential rain,

How it arrived here is hard to explain,
Braving wind and lightning so bright,
Physically, it appears to be alright.
Plodding past my sodden flowers,
Unphased by sudden heavy showers,
Determined to reach its ultimate goal,
Inching forward at a casual stroll.
A nearby lake is, for it, at a distance.
I asked if it needed immediate assistance,
For walking, it would take several days,
I assumed I could help in many ways.
No reply – so I took quick command,
I suddenly grabbed it with a hand.
Explaining my plan that will take place,
I then lifted it off into airspace.
Over grass field and woodland acres,
We both became movers and shakers.
I traveled via foot and it by air,
Calm down! Soon we will be there.
On landing, it did excitedly respond
For its new home is a large pond.
With plenty of watery real estate,
It splashed into it at a rapid gait.

Expressing no gratitude for my heroic act,
It disappeared without any more contact.
Returning home, with my broad smile,
The turtle rescue was very worthwhile.

A Day to Flower



Counting each minute with a full display,
Lasting lovely but for only one day,
A Daylily blossom colors each hour,
Replaced tomorrow with a newer flower.
We never notice the flowers that wilt
For they never create any sad guilt,
Or the departed ones on the ground,
Our eyes are on those that astound.
Abundantly colorful with a sweet scent,

Pollination before the predestined descent,
Silky petals open wide when new,
Then bids the next new flowers adieu.

The Bug Collector



The boy clasped the glass jar tightly,
Ready to catch bugs beautiful and unsightly.
Insects and creepy-crawlers were his prey,
On a hot, sun-soaked field one day.

Over dry grass his hand readied to seize,
Any colorful insect that was sure to please.
As his shoes kicked up dust and weedy down,
He missed a target and made a comic frown.
He spied a grasshopper on a slender blade,

Both hopper and grass the color of jade.
With his right hand, he swung a wide arc,
Missed the hopper but caught a beetle dark.
On a sparkling rock a spider did a jiggle,
He captured that too, oh did he giggle!
Now two bugs were in his glass cage,
Frightened but also had seething rage.
He saw a bloated caterpillar move like a wave,
Plop – into the jar for him to save.
All he found he forced into the glass trap,
He discovered his treasures without a map.
The boy saw flowers in full bloom,
With bugs aplenty, they had no standing room.
He caught a fly with lacy wings,
And a big-legged cricket that sings.
In one floral cup was a bee named Honey,
Golden pollen on its face looked very funny.
It flew with an electric motor hum,
Best not catch or get stung on the thumb.
His bugs were all colors and of shape,
Including a red beetle with mouth agape.
They all ate nectar, pollen or petal,
He spied a butterfly colored of molten metal.

It fluttered and floated as if it were crazy,
Then softly land upon a white daisy.
Suddenly, it flew off into the clear, blue sky,
He followed its flight with each blue eye.
The butterfly then settled upon a flower to feed,
Each facet of eye sensing any foul deed.
Across the tall grass, the boy's legs did run,
Shatter and scatter fiber and fly in the glaring sun.
He stopped inches from his large winged prize,
Still amazed at its gargantuan size!
Lungs over-blowing and his hand a shiver-quiver,
He reached out to catch and to deliver.
If he did not catch that, it would be a crime,
He made a leaping grab – too late, not enough time.
A vine caught around his foot – he stumbled,
His jar broke into shiny shards when he tumbled.
All critters escaped – some jumped or flew,
He sadly realized he had lost his bug zoo.
As he rose off the dry grassy ground,
His big butterfly was nowhere to be found.
The loss of his zoo made him almost cry,
As the insects ran or took to the sky.
Sad but determined he planned a rematch,

Tomorrow will bring even more bugs to catch.
Sometimes we stumble chasing after a prize,
What we learn later makes us wise.
Such things happen in every way,
Even chasing after bugs on a hot summer day.

Nose in a Rose



Before you place your nose
Into the folded petals of a rose,
Make sure first to look and see
If it is currently occupied by a bee.
Something crawling on it is a surprise
Making a panic attack suddenly arise.
The question is who is more alarmed,
You or the bee most likely to be harmed?
The busy bee was in the rose first

Searching for nectar to quench her thirst.
Saying, "How rude to have a big nose land
In my flower that's fragrant and so grand."
What began as pleasure so great
To inhale perfume that's first-rate,
Suddenly turned scary as to flee,
For the bee would most certainly agree.
Nervous reflexes kick into high gear,
Propels bodies away due to fear.
As a mouth emits a loud scream,
The bee did the same it would seem.
Life is full of surprises bad and good,
How we react to them is rarely understood.
A nose can get in trouble you have to admit,
The lesson here is to watch where you put it!

Metamorphosis



I know of a person who once told me
“All bugs are ugly!” and said it with glee.
I shook my head and gave a loud sigh,
“How can you say that about a butterfly?”
With wings so big and colorfully bright,
Flapping and fluttering erratically in flight.
Here and there in rapid airspeed,
Slowly alights upon a flower to feed.
Called “flying flowers” for a good reason,

They petal-hop all the long summer season.

No matter what color the flowers show,

Butterflies make them positively glow.

From earthly caterpillar into airborne great,

Metamorphosis is a butterfly's quality trait.

From an ugly prejudice people despise,

To a thing of beauty for those who are wise.

We are all caterpillars that need the chance

To change our lives better and thus advance.

Never too late to improve our worth,

And forge ahead confidently from rebirth.

What may be ugly will eventually take wing,

Transformed into a beautiful song to sing.

Open your heart and mind to avoid dismay,

Flap your wings and visit the flowers today.

A World Not in Focus



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This world is not in moral focus,
Like Spring without a blooming crocus,
Where everything is not crystal clear,
With no values for us to hold dear.
What would the world be like without a rose?
It would be like no music to compose
Or no romance for a marriage to propose.
Honestly, not a good world, I suppose.

What would the world be like without an Aster?

Autumn color would be a total disaster.

What would it be like without a Daisy?

A world that has gone entirely crazy.

What would the world be without a Lily?

The idea would be merely silly.

How about the Morning-Glory?

Never having a happy ending story.

What would the world be like without a smile?

Continually being gloomy and hostile.

And no laughs to hear?

Preferring elsewhere rather than to be here.

What would the world be like without love?

Something undreamed of.

A world of no beauty and truth?

Ugliness and actions being so uncouth.

What would the world be like without you?

It would be like the sky not being blue

Or everything is false and not true.

Definitely not a future to look forward to.

The Refuge



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The world is tense and made of stress,
Too much anger is oozing thick duress.
Each day nothing seems to work out right
Like a crop having a deadly spreading blight.
A garden is a refuge to restore our mind,
To help leave our troubles far behind.
To encourage us to face trouble strong,
Knowing beauty is right, and fear is wrong.

Problems can't be solved every day
But a garden calms constant dismay.
Sitting or strolling within the garden peace,
Makes our happiness begin to increase.
Take some time to enjoy Nature's wonder
And not be consumed by today torn asunder.
Enjoy the beauty that grows from the ground,
A flower garden so colorful and profound.

A Born Gardener



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In Spring I sowed a tiny seed
In warm soil with added light.

It soon grew like a weed
And it bloomed on a summer's night.

I planted tulip bulbs in the soil
On one beautiful Autumn day.

Their spring blooms were worth the toil
And the work felt more like play.

Clipped red roses in a vase,
Their satin petals scented so fine.
They put a big smile on my face
For they are perfect and so refine.
I harvested from my garden plot,
Tomatoes, peppers and green beans.
Growing them was easier than I thought,
Having a green thumb must be in my genes!

My Failed Garden



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A great garden plan was laid to rest,
It was never permitted to grow.
At birth, it promised to be “the best,”
To incredible beauty it could bestow.
At first, it stirred emotions high,
An exciting start of a garden's life,
But soon its development went awry,
Injured by rampant weedy strife.

All dimensions were measured to affirm
Blueprints the calculated mind made,
A factual foundation poured firm
But cracked soon after it was laid.
Errors in planting and of thought
Made nuisance questions spread a disease,
Into what was comforting as it ought
Sickened into difficulties hard to please.
Out of one fault bred many notions
On how to support a feeble plan,
But with all of the life-enhancing potions
The grand garden failed to stand.
Many high hopes seldom do tower
Above peaks of high expectations,
Climbing so far until they fearfully cower,
By an avalanche of frustrations.
In better times and other places
Such a cerebral spark might succeed,
But now produced many sorrowful faces
So, its growth finally had to recede.
A troublesome void of thought exists
Where a mighty idea proudly rose,
But out of that neural rubble it consists,

A better garden now awaits to propose!

What Is A Weed?



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A weed is an unwanted flower,
Fortified with super growing power.
It blooms with rapid reproductive needs,
Forming millions of unwanted seeds.
A weed is a misplaced plant,
Growing where it really can't.
No matter if growing in soil wet or dry,
Its future is not to live but quickly die.

A weed is a nuisance plant to grow,
Difficult to remove without a backhoe.

Tenacious roots grow down deep,
Only stems and leaves for the compost heap.

A weed is from countries far away,
Living in your garden as a wayward stray.
So far from home where it originally grew,
Now it sticks to your garden like glue.

A weed is a future flower yet unrealized,
From wild to cultivated variety to be prized.

All it takes is to choose a beautiful few
To become a major floral breakthrough.

So, give a weed a chance to survive
For it may later grow and thrive.

Newly found beauty and to inspire,
Into a garden plant we will all admire.

Music in My Garden



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In my garden, beautiful music would be grand;
A string quartet, a choir or even a small band.

I really would not want to be elsewhere,
But listen to music while sitting on my lawn chair.
Outdoor concerts would always be ideal for me,
Well played music to hear while I sip my iced tea.

I'd have opera singers to stop on by
To sing a few renditions of 'Madame Butterfly'

I'd open up my wallet or write a big check
For a piano would be great upon my wooden deck.
I'd hire many harpists to pluck a heavenly tune
Harmonic enough to make all the angels swoon.
Violins would string Vivaldi's greatest hits
Or bleating bagpipes to give my neighbors fits.
A "Hallelujah" chorus will sing when blooms are rare
Or listen to lots of Mozart in the scented night air.
Yes, pleasant symphonies for my garden hours,
Musical notes to pollinate my beautiful flowers.
I'll have music in my garden to feel very content,
Enjoying melodies while smelling each flower scent.
My flowers will grow well without music that much
But it fertilizes me with an added special touch.
Listening so happily what a concert can bestow,
My instrument for the garden will always be the hoe.

A Perfumed Garden



Roses are red; violets are blue,
A perfumed garden just right for you.
Colorful flowers blooming all day
With fragrances scented of a spring bouquet.
Vivid colors and scented sweet,
Your garden comfort can't be beat.
Lovely aromas fill the humid air,
Hello happiness – goodbye despair!
Angry storms can make you go aground,

But not here – your garden is sound.
Gentle rains with soft flower scent
Will lull you to be quite content.
Comfort comes from warm embraces,
Relaxation will show on weary faces.
Bouquets of flowers so very fine
With scented perfumes that are divine.
Flowers in hand are well founded
If your lofty spirit is grounded.
To deeply breathe and feel like soaring,
Restores you back to be adoring.
When life pricks as a sharp thorn,
Don't feel lost and forlorn,
For smiles are always found under noses,
Take your time to smell the roses.
Flower fragrances make you at ease,
Soft, sweet aromas are sure to please,
Soothes your mind that is tense,
Lulls you into a tranquil sense.
Enjoy each day the flowers grow,
Time to relax and let stress go.
Lavender scent to make you sleep,
Better than counting a flock of sheep!

Growing Happiness



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Feeling down, tired, sad and blue?
A flower garden is there to help you.
With blossoms of colorful petals galore,
And stimulating fragrances you can't ignore.
Ease your mind along with your body
With a bed of flowers that isn't shoddy.
Blanket yourself with color and of scent,
Becoming calm and well content.

While the rest of world goes madly insane,
You have peace of mind and free of pain.
Instead of a pill try relaxing in floral bliss,
With a "comfort garden" you can't dismiss.
Now dear friend, rest your troubled mind,
Allow a garden to leave your cares behind.
Put that big smile back on your face,
While others frown from today's rat-race.
You're busy – you can't be here all the time,
So, a reminder of the garden isn't a crime.
Colorful bouquets to give you a big smile,
Will offer you something worthwhile!
So please plant your gardens post haste,
Tuck a plant into each blank soil space.
Time's a-wasting so avoid planting delays,
No more having those sad, moody days.
It is you who a garden is made for,
When you need your spirit to soar.
Conflicting feelings are natural to convey,
But here in the garden, you're happy to stay.
These flowers are for you to happily try,
No need to pout and loudly sigh.
So, if you need your frown to reverse,

A garden is much better than this poetic verse!

Flowers of the Sun



A galaxy of sunflowers before my eyes;

Imagine my surprise!

Yellow by thousands tall in size,

Welcoming today's fresh sunrise.

First to grab shining radiant light,

Growing more in vital height,

Mimicking the solar ball's bright,

I marvel at this stunning sight!

Helianthus is their formal name,

Flowers of the sun by fame.
Petals of vibrant yellow flame,
Generational profound acclaim.
Seeds of oil and food for bird,
Garden enjoyment never absurd.
Spoken without any bad word,
Descriptions of love always heard.

Dewdrops on a Rose



I awoke one foggy morning,
A garnet rose called out to me,
“Come outside and view my petals.
You won't believe what you'll see!”

Overnight, while I slept,
A cloud silently settled to earth,
Allowing leaf, stem and darken petal
Shimmer with water droplet birth.

The rose wore a glistening coat

Made of many sparkling spheres,
Perfect dew gems on each silken petal,
Stitched with shiny orbs so crystal clear.

All the words my mouth can express
Define beauty I was privileged to view,
Overflowed to each overlapping petal
As the morning sun gradually grew.

Change is a constant we can't stop,
Soon the show comes to an end,
Evaporated off each darkened petal,
Back to the sky the droplets transcend.

Morning beauty being over-the-top,
The rose returned to its original design,
Dark red folding of layered petals
Without a cloak of gossamer shine.

October's Best



Time to enjoy a happy romp
In a bed of leaves so crunchy dry,
And bite an apple with a chomp
Or bake into a hot, sweet pie.
Harvest, pick, rake and chop,
Corn, apples, leaves, and wood,
No matter what work of the crop,
The soothing, warm sun feels good.
Victory cheers at football games,

Giggling children in leaf piles play,
Sparks crackling from bonfire flames,
Are sounds of the perfect Fall day.
Vivid colors the trees do shed,
Mum's the word the flowers shout,
Enjoy now because what lies ahead
Be cold and snow without a doubt.
Migrating bird wings rapidly flap,
Leaf-raker arms mightily row,
Time to move before the first cold snap,
And winds that will constantly blow.
Trick-or-treat bags in small hands,
Little witches and ghosts unite,
Roam the streets as spooky bands
Shouting "BOO!" on Halloween night.
So, let's give October a hearty toast
With wine so sweet and pure,
Made of grapes that are big to boast
And a harvest that is full and secure.

The Last Rose



All good things must come to an end
Including roses of Summer, we befriend.
Blossoms once confident and pure
Now stand frivolous and demure.
Petals ripped and leaves black-spotted,
Grown in gardens or root-bound potted.
You can't help but utter a give-up sigh
Knowing it's time to say goodbye.
Autumn ground blanketed with frost,

Annual flowers battled bravely but lost.
Mums and trees try to hold on tight
Providing the finale of a colorful sight.
One last rosebud to unfold,
Leafless canes stoically withstand the cold.
Armed thorns to fight back the chill,
Holding onto Summer against Fall's will.
A naked rose shivers alone,
No longer able to spread its cologne.
The last to display many Summer days pride,
Slumps on a thin stem it now resides.
Newer flowers now become withheld,
Every rose petal silently felled.
But after a long winter of coldness white,
Spring will re-grow roses of sheer delight.

Morning Lake Fog



A new day begins to exist
With a sky glowing an orange hue,
Above a cold fog that persists,
Shortly after the night bids adieu.
A lake yawns with rising vapor
Skyward in the frosty chill,
Swirling with eddies as they soar
Above the water's glassy still.
These embryonic clouds as they rise

Float free with gentle grace,
There they vanish from my eyes
Into the upper regions of airspace.

A fish disturbs the waters calm
Creating circles of waves that grow,
Recording a quick, splashy psalm,
Water-music only a fish can bestow.

On the shore, wild geese sing,
Honking as feathered foghorns,
To sound their bearings upon the wing
Or attract comrades lost and forlorn.

As the morning hours do progress
With warmth from bright sunshine,
Trees appear when the mist coalesce,
Crystallizing into a forest design.

Earlier, only water and foggy mist;

Now, lake and forest do unite.

From what strange alchemy does exist

Changing chaos into orderly right?

Into the brightening sky blue and wide,

As the sun grows higher and bright,

The morning fog now cast aside

But returns the next cold night.

First Snow



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At first, the sky threatened rain
But then it decided it was all in vain,
For it was cold – and decided to snow;
The first flakes of winter you should know.
Well, it's not real Winter but late Fall,
Disturbing to now make a snowball.
Yesterday's colorful leaves and mums,
Now a wicked cold front this way comes.

A week ago, the grass was deep green.
Now, there's hardly any blades to be seen.
Chores to tuck the tired gardens into bed,
Now end with all tools stored in the shed.
It's exciting to see the seasons change
But unnerving – it's now suddenly strange.
For weeks of colorful petals and juicy fruit,
The decree of dormancy is now resolute.
Fresh, fluffy ice crystals of pure white
Can be a wonderfully beautiful sight,
But it is the wind – making frostbitten skin,
Painful from forehead to my chin.
This bout of raw cold will not last
For a warming trend is in the forecast.
But the ice has now been broken
For Old Man Winter has just spoken.
“Sorry, no more garden flowers for you,
And forget about skies constantly blue.
Times are a changing now very fast.
Oh, cheer up! Don't feel so downcast.”
Summer was colorfully warm, I admit.
Abundant flowers all brilliantly sunlit.
Winter offers new views to my eyes,

But, it is now cold – which I despise.

Winter Snowflakes



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Cold and silent with sun aglow,
Clouds gray and white softly flow
Above the cottony surface of Earth,
Giving release to snowflake birth.
Upon the ground the flakes glitter,
To passing eyes, they quickly flicker.
Heavenly gems that reflect all light,
Prism of colors, but remains white.

They twinkle as you change place,
Resembling distant stars in space.
Each is shining a small light ray
When you remain as still as they.
Would it be possible to run
Across the universe of radiant sun
And see if stars colorfully shimmer
As these crystals in sunlight glimmer?
Resembling glass and metal chimes,
Twirled about by the wind in winter times,
Flakes collide going earthward bound,
Do they make a musical sound?
I wonder if they ring as such
When they strike with a gentle touch
With musical notes no one can hear,
Clashing cymbals but silent to any ear.
To listen to ringing notes of sharp,
Played upon heaven's chilly wind harp,
What beautiful music these crystals play
On this cold and blustery winter day.

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About the Author

G. Edwin Varner grew up on a farm helping his father in the crop fields and assisting his mother in the flower and vegetable gardens. This early experience and learning led him to receive a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology with a minor in Botany.

For twenty years he successfully owned and operated a fragrant flower mail-order nursery. Unlike most mail-order nurseries publishing colorful but expensive pictorial catalogs, his frugal catalog extensively described the flowers he grew. He once said, "I write a thousand words worth a picture in my catalogs." Today, he has the same style of writing (thankfully with fewer words) through a variety of enjoyable and informative ebooks. This time, the ebooks include color photos of each flower.

He encourages you to cultivate something unique and beautiful in your gardens. His motto is "read about it, see it, grow it, and enjoy it!"

G. Edwin Varner lives in a rural area of northeastern Ohio, USA.