

**Mother's Garden**  
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Happy were the sounds coming from the  
little white house on Walnut street where  
a small boy of five played in the back yard,  
near his mother's beautiful flower garden  
so clean and neat.

Roses of red, daffodils tall and true, colorful  
gladiolas too. Morning glories, red, white and blue  
growing on the garden gate, and spotted wing butterflies  
fluttered from one flower to another. Little did he  
know of his life long fate.

The sand in the hour glass quickly passed and  
here he stands with all those years gone so fast.

Here on Walnut Street in front of that old house,  
no longer white, but a dirty weathered gray.  
Windows broken and nothing seem to have survived  
from those childhood days. Where sixty two years  
ago he remembered that beautiful garden in the back  
yard were he played as a boy of five.

He walks around the house to the back, where  
his mother's beautiful garden once grew,  
but only tall ugly brown weeds came into  
his view.

He tried to remember his mother's beautiful  
garden, that all those years ago he once had known,  
but now only tall weed have grown.

He shuts his eyes and imagines that he is only five,  
and lo and behold... there were Red roses, daffodils  
tall and true, gladiolas too. Morning glories red,  
white and blue growing on the garden gate and  
kneeling in this beautiful garden was his  
mother in her tender loving grace and once  
again for the first time in sixty five years...  
he could remember her beautiful smiling face.

Jackie R. Kays  
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