

Gardeners of Light

By Nat Christian

Gardeners in hats
Toil the soil
Take from the pass
a motor near down
Watered and fed
the roots to my crown
At cactus and greens
He, wit, charm and cyn
She, loving, soulful and bright
Oh, he has hair, and she is fair
For nothing to take, only to give,
plowed me through a dark pass
to live.
They, gardeners of light.