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The Gardener

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The Gardener

She tends with care a little yard,
And holds the world with disregard,
For it has given her no part.

Her garden is a secret place,
Where she can shed her world face,
And none has sought her there with grace.

Her stride upon the drying lawn
Is purposeful, her hold upon
Her garden tools is always strong.

Her feet are brown with dust and dirt,
Her nails chipped, her fingers hurt
And blistered from her summer work.

Her hair is parched, her skin is dry,
Her lips are cracked, her lonely cry,
My only song—for she is I.

Lorien M. Edman

I Am Alone

I am alone
and if I only knew
how to say hello
I would not
be standing here alone
and I would greet you at the door

I say hello
but though I know your name
I do not yet know
who you are
or who you try to be
I am afraid to ask you more

If I dared ask
what would the answer be
do I want to know
is the fear
that grows inside of me
something that I can ignore

Are you the friend
that I am longing for
or is acquaintance all you want?

Lorien M. Edman