



WALK THROUGH THE RAIN GARDEN

I had been digging in the garden, when the rain arrived unexpectedly.

**NO, THAT'S NOT  
QUITE TRUE. I DID HEAR THE THUD  
OF THUNDER SOMEWHERE ELSE,  
AND THE CROW'S CAWING RUCKUS.  
I SAW A SOOTY CLOUD ECLIPSED  
THE SUN, AND PAID THE NO MIND.  
EVEN THOUGH THE FRIENDLY BREEZE  
SUDDENLY BECAME ANNOYED AND  
LEANED THE *Racemours* LOW.**

**THE RAIN CAME FIRST, JUST ONE  
DROP, AND A SECOND AND YET  
ANOTHER, UNTIL I WAS TATOORED  
WITH MOISTURE. ALL AT ONCE  
I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF STILLNESS,  
AND IT WAS WHITHIN THAT QUIET  
I GAVE MYSELF TO THE RAIN, AND  
STROLLED INTO THE GLISTENING  
GREEN. *all growing things  
refreshed and clear* I TOOK  
MY PLACE AMONG THEM.**



THE GRAND YEW GATE  
ASH GROVE CAMBRIDGE, NY

IT WAS IF I WAS SEEING THE GARDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, NOT JUST THE GARDEN OF APPEARANCES THAT I TOOK TO BE REAL. I MEANDERED SLOWLY GOING NOWHERE, IN A SOLITUDE THAT WAS ALL ATTENTION. NOTHING AVOIDED MY INSPECTION. HAVE THE *Hostas* ALWAYS BEEN THAT TWILIGHT *Blue*? I CAN'T RECALL. LITTLE PONDS FORMED IN THEIR LEAFY CUPS, REFLECTING A *Lilliputian* ME.

THE GARDEN LIGHT HUNG LIKE A  
DRIZZLY GREY SCRIM STREAKED  
WITH THE SILVER STAINS OF BLURRY  
*Raindrops*. ALL THE SHADES OF  
FLOX LOOK FAKE, LIKE *Narigpan*  
DOTS OF COLOR. *Secret* WOULD  
HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED AT THIS  
DISPLAY. BY THE *Mille Fleur*  
POOL I PAUSE TO CONTEMPLATE  
A FROG WHO WAS CONTEMPLATING  
CONCENTRIC CIRCLES OF WAVES  
LIKE PLANETS, ORBITING IN THE  
WATER'S DARKNESS.

**WHITE** *Shiny Droplets*  
**CONGREGATE PRECIPITOUSLY AT**  
**THE EDGE OF THE HEMEROCALLIS**  
**PETALS AND UPON REACHING**  
**CRITICAL MASS PLUNGE AND**  
**SPLASH BELOW TO** *Smithereens*  
**THE DAMP GRAVEL PATH, WHERE**  
**EVEN THE** *Rude weeds* **NOW**  
**SEEM POLITE, FELT SLIPPERY TO MY**  
**STEP, THE AIR IS CLEAN, FRESHLY**  
**WASHED, GOOD FOR BREATHING.**

I TAKE REFUGE IN THE SHELTERING  
ARCH OF OUR GRAND YEW GATE.  
IT LOOKS *Shamrock* GREEN IN  
THE RAIN, AS DO ALL THE OTHER  
CONICAL SHAPED JAPANESE YEWS.  
IT IS MY CONCEIT THAT WHEN I  
SQUINT I AM ALONE IN THE  
*Boquetelle* OF THE BOIS DE  
*Bouloigne* . IF YOU LISTEN DEEPLY  
YOU WILL HEAR NOTHING BUT THE  
DRONE OF CONSTANT DRIZZLE.





Fred Gorrell in our garden!  
The year of the great Hollyhocks

**THE REST IS MUFFLED, HUSHED,  
THE BEES STAY IN THEIR HIVES,  
THE *Humming Birds* STOP  
HUMMING, AND THE CRICKETS ARE  
IN REPOSE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
THIS QUIET IN EDEN BEFORE LIVING  
CREATURES AND THEIR  
*chatterings* WERE HEARD.  
HOW STRANGE IT IS THAT I HAVE  
NEVER NOTICED THIS BEFORE.**

THESE DRIPPING LEAVES, SOME  
SHINY ALMOST MOSS GREEN; THE  
SLEEPING SEEDS IN SATIATED DIRT WITH  
*attendant Worms*; THOSE GREY  
DYING ROSE BRANCHES; SOME  
AD HOC TRICKLING STREAMS;  
AND MY WET BROW, MY  
HEARTBEATS IN RHYTHM LIKE A  
METRONOME WITH THE RAINDROP'S  
PATTER, ALL THESE THINGS AND I  
THE SAME NOW *In Paradise*  
I HAVE GROWN OLD WITH THIS  
GARDEN.

Exhibitor's No. ..... 47 .....  
Division ..... II .....  
Section ..... B .....  
Class ..... 2 .....  
Variety ..... Pacific .....

JUDGE'S

should remain  
single fl  
l

Name ..... Fred. Gore .....  
Address ..... Cambridge .....

Our delphiniums - FIRST PRIZE AWARD  
at the Cambridge Gardem Show