

[et_pb_section admin_label="section"][et_pb_row admin_label="row"][et_pb_column type="4_4"][et_pb_audio admin_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/14-Garden-Woman.mp3" title="Garden Woman" artist_name="John Fitzsimmons" album_name="Fires in the Belly" background_layout="light" background_color="#ffffff" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"] [/et_pb_audio][et_pb_text admin_label="Text" background_layout="light" text_orientation="left" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"]

I woke today and had my tea
and at the window spent the morning:
the same scene I've seen so many times
is each day freshly born;
from the ground I turn each spring and fall
come the flowers sweetly blooming;
you disappear among the weeds—
you are the garden woman.

Long ago you learned to know
the passing of the moons:
to pull the seeds before they've sprung
squirreled in bowls around the room.
I laugh to think how many times
I've tried to coax a dying flower
to give one more unfolding
to return some precious hour.

I love the hand that weaves the land
from sunshine knits to flowers;
who waters rows of thirsty souls
until they find their hidden power;
and the roots will hold and time will grow
and leave moss upon our stone;
and with every passing season
the mosaic of a home.

When you disappear the sun will bear
how the wind has shaped your beauty;
how in long walks through ancient woods
we stepped both sides of cruelty
but the tree's that lean all mean to fall
to give space to free the breathing;
and working through the tangled land
where hope is filled with meaning.

Yeah, I woke today and saw the way
you see the light of morning;
from the ground that pulls us down
there's a new life freshly born in.
From the ground I turn each spring and fall
let bloom with beauty blooming
the blessed weeds and bowls of seeds:

I love you garden woman.

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