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In her Garden

I planted some flowers
In her garden.
And each year
When the blossoms are there,
I hope that they
Will make her happy,
For they will tell her
That I care.

Flowers in their own Sweet language No matter how I try, Can tell it Much better than I.

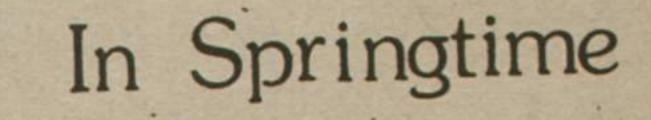
The years may come And the years may go, But they will be there To tell her so.

And I hope
That she will think of me,
And be glad
I planted them there.

CHRISTY L. SPRINGER



Plant your roots



Drink it all in, Love,
For the time is short
As you pass by--in Springtime.

The jonquils and the tulips
Last only briefly.
Also the violets, purple, red and
white, the upright stalks of grape
hyacinths show their beauty and
then wilt away.
And, oh, the flowering trees
What a gorgeous sight to observe
As you wind the woody roads
Above the swift and muddy river.

Each farmstead boasts of beauty
Flowering quince, red bud and dogwood, too.
Blossoms of cherry trees, apple,
pear and plum-Drink it all in, Love,
For the time is short
As you pass by--in Springtime.

DOROTHY M. SPRINGER





The windows rattle, the shutters bang, Limbs bow down, in the distance a clang;

Hats are flying and skirts aswishing,
Fine for drying, but not for
fishing;
The wind is passing by.

Winter has gone, spring is near, Weather is cloudy, then 'tis clear; Grass will green, so will wheat Amber waves so grand and great; The wind is passing by.

The Wind

Flowers peek out after a long winter's nap, Some pink, some purple, some with white cap; Fruit trees blossom, oh, so rare, Soon a shake, then they are bare; The wind is passing by.

Most any time, as days go by,
Furious-looking clouds may
darken the sky;
Without much warning the demon
strikes,
Gone is life's work, memories,
and the likes;
A Kansas wind just passed by.

Before too long, all's right with the world,
Sun shining brightly, flags hang unfurled;
As the world turns, so come the seasons,
We'll always have them without rhyme or reason;
The wind will be passing by.

MERLE HOLLADAY



Forsythia

The Forsythia, gowned in gold, Defies the onslaught of the cold. Golden bells wreath each arching branch Before the green leaves avalanche.

The shrub's golden bells delight bring;
They signal the coming of Spring.
Filigreed against the blue sky,
This shrub enchants the passerby.

ETHEL MAY AMYX



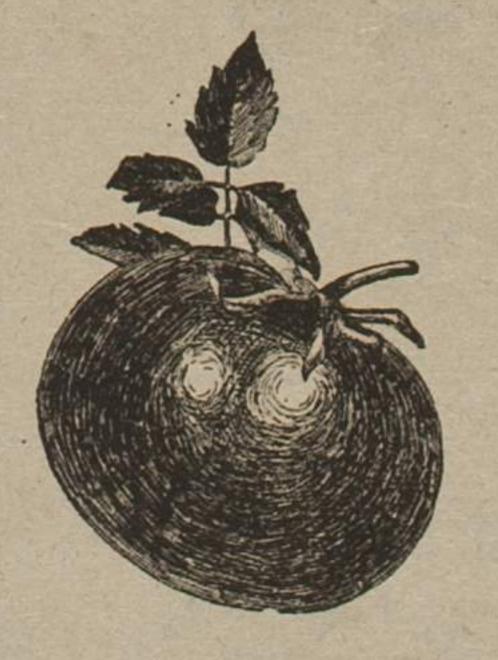
Horticulture

They say you should talk to your plants to make them grow and bloom, So I put in a threat or two, It's this year or their doom.

Now don't you droop, you worthless vine,
And, begonia, you're a slouch;
I'll put you by the cactus
As I tell him off--and ouch.

I creep upon the creeping phlox And yell, start spreading fast; Then to the stubborn geranium, So, you managed to bloom at last.

Yes, I talk to my little plants, So stubborn in their potty, And when the conversation fails, I may even try karate.





This page is composed entirely of poetry written by the Lawrence Writers Club. Members meet the 2nd Saturday of each month to read their prose and poetry and to share ideas for future writing. New members are always welcome; dues are only a quarter a year. We meet at 2:00 in the Lawrence Public Library. Come join us!!!

Kate Duffy, member

BY ELIZABETH JOHNSON HOUSE