

The Garden Has Grown to Weed and Rust  
By Scott Cimarusti

I remember the garden the way it used to be  
A kaleidoscopic rainbow explosion of color  
A warm and radiant refuge  
Alive with verdant green life.  
But those days are gone  
And all has given way to blight and decay.  
The hollow and accusing rustle of the withered leaves  
Fills my soul with dread and ache of days gone by.  
Forsaken memories crumble to dust in my desperate grip  
For the garden has grown to weed and rust.