

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.