

In Her Secret Garden

Behind eyes that are blessed to see
 live whispers born in the heavens
 explaining sight to inner ears
For though blessed wonderfully
 with views and colored inspiration
And though the blessings of creation
 may stir one's soul to higher things
Yet seeing, I think, is servant to the ear
Like in our sister Andrea's secret garden
 her eyes seem ever inspired
 by April's display of ravishing blooms
 towering oaks and exotic vines
 green ceilings like blankets that breathe
 walkways over bark and leaves
By gardens of Iris, poignant and commanding
 dignity defined with compelling grace
 using colors I didn't know exist...
 "Wings of Peace", "Great Gadsby"
 "Celebration Song", "Violet Harmony",
 "Soothing", "Angel Echo", and more...
Yet, I think it is not
 the inspiring views only that attract her
(For ears are hidden
 deeply within one's sight)
But it is the silence she hears
 the reassuring church bells that ring
 the little birds singing all is well
 the little bridge over happy waters
The prayers that in her spirit arise
 being evoked by fresh beginnings
 out of her praising heart
And I think it is the whisper
 of words and symbols
 of experiences and needs
 of loving care for others
Hearing the need of those many dear ones
 who live always in her heart
I think these may be some things
 that refresh her inspiration of God
 that woo her in this place
For while she sees, and revels in delight
 she prays
 and her secret garden talks to her