

FROM THE GARDEN

Come, my beloved,  
consider the lilies.  
We are of little faith.  
We talk too much.  
Put your mouthful of words away  
and come with me to watch  
the lilies open in such a field,  
growing there like yachts,  
slowly steering their petals  
withour nurses or clocks.  
Let us consider the view;  
a white house where white clouds  
decorate the muddy halls.  
Oh, put away your good words  
and your bad words. Spit out  
your words like stones!  
Come here! Come here!  
Come eat my pleasant fruits.