

## Garden Blossoms

I was lost in the garden of my mind  
wandering among tangled weeds  
a bee dazed by flitting thoughts  
What was I just remembering?  
Where am I? I want to go home.  
Where are Lucy and Jack?

She tends the garden of my mind  
widens crooked pathways  
fingers the scented roses  
plants stepping stones  
from yellow bush to scarlet  
writes snapshots for me to hold

She shines the sun of her listening upon me  
my spirit blossoms

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She shines the sun of her listening upon me  
our spirits blossom

Ellen B. Ryan

In B. Iskov (Ed.), **Memory and Loss: A Canadian Anthology of Poetry**.  
Toronto: The Ontario Poetry Society, p. 61.