

The Propagator
By B A Wellman

May 2012

~Spring~

Dwell happy as a garden wet that's soon to have more rain
Spring wakes the sleeping seeds to swell, soon stems and leaves to gain

How could the microscopic seed evolve to be so flawless?
To give us fruit or figs or flowers or grow to be enormous

Tulips poke up thru the snow, too fast they go past open
Cold for daffodils is fine. They have a way of copin'

Tiny violets growing buds with purple color blazing
Salomon seal does nod it's glory, truly is amazing

Narcissus, Crocus, all go by, before most others started
Bleeding heart bleeds for the souls whose true love has departed

What tells the buds about to be, the color they should show
Who taught the roots to look for water and direction they should grow

A good escape for you and me to shrink your problems towering
What bliss to bask neath Cherry Tree right at the time of flowering

Apple Blossom pink and white, open delicate at dawn
Soon Dandy Lion's yellow gleam will polka dot the lawn

Then the Lilac's sweet perf-ume prevails on through the month of June
While underneath the warm full moon the Foxglove spikes begin to bloom

~Summer

Creeping Thyme and Creeping Phlox smell too the Creeping Myrtle
Been waiting on them long since May, But cold gave them a hurtle

in June the Iris show their blossom telling true their story
They compliment wisteria and too the Morning Glory

Flowers on Delphinium stems the Bumble Bees all top her
Ivy running up the walls, don't even try to stop her

Pachysandra roams out from back creeping forward past it's boundary
Marigold's accent border edge, so perfect and so roundly

Bluebells blue, and Roses pink, now purple hybrids too
Trumpets on the vine spill secrets Larkspur always knew

The colors equal in this world make color man made dull
Nasturtium growing up in vine twixt June and July's null

The Summer sun brings color riot bobbing pretty posy heads

Color blended fireworks pop in my garden beds

Zenia's all color palette pops with red Day Lilly
Shasta's flutter, gentle breeze, with Cosmos tall and frilly

The butterfly, she likes the weeds, They land upon old Joe Pye
The humming birds hum Monarda fields, here second, whoops, gone good bye

Tiger Lillie's late in summer, orange curl amazing!
A little sad the Poppy's gone, they've finished out their phasing

Honey bees all move the pollen, while visiting with the flowers
I used to see a bunch a minute... now the wait for same takes hours!
(Thank You Round Up)

Clematis glory shows her palette, to pretty up July
When August turns September, well, you'd think the end was neigh

~Fall~

Coral Belles with leaves of Crimson now that fall is falling
Tall grasses dry begin to rustle, it's autumn they are calling

Wind sock Lilly's, synchronize, tandem in October's breeze
Dahlia's tower over head, dig up before first freeze

Once Hollyhocks did pierce the sky, their majesty perfection
Now gone to seed because they know, soon frost will bring subjection

Ironic, busy time for growers is after all has grown!
It's time to put your beds to bed and ponder what you've sown

Compost and cover clip and trim, your busy as a Squirrel
You want to hurry up next spring, but exercise deferral

Colored leaves are drifting by your doorway in the morning
drink in the beauty, frost tonight could settle with no warning

Chrysanthemum and golden rod, now glorify miss Astor
autumn turns to frost she'll rest the first snow soon will Blast her

But Indian Summer comes around and tricks your mind complacent
Do not be fooled this time of year as snow can be impatient

~Winter~

At Last! deep snow upon the ground, Gardeners singing "Auld lang syne"
You'd think they take a break, but no.... it's time to feed Jack Pine

Cut back the roses, compost all, it's Winter Berry season
Plants on holiday through winter, with that one can not reason

November's chill leaves a few strong mums, A stray of Montok Daisies

Giving thanks to those who penned this lazy work for lazys

Christmas pine-cones, Hemlock bows, Bring solace past the solstice
Want flowers now? Must buy from store.....treasons what we Call this!

Then New Year's catalogs, implore ,buy seeds, buy roots, buy saplings
Remind us wait a few more months, with winter we're still grappling

February window sills soon team with springs collection
March finds the seedsman on their laurels praising new selection

As April marches may along, it's deja vu all over
your troubles soon will fly away you'll be rolling in the clover

That brings us back to Spring again
so start this poem all over!

~The (Seasonal) End/beginning "turn turn turn"~

Painted Lady

• by B A Wellman

• March 2017

Mine's a proud ROCK~OLA, orange and blue, but brand here doesn't matter
Push the buttons, Patti Page sings "Cape Cod" from spinning platter

Her body looks born yesterday but long now long out of fashion
She plays 200 songs all picked by me with thoughtful passion.

I command her with a button and and a wall box in the kitchen
At 61 shes sounding great the bubble dome is bitchin'

Once spanking new she sits today, seeming like her time has past
As long as we have music, I am sure this box will last

She sings when I ask her, lights up colored hue
3 plays for a quarter she'll sing sweet for you.

The spinning disk drops, playing boogie beat sounds
Country, Jazz or Disco, hear the bass drum pound

Some Jukes have those bubble lights, we saw as a child
A coin drops, tone arm swings,the damned thing goes wild

Once she sang for drunks and whores, perhaps a sailor seeking action
While people danced and ate and kissed to her flashing lights reaction

She worked so hard most every day, the Holidays included
If you thought her coin brought extra favors, clearly your deluded

The bar keep has a button, it rejects what's not in favor
Drop a coin, to play more tunes, cash loyalty never waver

A style that spreads like mayo and a set of knob's a honkin
Once goddess then, but now well used, for mostly honky tonkin

Playing old vinyl 45's makes your mind go back to then
Heartbreak's passion, fools and clowns the way it's always been

Poor or wealthy, still she prods, remembering what you came to forget
She charges a fee, makes it all go away then she'll spin all around in regret

She takes your money, tucks it away, like a fast pitch only faster
She doesn't keep it for herself, it goes home to her master

Perhaps she's bipolar, one minute she whispers those tired cliques about love
Just wait a bit she is wailing her heart out and asking for help from above

She sat for years in a candy store down in the Le-hi valley
Once she broke the owner ordered "dump her in the ally"

She has that magic-patron-trance, appealing public looks
Much more fascinating than just sitting reading books

Made an offer to her owner since, I heard those Juke gears whirl
She went from trash to car-rack,.home to become an honest girl

~Not The End~

(If you want the end.. try B7....Jimi sings Stairweay to Heaven)