

The Garden  
Lynn Park  
(Poems After Rumi)

Take the time to pray-  
it is the sweet oil  
that eases the hinge into the garden  
so the doorway can swing open easily.  
You can always go there.

Consider yourself blessed.  
These stones that break your bones  
will build the altar of your love.

Your home is the garden.  
Carry its scent hidden in you into the city.  
Suddenly your enemies will buy seed packets  
and fall to their knees to plant flowers  
in the dirt by the road.

They'll call you Friend  
and honor your passing among them.  
When asked "Who was that?"  
they will say,  
"Oh, that one has been beloved by us  
since before time began."  
This from the people  
who would have trampled over you  
to maintain their advantage.

Give away everything except your garden-  
your worry, your fear, your small-mindedness.  
Your garden can never be taken from you.

