

The Good Gardener

Augie March

Here sits a once good gardener, pale as a shadow of a doubt,
Once a happy dweller of a garden good, once a sleepy sinner,
Once cast out

To the sea where the crossy-
eyed maids murmur low, "do you see, do you see
Where the doubts cross his shadow?"
Drowned and amoral, I pollinate the coral and reek of the deep
Where I've tended the water weed -
I was once your good gardener, sing to bring on Spring,
I know where your good grass grows,
I know what your boyfriend knows,
I was your good gardener.

I saw twilight car waxers, corpulent dog walkers, clean canny c
ouples on the sunset strip,
From a tower forty miles to the east of Augusta saw a plague on
the Indian
A'coming on a windship,
You were in the garden when the wind swept up and took the foul
words from your mouth
Now you know what your sarcasm really really means
It's the tearing with your teeth of the flesh from the bones of
your brother -

Kill the shrub to fertilise the flower,
Did I hear you saying that the form doesn't matter?
Well form into matter, the matter is forever, but only in a goo
d garden

Black rock bound in the Brighton bowl where the seas of desolat
ion roll,
Where you're borne and borne and borne in again to the pebble-
feather shore of forgotten friends
Think how you can't see the science without seeing first the se
lf,
But then nobody thinks of growing somebody else,
And how the sun , hungry sun, holds the withered withered world
,
So why shouldn't I kiss the beautiful girl?

When I was her good gardener.
Sing of the Summer sham,
O see them grow tall, see them in their rot, see them go to see
d in the cemetery plot
I was your good gardener

Sing to bring on Spring
O ice of Winter would crackle and splinter with my love in ever

ything

Ice of Winter would crackle and splinter with my love in everyt
hing

I was your good gardener...

The sea is stark and lovely, and it scares me to the point of r
apture

I was your good gardener, of some good stature

The sea is stark and lovely, and it scares me to the point of r
apture

I was your good gardener, now I - can barely - look at ya.