

come sit by my garden

Trevor Hall

Let my gardens speak for me when I am gone
Let them speak in colored whispers of all the beauty I have seen and felt, and lived
Let them speak of how much death had to find me; how many hard seasons it took to make me a living, breathing thing
Let them speak of my seasons of growth and abundance but let them also tell of my seasons of loss and decay
Let the soft, wet earth be a reminder of hardness that didn't win
Of sadness that didn't calcify
Of surrender that triumphed over resistance
And let the glorious, fragrant blooms speak of my life and its greatest lesson: that the beauty we make never dies

Come sit by my garden