



Who are they?

Who are they
who wage the endless fight
against the hungry parasite
aided by hedgehog and thrush?

Who are they
who spend their winters
choosing seeds and secateurs
arming for the coming season?

Who are they
who value their gloves of leather
setting their work by the weather
not counting the voracious hours?

Who are they
who cherish a familiar tool
using it wisely, unlike the fool
who cannot see its beauty?

Who are they
who never tire of germination
nor their love of vegetation;
and are generous to a fault?

They are the gardeners, who trim and train:
and next year they'll do it all again!

Stephen Hobbs - *Bard of Stony Stratford*