

## PRUNING

Tuesday morning, and the gardener slowly moves  
Among the roses, bending, and with his shears  
Cuts off the over-blown blossoms, and fills  
His wheelbarrow with the roses that would go to seed.  
Behind him the fountain in its ceaseless  
Summer splash commemorates the fallen  
In some distant war—birds fly to it  
And beat their wings in a silver explosion  
Of drops at the pan's brim. Mid-morning light  
And coolness linger in the air a moment  
Only; then the gardener, his barrow full,  
Stoops over it and wheels heaped roses, pink and red,  
Down winding pathways to the half-hidden shed.

— *D. A. Giffin*