

The Garden

By Eric Leroy

The name on the blackboard was

“Le Jardin,” and underneath it,

A drawing of a garden;

Full of flowers.

Daffodils, daisies and bluebells.

A special, magical place.

No changing seasons here,

No rook black clouds to corrupt the image,

No posy picking parents,

To cut down “des fleurs.”

A permanent, endless spring.

So, as long as pages turn

And children learn,

It will last.

Meanwhile, I will grow old

And forget every word of French

I ever knew

Except, perhaps, “le Jardin.”