Easy to Grow
Constance Kettle

We carefully tuck them
All into their beds,
Then pinch, poke, and coax them,
Remove their spent heads.
We scrutinize field guides
To learn what it takes
Dig up and divide then
Or tie to the stakes?
We cross them, then toss them
We worry and wonder
Just what should we do
When red rose goes under
Or force them to grow.
We lovingly boss them
We train them and contain them
We smell them and hold them
And drench with cold flow!
We cross them, then toss them
We worry and wonder
Just what should we do
When red rose goes under
Replace it with new?

We mass them and class them
And make them eat dirt,
And seldom do ask them,
"Does anything hurt?".
We mass them and class them
And make them eat dirt,
And seldom do ask them,
"Does anything hurt?"
With relish we shear them
We train them and contain them
In sun’s morning shaft;
An cleverly name them
No questions nor qualms,
Put rocks on their feet
Make them partners in graft!
No questions nor qualms,
(as most clever names go)
"guaranteed hardy"
And real easy to grow"!