

## Garden Penance

I often remember my Dad,  
with me and my brother in tow  
(more like "on toe"),  
tilling the soil and discing the dirt  
until it was all near granyule.  
We would harrow, row, spread and sow  
'til the plants, the seedlings and saplings were  
all in place, watered 'n graced,  
and in the ground, just so.  
Then as the sun rested some,  
and fatigue crept in  
we gathered our tools  
and watched End of Day  
tuck in the toil  
and in sunset our penance pay.