

Poetry by G. H. Mosson

SUN LORDS

On groomed streets we coyly scent and shine,
cultivating your care through our enticing blooms.
Behind the fence and along the road, our growing never slows.
We abide being gardened as we spread across the loam.
Despite what people plot, we arise in each lot and window-box,
loyal lords of the sun, and gossip about bees, light and time.