

pruning

I'm not good at gardening
the endless pruning
and weeding defeats
and befuddles me

there's science in this art
assigned seasons and
necessary knowledge
on what and how to prune
where and when to cut

gather tools wisely
be sure to sharpen
your secateurs
but beware
the satisfactory sound
of snipping
may be short lived

if, like me, you're clueless
going in blind
you might invite disaster
from which there's
no return

ineptitude isn't confined
to gardening
entering a new
uncertain season
I am stripping back

old habits
and colleagues
clothes I have
no cause to wear
roles I no longer perform

yet I hesitate
unsure what to cut or when
lacking confidence that
I possess the tools
for the job

will I recover ties
if I cut too deep
can connections survive
without the compost
that fed them

I must put my faith
in friendship
hardy as roses
that flower every year
despite my butchery

knowledge and experience
count for much
but not all
instinct plays a part
serving me well
as it always has

I'll prune back
and pull up
what feels right
trusting what is rich
and resilient
will thrive regardless
enriching my life
for many a year