

## 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