



In The Garden At Dusk

In the cool of the garden when
the evening draws in
Serenity waits where the
shadows begin
In the fragrance of dusk and the
murmur of clover
The concerns that we carried
pass peacefully over
Flowers in their fullness shed
blessings about
And the turmoil of living fades
quietly out
Hope glimmers through each
evening star
And our cares will shrink to the
size that they are.



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