

Garden in the Mire

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Connor Grenier is a student at the University of North Dakota. Among his hobbies of reading, going outside, playing games, and enjoying the company of others, he finds time for his favorite of any artistic pursuit, writing.

Violet seeds lay cold in the Earth
These seeds proceed a gloomy birth
Fed by freezing, lonesome rains
Surrounded by frozen dirt

They sprout into decaying trees
Heartache is a wicked weed
Its roots are deep and clog your heart
And is watered by bitter seas

Their flowers are wilted when they bloom
Their fruits, if eaten, will spell your doom
Your heart, a bog where nothing grows
But sickly dank perfume

It's easy to fall into places so deep
Where despair is so heavy you think that you'll sink
But take a breath you mustn't drown
There's nothing for you underneath

There are worms in mud that feed baby birds
For every foul utterance, there are beautiful words
The heart can be weeded and the soul can thaw
And you'll find that a change has occurred

A rosy sun can break gloomy skies
And nectars of flowers can bring butterflies
Just remember that love, through flowers and weeds,
Is the joy of being alive.