

## Aufray Hugues

### "The Good Gardener"

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Here sits a once good gardener, pale as a shadow of a  
doubt,  
Once a happy dweller of a garden good, once a sleepy  
sinner,  
Once cast out  
To the sea where the crossy-eyed maids murmur low,  
"do you see, do you see  
Where the doubts cross his shadow?"  
Drowned and amoral, I pollinate the coral and reek of  
the deep  
Where I've tended the water weed -  
I was once your good gardener, sing to bring on  
Spring,  
I know where your good grass grows,  
I know what your boyfriend knows,  
I was your good gardener.

I saw twilight car waxers, corpulent dog walkers, clean  
canny couples on the sunset strip,  
From a tower forty miles to the east of Augusta saw a  
plague on the Indian  
A'coming on a windship,  
You were in the garden when the wind swept up and  
took the foul words from your mouth  
Now you know what your sarcasm really really means  
It's the tearing with your teeth of the flesh from the  
bones of your brother -

Kill the shrub to fertilise the flower,  
Did I hear you saying that the form doesn't matter?  
Well form into matter, the matter is forever, but only in  
a good garden

Black rock bound in the Brighton bowl where the seas  
of desolation roll,  
Where you're borne and borne and borne in again to  
the pebble-feather shore of forgotten friends  
Think how you can't see the science without seeing first  
the self,  
But then nobody thinks of growing somebody else,  
And how the sun , hungry sun, holds the withered

withered world,  
So why shouldn't I kiss the beautiful girl?

When I was her good gardener.  
Sing of the Summer sham,  
O see them grow tall, see them in their rot, see them  
go to seed in the cemetery plot  
I was your good gardener

Sing to bring on Spring  
O ice of Winter would crackle and splinter with my love  
in everything  
Ice of Winter would crackle and splinter with my love in  
everything  
I was your good gardener...

The sea is stark and lovely, and it scares me to the  
point of rapture  
I was your good gardener, of some good stature  
The sea is stark and lovely, and it scares me to the  
point of rapture  
I was your good gardener, now I - can barely - look at  
ya.

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