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Table of Contents

PART II: MY SECRET GARDEN

the nature of love	32
elegant, graceful.....	32
my secret garden	33
you can be my tree.....	35
don't cry little flower.....	36
a flower, a time to escape.....	36
never question the simplicity of one flower.....	37
a catching up of time.....	37
a flower sat upon my desk.....	37
as you watched alone.....	38
I planted a simple rose.....	39
written on a full moon	40
a woman is a fresh flower a'bloom.....	41
descriptions of flowers	42-44
mirror garden	45
a flower is.....	46
a cherub of flowers.....	47
a satin cloud.....	48
nature's lullaby.....	49
time finds	50
the crickets	51
girl sitting by a tree.....	52

PART II: MY SECRET GARDEN

THE NATURE
OF LOVE
CAN BE TAUGHT BY
NATURE'S LOVE.



ELEGANT

GRACEFUL

SOFT

FLUTTERY

AND FREE...

A BUTTERFLY.





“My Secret Garden”

I have a place I go each day...
When rain has fallen and I'm gray,
I go and open up the door
To the secret garden of my heart

Here, I hear a special tune
Of love that helps the flowers bloom
And I dance around the garden walk
And listen to the flowers talk

And I'm told of “Sunshine Good”
That others should hear if they only could
And the Captain Dandelion let me know
The secret to let the world grow

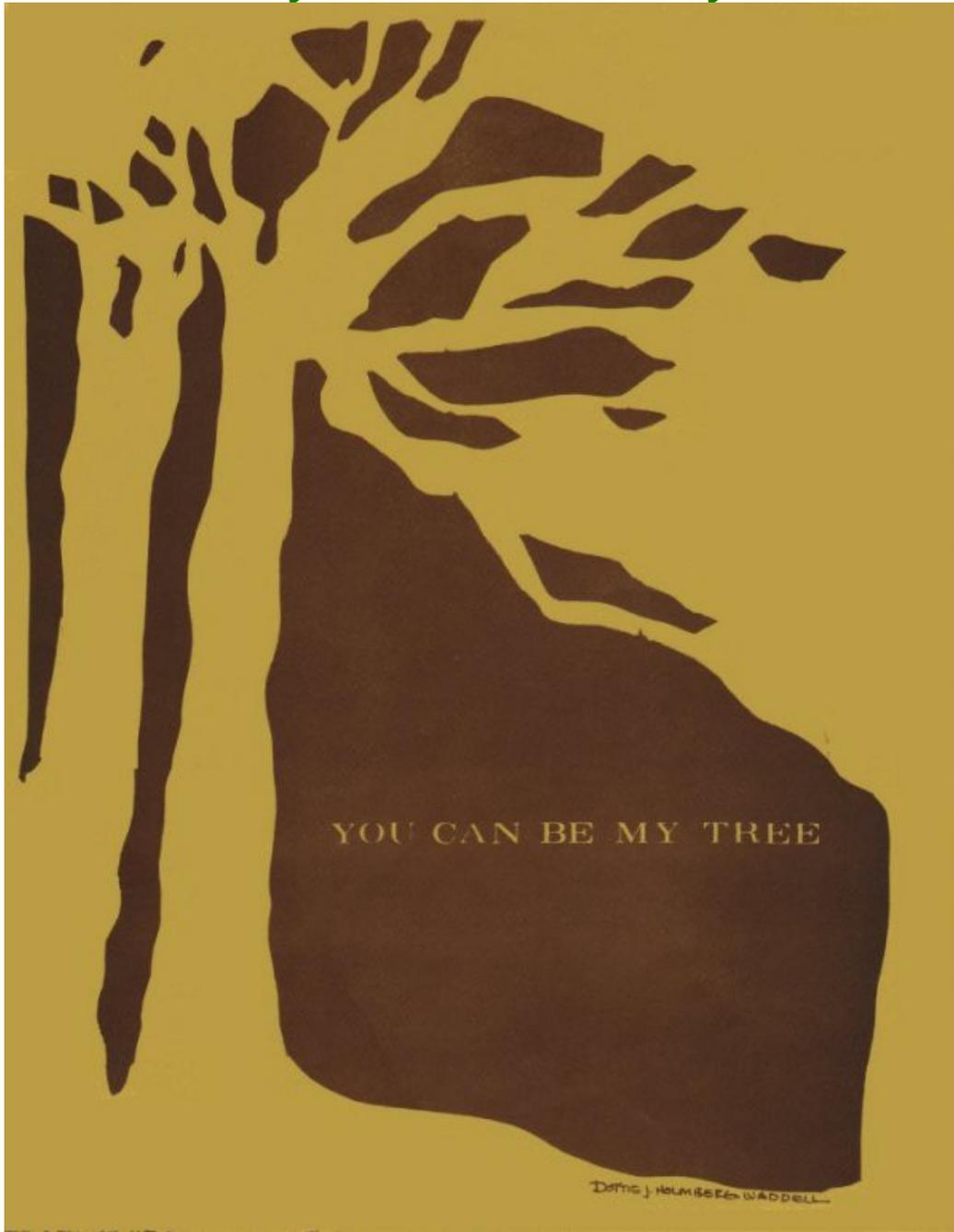
...And so when I go home each day
I now sit down and want to pray,
And AM now the flower of my heart,
The dandelion yet a part.

Artwork by Ron Cable

Nature Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



You can be my tree...to stand & be by me



Artwork by Carol Lang

Don't cry little flower
An hour of happiness is around
the next corner.

Cry to release the tears,
And as life goes on,
You will fulfill your years.



A flower,
A time to escape
thoughts.

Caught up,
And lost from all time.



Never question
the simplicity
of one flower
Why?
Because that's why it was created—
To keep nature in a wondrous form of beauty.

We don't know why it is...
The flowers just know they are held
under God's spell.



A catching up of time,
lost in the woods--
or was it the time to discover
what was missing?

I'm a flower a'bloom
thru one constant season--
Feed me with light
and show me
all is not lost.



A flower sat upon my desk
It vibrantly thirsted while my gray face frowned.
I looked down and said,
"A wilted flower dies with my frowns,
making two natures spoil any good day."



“As You Watched Alone”



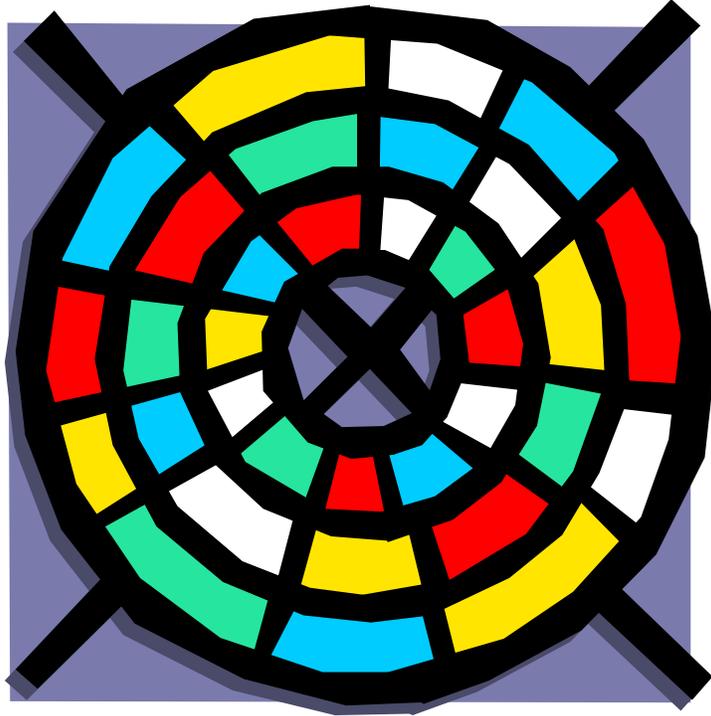
the violets and roses
the rain came
and filled the ground
the sun came
and warmed the brown
the dew came
and said it rained
the sun shone
as you watched alone

the gopher ate
the grasshoppers shake—
their bodies up and down
you listen to the sound
the bugs hum
the spiders run
the grass grows
as you watched alone

the breeze blew hard...
and ruffled the backyard—
the grass fell down
and made a crown
the flowers bowed
and laughed out loud
the steam pot whistled—
and your ears listened
to what you know
as you watched alone

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

“I Planted A Simple Rose”



cotton candy, cracker jacks
paper cigar rings, wooden nickels
paisley designs, golden moons
rainbows forming, bubbles forming

...And I planted a simple rose
and the sun reflected its height,
the rain fed its roots and
the moon glowed on,
coloring it with
midnightly colors...

And I love
And I love
the essence of life,
capturing the love
I can feel.

“Written on a Full Moon”



And the rose in my garden
Seems to find a way out of my heart,
To remind me of its gentleness...
'in the air of my thoughts' –
And then I can remember
Some of the “good days”
And your gentle way,
And can dream on and on...
With faith and my deep love for you.
Only this rose can know
How I actually feel...
In my own worries and disillusionments,
It reminds me of who I AM.





A woman is a fresh flower a 'bloom
The spring began when you kissed my heart,
My inspirations are your mirror of understanding.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



“Descriptions of Flowers”



a daisy dances beneath the trees
and laughs with the birds
and smiles with the sun
and watches a new born dawn



a violet
is a crystal haze
of a shadowy color
it captures the mood
of sentimental days
of young love,
and the fresh fields
with that first kiss.

a long stem rose
says its fragrance
embodies the sweetness
of life





a tiger lily
stilts and sways
with the breeze



a petunia
smells of the rich farm soil,
the melons, and the tomatoes..
and around the corner,
the outhouse smells
of petunias.

a carnation
fills all the vases
with "party thoughts" ...
and with coats, hats,
dresses, and tables



**a honeysuckle
remembers the soft moccasins
and bare feet wading
thru the collage of leaves**



**a chrysanthemum
looks like a gold dew
with the smiling sun**

**a pansy
looks fragile
and sympathetic
to the stormy winds**



“Mirror Garden”

ONE MAN—

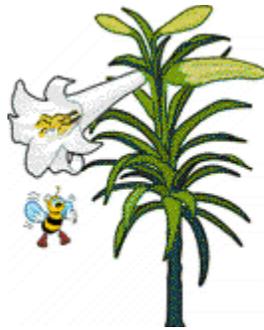
A gentle soul
searches the friend of light,
the lion
staunches the black winds of night...
and stumbled over a mirror garden
of flowers and got lost *w*

until the sun came out,
he thought he came to God’s
wrong house, until he knelt
down to pick up a peculiar sight
and stopped in awe for
many long moments
when he saw his Own Reflection



in the mirror of the flower...

Now he really felt confused, for
Now he found the key to the heart
of his house.



A FLOWER IS...

a special sight to my eyes..
almost an unbelief at such beauty
an escape from everyday worries
a holding of my truth deep inside
a calmness of such simplicity
a chain-reaction of eternal growth...
God's way of showing her face
a clear separation of the good from the bad
...a connection to all other nature
...a holding up of earth's rocks.

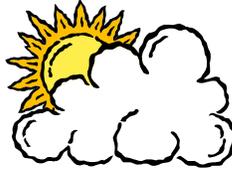




a cherub of flowers
growing amongst the herbs
cherishing the loveliness they were given..
They stand out as a fresh breath of spring--
catching you up,
and making you see with a clearer eye
a lovely sight to behold.

a knock on wood
a tall matronly tree looks down
and admires her children





“A Satin Cloud”

A satin cloud
Singing out loud
To the breeze humming by
And the blue velvet sky

The little man looked
As he turned from his book
And loved in the breeze
That cloud through the trees

A child smiled in fun
As he felt the day's sun
And that man was amazed
What he saw as he gazed

His eyes became one
As nature's beauty he won
Never forgetting and presently awed
At the carvings he saw

He threw down his book
And took another look
And knew it was real—
Without words he could feel...
That Satin Cloud



“Nature’s Lullaby”

Singing—softly singing notes
As I lay down to rest
Flowing—gentle pattering
I’ll let you be my guest

Sounding like a symphony of drums
Accompanying a breeze
Challenging the stillness,
Washing all of the leaves

Droplets dancing on my window
Sliding off my roof
Rolling down my backyard hill
Hitting fast as many hoofs

Strengthening a little flower
Watching a growing tree
Listening—I—till sleeping
And watching a growing me

You can lull me off and away
Calming me—soothing my mind
And before you know it’s another day
And you’re hidden in the next sunshine

...Feeding time
Hush, its night
Pushing back trivialities
As rain lulls my sight

“Time Finds”



Dearest Friend.....(a growing rose)

A time of sorrow
will set your heart in tears

But even the pain
will prosper to joy through the years

You see, we all have our special time
awaiting “Our Fate”—

But until the peace and
completion comes our way,

We must prosper through our
giving and loving—
And not give-up and feel wasted
with our “simple selves”

We must have patience
for TIME FINDS—
And OUR TIME will be.

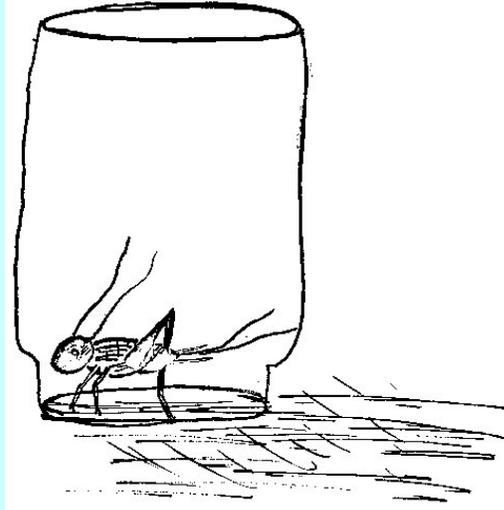
“The Crickets”

The crickets
listen to the crickets
The sound
ringing in the air

It's nighttime
walk out in the breeze
They're all around
singing through the trees

The crickets
are hidden from your eyes
The darkness
conceals their visual cries

Mysteries...
they chant-on to the stars
Their symphony
counts in time till dawn



The crickets
make me feel at home
The “sound”
makes the night a poem

Hidden in...
a closet of earth's plants
Invisible creatures
continue their night's chant

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

“Girl Sitting By a Tree”

my, what time, and love, and the wind
and the flowers can do to you.
the wind can blow the love to you,
and can quickly take it away...
how sad and lonely...the flowers
tell you about love; describing
an essence of love and life (all
being the same)...and time lets
you grow while we listen and see
and do—yes, time can give us
happiness if we give it to
ourselves...we are our OWN love
before we can be love to OTHERS.
(frustrations and tears, frustrations
and tears, frustrations and tears—
all a part of misunderstanding
and empty hearts)
where are we?—or have we been
for a moment?...time is many



moments...the heart should
share the embers of desires,
grown as a tall tree but
ready to bear branches and flowers,
and fruit and sunshine, never
losing a fresh new season.
Men are Men...Women are Women...We
are.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg