

Dear Mr. Green: by Brittany Jean

Dear Mr. Green, you won't remember me
For the simple reason: we have never met
Been 'round your garden 'bout a thousand times
Thought I'd finally take the chance and let you know

Your poet's paradise is lovely
A kaleidoscope these summer days
Sunfall and all the good it does me
Counting all your homemade signs, they say

CHORUS:

“Strawberries, dahlias, and daisies
Heirloom tomatoes, perfect pears, and cherries...”
Rows and rows of pretty yellow roses
Take me captive by your gate that never closes
From the road between the river and the mountain
A faded photograph will bring me there again to your garden

Dear Mr. Green, I've seen the apple trees
Sway and stay in rhythm with the weathervane
They keep on turning with the season
Following the grand design, they're changing hue

How can each autumn harvest line be flawless?
Though unseen it's clear you're always there
Such care in sweetening this solace
Even fallowed ground—you've made it fair

CHORUS

Dear Mr. Green, we have a winter scene
But just beyond the quiet months, I know your garden
And spring are promising

CHORUS

To your garden
Dear Mr. Green
Dear Mr. Green