

## **In the Garden of the Home Goddess**

**By Margaret Wood**

thanks to Margaret Erwin Shevill and John Brandi

In the garden of the home goddess,  
blue clouds float backward in an autumn sky  
and cottonwoods twirl in leaf song;  
morning glories twine upward with magical design  
and the last roses bloom in cool golden sun.

I'm in beauty,  
and I'm emerging into gorgeous quietness  
in the garden of the home goddess.

It's quiet and slow,  
I think because he isn't in my world now.  
His rhythm was too fast and he didn't play.  
Play is glorious to me;  
it's in listening, watching, working, learning.  
Practice is play when I give myself up to it.

I'm playing on the wheel of time  
in the garden of the home goddess.

Seasons pass with currents of changes,

moving in grand circles that urge my changes.

I bounce on the trampoline, I write my simple words

to dance in the changes

in the great round of life...in the garden of the home goddess.

Museum As Muse

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