

## **Xanadu: An Abecedarian Poem - Carroll Taylor - Georgia**

A few acres share the seasons of our lives,  
Beckoning us through the meadow to the water and woods.  
Crows hear my call inviting them to fly in for peanuts.  
Daffodils blow trumpets in the wind; dahlias blaze in summer.  
Every shade of cosmos shares our rock garden with marigolds.  
Frogs lay eggs, and polliwogs silently await their legs and voices.  
Growth is slow, but certain. Ferns gather along the banks of  
Hooper Branch, where our wooden swing entices us to rest.  
In ditches goldenrod, mountain mint, and asters thrive.  
Jewelweed blooms beside poison ivy to protect us from misery.

Katydids hop around with intention to avoid spider webs.  
Lady slippers rise in the same spot every spring.  
Morning glories twirl their vines on the porch trellis.  
New four o'clocks, vivid pink and red, return as volunteers.  
Orange butterfly weed welcomes the arrival of monarchs.  
Pipsissewa flourishes on the forest floor, their flowers like  
Queenly crowns holding court together among cast-off leaves.  
Red and yellow roses attract hummingbirds and honeybees.  
Sunflower faces tip upward toward the rays of their namesake.  
The black ribbon of a rat snake glides across freshly mown grass.

Under the porch an opossum takes up residence.  
Violets and trillium, purple and white, pop up in unexpected places.  
Wild ox-eye daisies appear together in our meadow.  
Xanadu gifts us with golden sunsets and ancient mountains.  
Year after year Nature reminds us of the perpetual cycle of life.  
Zinnias touched by wings of pollinators nod in agreement.