

## Ode to A Good Neighbor

Last year, I planted some squash seeds  
In a mound of earth in my yard.  
I watered those plants through some hot summer days,  
And in other ways kept vigilant guard.

Then a neighbor suggested I pull some of them out  
And leave in the mound only five;  
But I couldn't bring myself to kill even one,  
So, I left all of them there to survive.

Little by little, the squash plants grew.  
They fought one another for each inch of that mound.  
They were so busy fighting each other, in fact,  
That, come Fall, not one little squash fruit was found.

This year, when planning my garden,  
I remembered that "pointing-the- finger" was hard.  
So, instead of planting some squash and then killing some off.  
I put my good neighbor in charge of my yard.

Now there are squash plants aplenty,  
Also, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and beans  
All because someone who's had some experience  
Follows the advice that he really means.

Thank you, dear neighbor. For teaching me how  
To grow gardens that are healthy at last,  
And to learn from another, with time left to spare;  
So, I now can write poems without having to fast.