



...to Nature,
Here climb the vast pure spaces unconfined, uncheck'd, by wall or
roof,
Here laugh with storm or sun, here joy, here patiently inure,
Here heed himself, (not others' formulas heed,) here
fill his time,
To duly fall, to aid, unreck'd at last,
To disappear, to serve.

- Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass

Hort 201 Final Project

Spring



- What can catch the senses so completely that all else pales by comparison? Is it the burgeoning green canopy that blankets the land in an emerald cloak? The gentle breeze picks up the sweetness of spring, while song birds announce its arrival. How long has the bulbs and blossoms lingered until their proper season. Spring showers arrive with rumbling fanfare, while trees slowly awaken from their winter slumber. The day unfolds before the land subtle and swift in the wake of spring's arrival. Lilacs mellifluous fragrance drifts upon the breeze calling all to pause to delight in its irresistible charm. The garden awaits the steady hand to sow the choicest seed and the promise that it holds.

Summer



- A summers daydream seemingly never ends and so too the tasks in gardens green. Armed to the teeth the gardener toils to rid their pride and joy from the maraudering army. The sun rises high into the evening as sunflowers turn their faces towards its path never blinking at its silent reproach. A verdant tapestry has risen from the earth reminding the pensive gardener that their efforts were not in vain. Water becomes the lifeblood that sustains the caretaker's plants in defiance of the unforgiving afternoon heat. In time the heat will pass and the land will once again breathe a heavy sigh of relief.

Fall



- There is a crispness in the air that only comes with the passing of summer's sultry reign. The harvest moon hangs in the horizon casting its bronze hue over all that rest below. In the forests trees hang in the balance between the darkness and the light. Leaves gently sway to the dance of fall adorned in shades of the autumn sun. Among the hedgerows the thresher awaits in fields that bear their fruit in due time. The earth is adorned in a new season's coat that burns in fire before its celestial glow. In gardens awaits the cultivators return to harvest their crop that rests on the vine. The season's authority will not always rule, for time must press on and settle into another season

Winter



- The conclusion of seasons is lifted upon the breeze, which howls in the night without reprieve. In the woods the leaves are nestled under the forest solemn and bare. Now is the time for mother earth to rest and her offspring will soon to follow. For all need shelter in a season such as this to ponder the beauty that the world still holds. Sparkling in the moonlight the snow seems to dance in waves of light caught by a fleeting glance. The garden awaits the spring thaw and a new light that breaths life into the land once again.