THE VACANT LOT

“It’s nothing but a vacant lot, all filled with weeds,” you say.
And do not even turn your head when you must pass that way.
Yes, humble though the spot may be — and I’ll deny it not —
The greatest Gardener of All planted that vacant lot.
Bright sky-blue stars of chicory; pink-petalled Bouncing Bet;
Queen Anne’s Lace in fine white crochet no art has equalled yet;
The sunny gold of St. John’s-wort; the Milkweed in dull rose:
He makes them blossom there as fair as in a garden close.
Thus Beauty hides her lovely self in many a lowly place,
And we, her ardent worshippers, must learn to seek her face.

— Rose Korslewsky
May 31,1897 – December 1,1976
“New England Heritage and Other Poems,”