

## THREE GARDENS

A garden bloomed with flawless, fragrant flowers  
That burst into the luscious fruit of God  
How could a man forsake such pleasant bowers  
To seek the struggling seed beneath the clod!

A garden, gloomed with shadowed olive trees,  
Closed in to crush a solitary Man  
Who worn and weeping writhed on bended knees  
And wrestled to discern His Father's plan.

A garden, doomed to hold the Son who fell,  
Imprisoned in a cold and moldy grave,  
Saw hapless, hopeless men descend to hell.  
Compelled and driven with no one to save;

Then thunder boomed as Christ received the key  
To death, to hell, to grave – and man was free!

-- Edmund E. Wells

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