Lord of Disorder

"The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers." Samuel Johnson

There are people I’ve loved (my mother, long passed; an aunt of genteel breeding) who decorated with plastic flowers, some so real you’d stroke them to test their composition. Similarly, some athletes and lovers prefer to roll on AstroTurf. For windowless offices, there is full-spectrum light simulating sunshine. Alternately, my neighbor’s lawn presents a just and verdant world, assisted as he is by TruGreen, oodles of nitrates, and more water than a well should pull. Lord of disorder, I am splayed by the sun, seated amid my weeds and thatch, loving the chaos of creation.

David Axelrod