

### Philosophy of Cutting Petunias

Cutting petunias like crazy to save them from  
The frost, white, pure white, and red, circus  
Red and pinwheel, bringing them in.  
The purple regal. The window-boxes,  
Long enough beneath for two windows,  
Green the soil in them brown,  
Full rather of autumn leaves fallen  
For somewhere, but these, magnificent red but symbol  
Of other workings such as passages,  
Time, can be picked out of the green  
Window-boxes with a little patience  
And in a short time. Colourful,  
Romantic this talking of flowers and cutting  
Of colour? I suppose so. Yes, i suppose: so.  
But I am pretty well through with supposition,  
I have no time, there are things to do,  
Compensations for days given to large  
Enterprise, accumulating balances,  
Poising Tomorrow, problematics  
Ready. Prudent conclusions, at least  
They sound ironic. Just cut petunias.

—*Ralph Gustafson*