



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 Koralewsky
May 31, 1897 – December 1, 1976
"New England Heritage and Other Poems,"
Boston: Humphries, 1949.