

*PANDEMONIUM AT THE PAVILION
(or Imagination Running Riot at Garden 6, Sat June 11)*

*I've just met Nicholas Robertson
He was helping his Dad – Brian,
And I'm not hallucinating
And I'm certainly not lyin'.*

*They were updating their signage
At Garden Number Six;
But Nicholas put it upside down
Which gave poor Brian a fit.**

*He said "Son – you're not dyslectic
But it now reads "Garden Nine"
I'm getting flack about the map
And I'm now way past my prime.*

*Someone who searched for "1 " and "2"
Headed North and went to Imbil;
The SES just brought them back
It's enough to make me tremble.*

*And someone else who gave up
The search for Garden 4
Came in and had a hissy fit
On the Show Pavilion floor.*

*And someone couldn't find HQ
And deviated to the school;
And finished up at "Knitfest"
Which wasn't all that cool.*

*And someone else who wanted
Gardens "3" and "6"
Found themselves at Witta
And called us "Country Hicks"
(And said had he paid 20 bucks
To end up in The Sticks)*

*And a man asked Lisa Plucknett
Could he use the owner's loo;
But she said "Use the bushes
Which is what all gardeners do." (End of Brian's speech
To Nicholas)*

(Now that I am over 80 – don't use 4 letter words anymore)*

*And Saturday we sweated
And Sunday we all froze
The wind whistled up the Valley
And put icicles on our nose.*

*But everyone was happy
And on Sunday – none complained ;
And I guess that we were lucky
That it held off on the rain.*

*And thanks to Nicholas Robertson
And to Brian – the signs were fine;
And admitting that I made it up
Re “Garden Number 9.”*

*And thanks to Garden owners
And to those who worked so hard
And now I’m going home to rake
The leaves in our back yard.*

*And G. O. E. brings us together,
We meet and make new friends;
And if everyone is happy
Then we’ll do it all again.*

PS and Apology to the Hosp Aux. Ladies

*To the Ladies in the Kitchen
Who told me (nicely) where to put my cake
When I blew in with it freshly baked
Merely two days late.
But I was really knackered
After two days at the Gardens
But that is such a poor excuse
That I humbly beg your pardon.
Four hundred times I stood and said
“Welcome to the Garden. “
My fault – I overdid it
And again I beg your pardon*

*And also – Kevin Pluck was absent
On a four day trip by rail
And so he wasn’t anywhere
To put salt upon my tail.*

Lisa Plucknett June 2016