Overheard conversation between a Fellow & a Gardener

What are you doing young man
Leave the grass be
There’s a monster about
Have you not heard, did you not see?

I have not heard of this monster you speak
Doth it have claws?
Doth it have teeth?
Where should I watch for this hideous beast?

The monster I speak is not of that kind
Not of the claw or the tooth
But the mind
Its standing out there, at least 12 feet tall
Not moving an inch, just watching us all

Out there? Out where?
I have crossed that bridge, walked past those punts
I saw many wild geese but a monster, not once

I told you it's clever
It changes colour on sight
The first time I saw it was steely grey as the night
But the day after that it mottled and browned
To the orangey colour of the trees all around
Foreground
Background
Nowhere to be found

But it is definitely there, of that you are sure
Then what does it want?
Why stand at our door?
Why wait at our gate oh magnificent beast
Are we the feast you await?

A feast or a folly?
Either way I've seen this before
He will bide his time each year growing more tall
I know of this for far north there stands a creature of this kind
Similar mind but different you’ll find
For this one is kind
Standing tall as twenty men with wings spread out
wide Sent down from the heavens
To protect those in sight

If that be an angel sent down with wings
Then this must be the devil
This hath not wings, and comes from the ground
Be it good or be it evil?

That is the great question of our day
It divides those among us
Do we give it the sword or give it our trust
Is it a guardian in a uniform of rust?
Am I right to feel disgust and dismayed
Can those who say it has beauty and charm be swayed before it is too late!

Only time will tell
Make up your own mind
Be it a devil, be it an angel
Be it a sinner or a saint
My only recommendation is to give it a few coats of paint.

-Jonathan Strauss

-Circa 2017