

"Just Add Water"

Articles and Photos by Soni Forsman

Down at the Pond

By Sylvia Anderson

'Twas 30 days into autumn, ground started to freeze
It was cold as we slipped into winter with ease

The gardens were mulched and the lawn trimmed and neat
In hopes that the cleanup was finished and complete

The animals were all thinking about hibernation
And birds headed south on their long fall migration

Mr. Gardener put away hoses, lawnmower, and rakes
He was content knowing soon he'd see frosty snow flakes

While down at the pond all looked quiet and serene
But that was a joke--things were not as they seemed!

The once thriving plants were all wilted and furled
And under frozen ice was a whole 'nother world

We're a family of goldfish, frogs, turtles and koi,
Dragonfly nymphs, beetles, snails—what joy!

We live here during winter, way down on the floor
Of that icy cold pond, a place of rich lore

But we also need blossoms and greens in the deep
The balanced water life is something to keep

Water lilies! Where were they? My gosh, they're not here!
Something happened to them, and that was quite clear.

We critters all rallied and began to swim
To the top of the pond where things were quite grim

Our beautiful lilies were stuck in the drink
Trapped in the snow, in a frozen ice rink

We grabbed onto foliage, the stems and lily pads
And hung on real tight, pulling downward like mad

We kicked with our feet, paddled with limbs and our fins
It was hard to budge lilies, and our hopes were soon dimmed

We had to work fast, the ice was getting thicker
Our lilies were tired and looked so much sicker

When what to our wondering eyes did appear,
But old Mr. Gardener with his wife also near

With shovels, they both chipped away at the ice.
We looked at each other and said, "Oh my, how nice!"

Around the water lilies, they chopped and they chopped
And all of a sudden with a big jolt--they stopped!

Lilies started to wiggle and giggle and squirm
And soon they were loosened, not held very firm

We swam up underneath and pulled them down-ward
Soon they were free, as we cried, "lilies over-board!"

With both flora and fauna, the pond was now ready
Mother Nature's balance was fixed and remained steady

We heard Gardener exclaim as snow hit with a sting
And he smiled and he yelled, "We'll see you next spring!"

*Sylvia does not garden in the water but still creates a fantasy world in this whimsical, wintry tale of life in the pond. It was printed in the December 2009 **Waterlog**, the official newsletter of the Minnesota Water Garden Society. Sylvia is an artist, creative writer and a long-time friend. sylviajanderson@yahoo.com.*

Soni Forsman



ALOHA, FROM MOLOKAI, HAWAII --- But, this picture from Soni, -- well -- this is MINNESOTA
Lest we forget that beauty is everywhere.