

# Why and When I Wrote

# Parsley

As a little girl of about five years  
Parsley caused me many tears.  
It grew so bushy, its stalks so long  
Then suddenly  
    all of my parsley was gone!

Three decades later  
    - at age thirty-three -  
I wrote parsley's story just for me.  
For the next fifty years,  
    where was the rhyme?  
Filed away until . . .  
    *"Now is the time . . ."*

Brought out the poem, made it a book  
With Karen's fine drawings  
    to give it a "look"  
Added Dear Dog, always a Schnauzer  
(Who died as I wrote, I've grieved so  
    without her!)

My dog 's name was Lucy,  
    constant companion.  
As you read Parsley  
    be sure to examine  
Two heroes - the child who plants  
    and takes care  
And the small Schnauzer puppy  
    who always is there.

The book, you see, has its own duet  
A planting child, a dear darling pet.  
While not exactly Lucy herself  
It's clearly a Schnauzer  
    and nothing else!

When in Parsley the puppy is there  
Please think of Lucy.  
    If you are aware  
Your thoughts give Lucy life anew  
And deepen the meaning of Parsley too.

*We live as long as someone remembers  
Then die out like a fire's last embers.*