

# Bookmarks

I have made some bookmarks with tiny poems just for you! To thank you for visiting, so please print, clip and use!



It took a tumble down a river to rest for eons in Bass Lake.  
It took a van ride for a day to a garden home in Huntington Beach.  
It took a week barging through icy waters to reach Anchorage in Alaska.  
It took me no time at all to know that this was one rock that I would keep.

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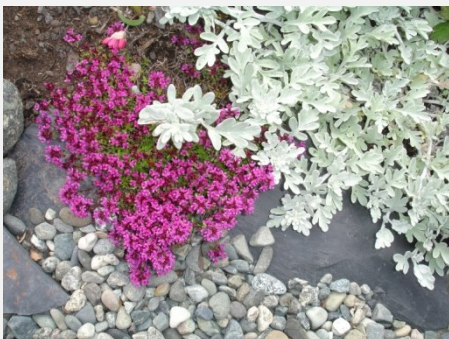
Sax, short for saxifrage, not saxophone.  
Thyme, the flower, not time spent alone.  
Rocks to give warmth but not to be thrown.  
Together in our garden in their tiny home.

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We trudged down the river searching for lovely round rocks  
bent down with bulging pockets, shivering with wet soggy socks.  
We thought it might be a mirage or a truly weird shadow,  
when we spotted the markings on this fabulous stone treasure.

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Greyish-green foliage cascades against ocean-grey stones,  
seas of rocks and natural plantings make up this garden's bones.  
Waves of soft flower colors ripple everywhere they can reach,  
and rose-pink thyme splashes upon their grey gravel beach.

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