

# Scotland's Gardens

Grotesque gunnera towers at the pond's edge  
Above sulphur yellow skunk cabbage,  
Both dramatic immigrants to this Scottish hillside  
Loved and valued for their exotic display,  
Fails to native bluebell and violet.  
How modestly delicate would our gardens seem  
Without such striking aliens,  
Collected afar at the cost of lives,  
Transported in elegant Wardian cases,  
Across mountains, forests, deserts, oceans  
Planted and nurtured by generations,  
Bringing to damp and heathery Scotland  
Extravagant, outrageous glamour,  
Creating peerless gardens,  
The envy of the world.

