

At the Ladybird Johnson Wildflower Center

by Tamara Nicholl-Smith

I cannot fully breathe in a
garden that's too neat. Hedges
trim-clipped, closed-lipped, symmetrically
snipped with angled edges.

Row after row of boxwoods, yews,
and spruce: all very very—
the geometrically just-so.
I'm judged by topiary.

Find me instead, knee-deep in fields,
untamed fields, of bee-flung
flowers and grass, shaggy and tall
speckled with honey tongue—

where I, amongst the lazy sprawl,
of bells and flax and bishop's lace,
have found that all is home
in being out of place.

Ordinary Time

by Tamara Nicholl-Smith

The hour is green, and time is draped
with growing vines, between His birth
and Lent, between the empty tomb
and the candled wreath. The weeks are numbered,

marked by the deepening green swell
of prayer. Grass finds its dim dark way
from root to shoot and crowns the brown
land green. Now, let me lie among

nature's lush threads and dream of God's
green signs and dew-fed mysteries.
Infuse my will with splendid grace
and slowly enter blade by blade.

poet's note: in the Catholic Church, "Ordinary Time" refers to the weeks of the liturgical year outside of Advent/Christmas and Lent/Easter.
During this time, vestments and altar cloths are green.

P O E T R Y

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SEPTEMBER 2026

— A Magazine for American Renewal —

CHRONICLES

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