

Spinning Plates in the Gardens

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Late summer at Mezzacello. I was admiring late summer late morning view of the garden as it stands. As you can see, we quite often get out of shape, so we're getting ready to hit some problems that sorely need attention. It's like a circus act where the juggler is adding spinning plates on sticks, and has to keep them spinning without falling as he adds more and more.

I thought it important to show that gardens have moods and phases. Today it needs a manicure and a little massage. You might imagine the sound of the bees and insects and traffic and bedlam of the city beyond. Otherwise you'll get my untrained mess and the promise of blooms yet to be.



The Anemone bursting to life.



The formal rooms.