



Just like writers, there are myriad gardener types, from casual weekend types to single-minded obsessive types and those wild visionaries (the Gaudi's of the gardening world).

With the exception of the end of the spectrum featuring casual weekend types and retired folk, gardening is not for the faint of heart. Like writing is for me, gardening involves getting up with the birds while everyone else sleeps so that I can tiptoe outside with coffee mug in hand and mostly dream awake, envisioning this elusive final product, and then edit the garden some more. (all this is done in my pj's...in case the title didn't tip you off:)

Gardening, like writing, is architecture. Where order meets chaos. Where dreams are built one brick--or one page, or one long-blooming, hardy, deer-resistant perennial--at a time.

By the way, about the title "Sleep, creep, leap": there's a saying about perennials that the year you plant them they sleep, practically no-shows, then in year two, as they settle in, they creep thus producing a better albeit limping show, but in year three they burst to their potential.

I keep hoping civilization might surprise me with some leap of enlightenment, but in the meantime, I'll be dreaming and creating what I hope to be a space of beauty and dreams. It's a 10-year plan (not unlike my novel-writing....I'd rather believe I'm more deliberate and passionate about the details than being terminally torpid).

Unlike my approach to novel writing, I took a slightly less organic path and opted for more structure. It began with a commitment to observe for one entire year - *NOT ONE BIT EASY FOR SOMEONE WHO LIKES TO PUT THEIR INDIVIDUAL STAMP ON EVERYTHING!!!!!!*

And now for those tips I promised...