

A special plant.

I am growing a plant, I found it in a pot on the back of my table, I am not sure what it is, but I have high expectations of it. My table is situated at the bottom of the garden and based on the legs of an ancient dining table that was being thrown out. The veneered top disintegrated in the rain long ago and has been replaced with old floorboards, and I use it for growing on cuttings and stuff. Over a period when I was unwell everything got a bit out of hand; afterwards, when I started feeling more like doing stuff, I came to clear the table up and found the plant at the back. It was in a special looking red pot, not a flower pot, there was no drainage hole and it was swimming in water, the plant looked most unhappy. I wasn't sure at first that it was not some weed that had survived the original plant, but when I had tipped the stinking water out and re-potted it in some decent soil, it flourished.

By Autumn it had grown considerably, but that winter it almost died. Luckily it was a fairly mild winter and bits of it survived, I have stood it in the greenhouse every winter since and even then I get some die back, it is quite tender. It is also susceptible to drying out, I put it in quite a decent sized pot, but it still needs watering little and often or the leaves droop, and it doesn't like wind either. When I bring it out of the greenhouse in the Spring I have to do so very carefully, showing it the outside on fine days only and getting it back indoors well before the evening gets chilly. The fact that it is so much work helps convince me that I am not growing on some random weed, say what you will of weeds, and I have heard things said that were almost as nasty as things said about slugs, weeds are exceptionally hardy and can withstand drought and wind.

It is quite a pretty plant, in a quiet sort of way. It has turned into a regular little bush over the years, with a woody stem that is a pleasant khaki-green sort of colour, easy on the eye. The leaves are fairly sparse, growing at intervals round and round the twigs rather than forming bunches on the end. They are shaped like the head of a spear, you know, the sort of spear head they call leaf shaped, and are a sort of greyish green that goes well with the stem in a understated sort of way. I am trying to talk it up, but in truth it is quite boring, this gives me hope, why would anyone grow a plant this tender and this boring unless there is something spectacular at the end of it? After all wisteria takes seven years before it flowers.

I still haven't figured out where it came from before the table, I do hope it is not some exotic weed, introduced with the now dead plant or something like poinsettia that is spectacular for a bit and then goes to looking normal, it is very normal looking despite all the care it requires.