

Letter to the Dandelion

Sometimes I forget the beauty of silence,
How your seeds are burrowed in their slumber
even though they know the feeling of flight,
And after carrying all those wishes
you wonder how they ever managed to land,
The soil now "Home."
The rain now blessing from what once was freedom.
And in all this quiet,
The dandelion learns what it means to grow,
What it means to give themselves over to life,
How to reach towards the light
And learn to fly once more.

Lavender Love

That morning you gave me daisies,
Their petals formed the dialogue falling from your lips,
And when we danced,
We were Posy poses as the sunflower beats down on our foreheads,
Its color,
as bright yellow as the carnations I gave you,
Our eyes finding one another just as Forget-me-nots reach for the light.

The Earth Beneath Us

The lilacs

Are my Grandmother's favorite.

Planted on the side of the road,
their violet shades are a compass pointing home.

And the tulips sprouting in the front yard,

All Rembrandt colors,

A gift from her granddaughter.

That Spring season it bloomed

and too soon the petals

fell away,

The flowers

leaning towards the dirt

As if to say:

Home at last,

Home at last.