Burnout

Reena George

Old Easter lilies, leaves wilting, when all around grass gleams, palms dapple, trees fruit.

One morn, they were shorn, chopped, bruised, green things, burnt out.

“How will they survive?” I asked the gardener. “The bread-winner leaves cannot work.”

“The bulbs will grow,” He said.

“How can bulbs grow without the leaves that fed them?”

“The quiet womb of Mother Earth and safe sure arms of Father Heaven have food enough,” He said.

Un-knowing, un-doing, just being, seasons passed in moons and stars.

Then a brave shy flower, a babe in arms, heard the Light, smiled colors bright, and Christmas dawned on Easter morn.

Peer Reviewed: Submitted 31 Jan 2021, accepted 19 Feb 2021, published 30 July 2021

Competing Interests: None declared.

Correspondence: Reena George, Christian Medical College, Vellore, India. reena.vellore@gmail.com


© Author. This is an open-access article distributed under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution License, which permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original author and source are properly cited. To view a copy of the license, visit http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/