



Burnout

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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.

“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.

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