

THE MERGE OF SEASONS

The energy of the sun in the moon is waning
Dark nights approach with solitude
Time to pack paddles away

These are the moons that guide paths

The loud world recedes
Night and day share the sky

LEAVES AT THE TIME OF HUNTING

Wind picks up
Beaded rain streaks through the sky
Yellow leaves of autumn dance

Soloists are lifted
Gliding as they slide back down
Showcasing the spectrum of the sun

An unbroken raindrop rests on my eyelash
A lens through time
The street becomes an overlay

The leaves land on the uneven dirt of years past
No longer sundered by clay and concrete

Shrubs and berry bushes replace closely parked cars
The wind clears the clutter of these unnatural obstructions

The land awaits the playful dance of timeless leaves

FOXGLOVE IN THE PINES

The Pines have always thrived
They stand tall
Here before time was measured in script
They will remain long after the world resets

Foxglove came on ships
From lands that were not cared for
Vulnerable with little knowledge
Lacking foresight

Foxglove found shelter
Burgeoned in the shade of the Hemlock, Spruce, and Pine
Foxglove disregarded the symbiosis of the forest

Foxglove dug in and grew toxic
Became dangerous and flourished in the Pines
Sunset pinks and violets showing off for the woodlands
Protected by the stoic evergreens that never fall

Foxglove unaware of the richness of the forest
Never satisfied to take their place as part of the grove
Will not know the connected roots that raise the canopy
The Pines will still stand tall

THE HIVE

The colony thrived on the hive
Underhandedly hid the honey
Eviscerated the pollinating flowers

The keepers of the land held on to take space
Left shadows of the land in stories
Honey preserved in glass jars and treaties