



Under tree canopy
By Megan Kaminski

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by oakleaf hydrangea
sipping creekside, watching fat bumblebees
drunk and stumbling. In shade in shelter
our smallness grows into something strong
no longer afraid to take up space or yield
to powdery blossom.
Peonies, dogwood, and shining blue star,
gentle teachers of sweetness of stopping
to breathe and soft touch. Maybe it's true that we
are all alone together. Able to imagine a
variety of sadnesses other than our own and,
in that seeing, our chance to open to face the sun.
Young robins chatter incessant and willow leaves
curl waxy green in fingers providing company and counsel:
How to fall over again and again and keep going.
How easy to linger in the wayside, sit by the water
and allow each verdant brush to transform
seed into wily seedling, bud to pink flower.
How to realize each expectant whisper in our own heart.

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