Dear shoots of Spring,

Thank you for resurrecting, in spite of me my missteps and mistakes forgetting to let you be:

> Comfrey Yarrow Kiss-me-at-the-gate Bird's-eye speedwell Cranesbill Lamb's-ear Violet

Life greens through your veins, unburdened, unselfconscious.

Does your thriving carry meaning? No matter, *i* am trying:

To listen? To be present.

To be?

To be glad.

To rejoice, like Demeter:

Welcome.

Session 3 assignment – Epistolary Poem studioELL F455i / Writing & Practice: Art-ing Across Genres Professor Anastacia-Renée