

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.