

Easter 1999 by Peter Bankson

Faithful

lavender

azalea,

grown rangy,

reaching for the summer sun these many years,

you did not ask to spend your life

beneath that tree

beside the porch.

God knows,

you might have hoped to raise a family

or write a book,

or even be the President.

I do not love you for your aspirations.

Today,

with crisp sun pouring through the leafless oak,

you offer what you have:

a feast of orchid trumpets,

bold enough to raise the dead.

Faithful. lavender azalea,

I love you for your patient greening.

I celebrate your trembling tribute to the risen Christ:

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