

Springtime Abandonment

It took a lot of energy to bloom so mightily.
And a long time, a whole year.
Now, once again, the wind has stripped me to leaves.
All I could do was stand there and take it.
No place to hide and I can't run anyway.

The wind heard my laments, my complaints.
It couldn't put my blooms back on my twigs.
But it noticed and cared,
swept up my blossoms into a whirlwind.
Momentary abundance of swirling lively beauty,
enough memory to last a year.

Pat Conover