

Resurrection Fern

There is a plant that I see when I ride my bike around the little island where I sometimes go. When the sun is burning bright and hot it withers and dies. Unable to handle the blazing light and bright heat. But then the clouds roll in and the air smells like mist and it comes back. It resurrects itself. It needed to be watered. It needed to cool off and to rest in the mossy shade. Clinging to the strong oak draped in gray ghosts. The oak that carries it. Knowing that sometimes the little plant will wither and brown. But it will always come back. The oak knows what the little fern needs to thrive. And the little fern, over the course of many rise and falls, grows and grows. Drawing in air and water and finding a home on its oak. Never stealing life from one another. They are the perfect little family. Resting with one another. Weathering the heat. And resting in the rain.

Underground River

There is a time to float in your underground river. The one that flows under all those smiles. To float away in its rough water and drown yourself off its stony shores. Sometimes the water is so warm it's hard to climb out. Its easier to just stay there. Eyes just over the waterline watching the above-ground world go by, ducking under when they look your way. But the river is greedy and jealous it wants you there in its depths. So when you find a place where the water is calm, you have to climb out. Sit on its shore for a bit. Enjoy the quiet. But climb out. Climb out and see the above-ground world. The world where you left your home. The river makes you forget home. But home is there. Above ground. And home is waiting for you. With a fire in the hearth and something warm to eat. And someone to love. And fields to explore. Some days you will go to

your underground river. But now you go for the moment of quiet. To see the water rush and rage. Or the see the water glide past like glass. But now, instead of walking into the water, you come home. Home to the above-ground world. Home to me.

Tiger Tiger

I was ready for a little madness in my life. A little wild. I hear him following me. Striding behind all that brush and thistle in my mind. All around him smashed. Hammer heavy at his feet. The ground around him scorched and smoking. He watches and waits. There is a little madness there. A little chaos. I tremble at the thought but he pushes through to me. I can feel the heat on his skin. The flash in his eyes. Then I see it. I see that he is trembling. He is trembling like me. All I know of him rushes over me. All the darkness that has followed him. All that solitude. While I was out tending sheep he was chasing down his demons. And now he is here. Looking at me. Ready for some rain and green pastures. So I take him in. And I take in a little of his wild. And he takes a little of my calm. And we tend the sheep.