

## ***Cocoon***

*If it were up to me  
I'd stay where I am  
easy, comfortable and familiar  
with few demands or pressures  
to tax my equilibrium.*

*But as I am  
I am full of silent passions and urgent pleadings  
that don't allow impatient thoughts to take root  
Restless wanderings  
that steer me into winter winds.*

*So that fate plays upon me as a butterfly  
flitting about me and teasing me into believing  
I am the one with wings  
Only to leave me on a passing breeze  
Still inside my cocoon.*

## *Homecoming*

*Even when you're here*

*you're not*

*The distances you travel*

*are less in reality than*

*in your return*

*And the more you go away*

*the harder our greetings become.*

*Because I am doubtful*

*and scared*

*I trusted too easily before*

*and took too much for granted*

*so that I am watchful*

*I hide my true self behind a*

*veil of passivity*

*And yet I enjoy you*

*and feel myself being rooted*

*in water*

*Not ready to be transplanted into*

*more solid bedding*

*But freshly sprouting as*

*you come home to me.*

### ***Stripped***

*I watched as the papery bark  
on a crooked birch tree  
sloughed off  
and was blown about by  
the fickle wind*

*I, too, have been stripped,  
layer by layer, of all  
that I am  
left bare and exposed  
to cruel condemnation*

*And just as the spindly tree's  
new cloak,  
stronger and more vibrant,  
grows robust under  
the discarded flesh*

*So will I be  
transformed and renewed by  
the healing force lying  
in wait under  
the brokenness.*

## ***My Garden***

*When I'm in my garden*

*I rejoice*

*With old friends*

*Reliable and steadfast*

*And new discoveries*

*Exciting and unexpected*

*But mostly*

*when I'm in my garden*

*I'm free*

*Free from others' judgment*

*Free from life's*

*capricious bias*

*In my garden*

*the chipmunks dance of*

*possibility and the hydrangeas*

*whisper encouragement*

*And I am reminded*

*the world is beautiful again.*

## *Season of Renewal*

*The leaves have fallen from the  
trees and the dazzling parade  
of glorious color is now*

*dull brown*

*But beneath the dying and  
decay of decadent, unabashed beauty*

*lies the hope, almost promise, of  
a new interval of fresh, vibrant possibility  
And just as I wait patiently, expectantly*

*for the array that*

*is destined to come,*

*I anticipate my own season of renewal.*