

“A Flower”

Born into a desolate land
with plains of ash and sand:
no green, no leaf, no cloud;
the sky around a burial shroud.
All life here of human kind
have impressed upon their mind
no thoughts of meadowlands or of birds,
no grassy plains or herds,
no dreams, no future assured,
no growth or hopeful word.
And with an infant mind
did a view of present and past combine.
And as I walked I saw through time
a view at first so sublime
of what beauty had been here,
what before people held so dear,
for where once a tree has stood
is now only dead gnarled wood.
I viewed this desolation

but found no consolation
as then I saw what once was grass
now is only dust and wind blown ask.
And a boon became a bane
for with this sight came pain.
I walked the land a forlorn soul,
for seeing this alone took its toll.
Then upon one dreary dawn
as I walked along
this shadowed, wasted land
juttred up from the sand
the husk of what used to be
quite an imposing tree.
And out from between
its hard dead roots I foreseen
the small but strong face
of a flower determined to grow in this place.
An echo of the earth
our ancestors knew from birth
was resounding in my view,
the beauty they once knew,
and blew the spark within
of hope to flame again.