

As a Flower . . . So am I

by Kristen Clay

Whither the wind blows
I shall not go,
But rather I shall bend
To its direction
While holding my stand.

I shall grow and change,
Blow West and East.
I shall bud in the Spring
And lie dormant in the Winter
Yet never shall I be uprooted.

Though my roots may grow deeper
Or spread forth from my origin
The bulb from which they came
Will never change its place.

Though I collapse and die
I shall fall back to the spot
From which I came.

I shall begin my new existence,
Showing a new face and color,
And perhaps I shall bend
To different winds, but always
I shall hold my stand.

Brown County

by Dick Pearson

Distant hills on fire
Blazing red and golden leaves
Melting in the haze
Swirling like woodsmoke
Drifting deep into valleys
Masking sharp detail
Pointillistically.