

that. When we tend the garden, it yields

Flora-  
Scope  
Rosa-  
X:  
You  
will  
prove  
hearty  
&  
your  
labor  
yield  
blos-  
soms.



after two weeks of rain

the second bloom came

the second bloom came

*Bee's*  
*Balm:*  
Your  
soul  
will  
call  
pilg-  
rims  
who  
thirst  
for  
nec-  
tar.

The lily opens, closes—

*Day-  
Lily:*  
This  
day  
will  
offer  
gifts  
simple  
of  
won-  
der,  
grow-  
ing.



Violet bristled gayfeather, those fine  
tendrils, so thin, so singular.

*Liatris*

Like  
star  
blaze  
you  
shoot  
from  
long  
winter  
sleep  
to  
climb  
sky.



*Pere-  
nnial:*

Dirt's  
finest  
verse,  
your  
music  
bears  
repea-  
ting.  
We  
Wait.  
Sing  
again.

as

Bee's balm: fiery forest tops a stalk.

*Bee's*

*Balm:*

Your

soul

will

call

pilg-

rims

who

thirst

for

nec-

tar.



Day

Lily

This

day

will

offer

gifts

simple

of

wonder,

growing.

late July

glass slivered, we see life & light,

&