

## To New Beginnings

To new beginnings  
There is always an end to the growing season  
Heraldic banners of campfire color leaves  
Announce the cold cloud sky  
And the gray and somber autumn breeze

At the end of each growing season  
I feel hopeful inside  
Gratefulness stokes my ramshackle heart  
Reminding me that I too will survive

Gratefulness for growing a variety  
Of vegetables and fresh herbs  
Grateful for cultivating  
New friendship here in the suburbs

Gratefulness is another season  
Of filling your plate  
Gratefulness is another candle  
In the slice of your birthday cake

Gardening reminds me that even  
Season of ourselves pass us by  
Like a stray cotton cloud floating across  
The summer kissed sunset sky

Gardening reminds me there is always an end  
Years of our lives put aside again and again.  
But in gardening there are also boundless beginnings  
To explore the world around us and also deep within

## After The Rain

Rain clouds come to a crawl  
Over and across the treetops  
The cold dark bark  
Laden with drops  
Drape it's morning coat on.

Limbs push out after a storm  
A plea to the budding green spring sun  
Year after year  
Undisturbed hope  
Life slowly scuttling on.

Soon new seeds will yawn  
In the disappearing dawn's dew  
The mourning dove duets  
Coo a drowsy tribute  
To another day passing through

You are another ring,  
Another bud, another root  
May you find  
What makes you thrive  
Like nature intended you to.

- Fern

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