

SPRING '05

Sonia Weitz (2005)

ALONG THE ROAD THIS EARLY HOUR
I NEARLY STEPPED UPON A FLOWER
WHOSE HEAD WAS PEEKING
THROUGH THE GROUND
WITHOUT A SOUND...
I ALL BUT CRUSHED IT IN MY HASTE
O WHAT A WASTE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
HAD I NOT SEEN
THE BLOSSOM SMILE AT ME
AND WINK
THE PETALS BLUSHING PINK
AWAKENING FROM WINTER'S SLEEP
SO FULL OF PROMISES TO KEEP...
I BENT MY HEAD IN SILENT PRAYER
JUST TO BE THERE
TO SHARE
A MIRACLE...