

Transitions Mantra

beneath fern fronds
among alders
beeches stagger
from crumbled soil

unsteady twigs
oversized leaves
they cluster close
as if afraid

afraid of skies
of hungry moose
and prowling bear
afraid of frost

the weight of ice
the midday moon
the midnight sun
salt-heavy winds

in the belly
of a cold earth
lie colder stones
so beech trees stretch

curious roots
on shallow paths
make companion
mycelium

and find fellow
hungry tendrils
of other new
souls stretching up

in sun-warmed dirt
they make a net
of journeying
of becoming

each rising bud
opens its face
to gather light
to carry light

lending what spills
to those still held
waiting, straining
abeyant night

stem grows to limb
limb lifts a trunk
roots remove stones
leaves shadow ferns

ants sing up trees
birds sing down storms
bug nurseries
and mushroom towns

weak wee stragglers
now forest crowns
finger of hope
the hand that helps

swamp feeds alders
alders build gardens
birds carry seeds
squirrels bury

wasteland transforms
itself ever
into refuge
if we will wait

wait on my soul
I am greening
I am growing
I will shade you

until that day
will you shade me?