

True Blue Mantra

a gardener knows
what grows, fights to live
what lives, fights to grow
and survival costs
each being their scars

when petals unfurl
they lend their edges
to blistering sun
to battering hail
to withering drought

they invite the bees
to drink their nectar,
harvest their pollen –
they suffer the worms
to make lace of them

tucked safe in their seeds,
flowers are only
the idea of blooms –
until they risk all
to become themselves

until they open
wide their brave faces
and chance what will wound
accept what devours
laugh at what bruises

they will know nothing
of the beautiful
or of the joyous –
the aspen's bright gold
only emerges

as summer retreats:
love does not fear truth.
truth does not vanquish
anything that grows –
abide in blooming.

Cassondra Windwalker