

...june 1, 2011...

between the woodpile and the pond  
past heron wings and goldfish spawn  
a salmon-coloured afternoon  
swims into rainy skies of spring –

the pale pink of thunder skies  
echoes earthen rumblings  
with chickadees and goldfinches  
darting to their hidden nests –

giant rhododendron blooms  
drop crimson petals one by one  
tossed by winds to disappear  
into a dance of hummingbirds –

all of nature bates its breath  
from knowing to unknowingness  
as – in the blinking of an eye –  
the storm transfigures all of us.

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