



To a Wild Rose Poetry Contest 2010

Second Place:

Aubrey Orne-Adams, Sandia Park, NM

“Lilac Season

Aubrey Orne-Adams

The arms of the bush dip low in the morning
as if they are trying to extend their flowered fingertips
and stroke the dewy grass below

They seem content
existing in the spring breeze
which provokes them to bend and sway
like slowly dancing marionettes

The tiny purple blossoms are as powerful as a whim
and just as bright

They contrast against the hushed green
of their individual umbilical cords
that create thin veins
each one mapping its way back to the source

Together the pieces of this life form a powerful entity
and the rolling scents of their combined efforts
make love to the delicate air

It is nothing short of a miracle to behold
the freckled bush resting like lace against the harsh form of manmade wood

This is proof
of a hopeful future
where growing bushes thrive
and writers paint through water stains

But all things die
and live again

Spring dwindled into summer
and the bush once teeming with life
faded into darkness

The practiced arms stood erect without their flowers to weigh them down
The green melted into a hardened brown

Time rolled on
as did the world
without much thought given to a breathing being that
now lay skeletal and secretive

Autumn starved out the rest of the garden
the grass that was once strong enough to capture morning dew
became coarse and untouchable
The surrounding flowers that had once danced to a primal melody
lost their wings and fell apart
The frost that came during the winter was bitter
and strangled any remaining signs of life
In the place of the shining something beautiful
there lay a desolated landscape
buried in a tomb of ice

But time heals
and nothing ends forever

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