

Patterns

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [June 29, 2004](#) issue

Concept of green, shape of a crystal bird,
Color and form locked in the synapses
Even neuritic plaque cannot destroy—
Although we cannot know with certainty.
But by the evidence there must exist
A sense of order, of a certain kind,
And things appear where they have never been,
In neat arrangements of a different kind.
Among the lambent eggs and crystal birds,
Given as gifts to a beloved one,
I find green leaves torn from a growing plant,
Arranged in shape, a graceful trinity:
O, I am glad I did not say a word,
Perhaps she thought green leaves would feed the bird.