

# Climbing the pasture, I lowered my head

by [Paula Bohince](#) in the [July 11, 2006](#) issue

Through lashes,  
saw the weave of the crocus  
blowing backwards, and in this motion  
recognized my life,  
the full sadness of existence,  
but wanted it still:  
the earth and its sugars, these days  
like a bridge I could cross.