Flamboyance

by D. S. Martin in the April 17, 2013 issue

The wild rose summer’s flower
along the fading path grows sweet
though it only lives & dies to itself
& spring’s unseen trilliums in forest shade
are lost only to us if the haste
of our lives won’t let us pass
Such flamboyance draws things
on delicate wings & never goes to waste
though like grass soon withering

The scientist in lab coat or hip-waders
knows to seek meaning in what he observes
The poet suspects the right metaphors
await her astir in stream glisten
afloat in pond stillness
asleep in forest glade
for *nature makes nothing in vain*
Colour & camouflage ash & flame
seem ready to re-ignite as we listen