

“Flowering” by Linda Buckmaster



Pick a crevice, A homey gap
Between stones
And make it your own.

Grow a life here
From wind
Rain and the memories of ancients
Embedded in the limestone

The bees will use you
For their sweet honey.
The rock will soften under
Your touch.
You will draw moisture from fog
And hold it.
Your presence
Will build soil.

This is all we have
In this life
All we own:
An opening
A gap between stones
For tiny tender roots.