

Early saxifrages

A rest
Burning of the fields
This darkness
Black ash attracts the sunlight
Awakening green plants below
To sprout and be fed so well
Grow tall

Pink clouds streak across the sky
Spring peepers sing in all directions
New paths in the fields
The smell of burn across the land

Warm pockets of air
Sun sets in oranges and pinks
Soft pastel hues in the trees
Dry grasses on our left
Black burnt earth on our right

We walk slowly
Speaking of salt and honey
I touch the brittle dark grasses
Scorched Earth
Generative life

The moon in her sliver emerges with one bright star at her center
She will return tomorrow to make it all right again
Three black walnut trees
Freed from the vines that choked them for years,
Remnants hanging from the branches

Those wrecked with grief
Can find solace in this place

Reorient to the trees
The setting sun, the moon and stars
The frog song from the waters
My heart
Full of the smell of burned earth, awaiting new life
We return

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