

Something Green

By Marilyn Reeves

Protected from the wanton winds of winter.
Covered by a blanket of snow,
Inside a protective shell beneath the surface
Of the cold, hard ground
It sleeps. Unaware.

After many months
The winter winds give way
To the warm, gentle breezes
Of the coming spring.

As the snow starts to melt
The frozen ground begins to thaw
And water trickles down,
Softening the shell.

Inside. the tender shoot is growing
And soon breaks through, unfurling.
It reaches up, searching, probing
For an opening in the ground.

It reaches up, up, up -
Thrusting toward the light of the sun.
It grows bigger, bolder,
Rejoicing in the coming of spring.

The tender shoot begins transforming.
It's on its way to becoming.
And it shall celebrate life by being
Something green.