

# Poetry

## Green Force

On the morning my daughter flies to Kathmandu she emails:  
We've packed our lives  
into our bags – everything we need for 5 months  
on our backs. We have room left over.  
The day she was born I held her  
tight and let her go.  
Here, world, I said.  
She's yours, I said,  
not knowing who yours was —  
just that she wasn't mine  
for keeps, but on loan.  
The Sumacs and Maple  
have been setting themselves on fire  
all week. Red-orange explosions.  
It's in their blood, this give-away.  
I stand under the Maple,  
under the falling, open  
keys of the Maple.

– *Cornelia Hoogland, Yarmouth MM*

## Reflections on an old road

I love the sight of something overgrown  
Where human foot has trodden heavily  
And now is gone:  
A vine-entangled gate,  
A weed-choked path,  
Nature reclaiming what once was paved or bounded.

I love to see the sapling break through stone,  
Wild grape and wildflowers obliterate  
A fence or wall,  
Neatly-drawn lines erased,  
Angles and squares  
(Our foolish presumptions) now made blunt and  
rounded.

Oh, I am blessed when God reclaims God's own –  
With holy fingers disassembling all  
We thought was ours,  
By storm and sunlight,  
Green growth, rush of air:  
I am at home when nature puts me in my place.

– *Beverly Shepard, Hamilton MM*

Was Eliot right? Is April truly the cruelest month?  
Or maybe just the month  
of broken promises?

May is more reliable. April is just May with an attitude.

April this year was just being itself: lots of rain, some piles of snow in  
secret places under the trees. The part humans created was typical too:  
muddy roads and potholes in proportion to our use of the only road into  
Argenta. But then there were those perfect days when the eternal seemed to  
reach down and say "Come play with me."

– *Jack Ross, Argenta MM*