



Love is Evergreen

My mother knows about resurrection
Where do you think this phoenix got her wings?

She is bent over her garden
Hands elbow-deep in dirt
She is bringing back life to barren soil
Face fixed in concentration
She pours herself into the rich dark earth
Fertilizing it with her vision
She knows that hope is a perennial
That trials and tribulations are annuals

My mother will cut down flowers
to make way for new growth
She reminds me that sometimes beautiful things must be
discarded so that more beauty may take its place

She knows that every seed has the potential for growth but only if
you care for it
A firm believer in the grass being greener only where you water it

She speaks to them
Telling me that they can hear her words of encouragement knowing
that words have power
She tells them to blossom
They do

She doesn't have green thumbs
She possesses green hands
Cuts pieces of plants
Places them in water until roots appear
Making magic
creating something from nothing
She sees endless possibilities
I've watched things flourish under her care
My mother knows about resurrection
So when my father died
She went to her garden
She dug deep into the womb of mother earth
Her tears watering the plants
Helped give birth to a riot of beauty
She brought forth life when everything around us felt like death

Her own form of silent protest
My father loved the flowers
She has taught us that love is evergreen

