

Nascent

Lonesome in growth
duly sanctified by season
The orchid blooms in winter
suckled by dew unseen

There's a path, a light, a way
Foreign, familiar, fleeting
The winds that once spoke here
do not sound this spring

But the known petrichor of summer
is held by slate born shadow
it lives inside the budding
and earth laden forest floors

See, blanketed in autumn
and stippled in quiet dawn
How from the twilight of decay
our nascent spirits call

Written by Bronte Engel

