

A Nature Poem    March 19, 2026

The dew whispers to the earth

“Wake gently from your sleep, stir the grasses, bushes, other plants.

Now is your time. Put on a show.”

The dandelions show their bravado, trying to do yoga stretches  
to impress the daffodils.

They are happy even if they don't succeed. They still smile.

Birds whistle their approval for budding tree branches,  
unfazed by daylight savings time or human obsession with time.

Meanwhile the wind blows, calling to the mountains and reaching for the clouds.

It sings of colors, flowers, rain and seeds which it will carry. Come away with me.

All herein bring praises for their Creator. They seek respect not reward.

They bring love but don't need your applause.

The animals and plants tell me there's still work to be done.

But rest for a minute and breathe all this in. It is enough. It is good.

