

YEARS LATER

Don Thompson

No, you can't put blossoms back on the trees
After wind or an unexpected freeze,

No more than love survives bluster and chill
Intact. Feelings are easy enough to kill.

Even if all goes well, love soon scatters
Its own petals for what really matters,

Clenches its roots in the dirt and knuckles down
To the hard work of fruit for which it was sown.

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