

GENTLE FLUTTERED PARTINGS

Dandelion bouquets
cover the tombstone of
my friend, spreading still.

Blown too soon, we all are
white-petal-stripped,
green stems standing

bold upright & alone.
Tender seed carried and
yet carries joy abroad

landing soft, returning
home, wrapped in gossamer
white, sprouting still.

Pain flutters, scattering
the wind—hushed
by butterfly wings.

Wishes reach out, waiting
space to word, for his wisdom
yet walks with silence, with calm.

Snow fluttering gentle
o'er my empty heart—memory
visits—love outlasting life.

Bonnie Raingruber