

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

BLOOMING

Spring freckled
and tender
simple openings
are said to be purview
of flowers & fawns.

Roses open, never knowing
to fear death, unfolding
trust one petal at a time.
Ice melts from the outside in, until
nothing is left of the core.

A nurse smiles
gentleness, watching
it grow deeper, etching off
the armor pain rusted around her,
cracking beauty old.

With the force of a falling leaf,
control lets go in a hurt heart
veining autumn gold. A lone hand,
extended, reaches protection.
Simple openings are safety.

—Dr. Bonnie Raingruber