

CHANGES

Red breaks through green,
birthing two tulips.

Stop o’ertakes go.
Relationships bloom & pause.

Fast-forwarded to gone, it takes
two clicks to do things differently.

Chocolate-dipped cones collapse within
when the ice cream has melted away.

The tide filters past,
settling sand $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch out

from under any certainty
my footprints have known.

Celebrate—change is from the cradle.
Growth is a tender opening.

—Bonnie Raingruber