

In a Time of Pestilence

Sun.

Blue sky.

Bright clouds

branching, drifting

from ones still gathered

and dark, dark.

The slender catkin

of willow, multipronged,

escaped

from its velvet stage,

silver turned green,

opens its pollen to light.

The rose bellflowers

of salmonberry hang,

scarcely spaced

among the partnered

new green of leaves.

Folded stamens wait

for petal fall

to burst.

Now and then,

even in chill,

a bumblebee

alights,

sustaining life,

simply

doing its job.

—Edith M. Walden