

Masthead Logo

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the Gardener

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Footer Logo

the Gardener

Calia Kammer

through this landscape only known

by The Unknown

i hear the invitations—

dance with Me, dear, here in the desert;

I'll stay here swaying and leaping

until the creosote and parched salt flats

learn their rhythm again

on the forest floor we can crawl in awe

making sure to let every spiraling fungus and tender cedar needle

imprint our palms and knees.

Breathe in the hints of unbirthed springs travelling deep beneath us

and learn to smile at their mystery

careful now, tip-toe like I do here at the old oak tree

not out of timidity

but as to not wake the splintered seedling curled up among the low
branches

I kneel here at the mother oak's trunk
and stroke the little one's battered buds
until she is ready to wake
and meet the sunrise



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