

When finally she saw her offspring's glow,
Resurgent pride again began to flow;
Till suddenly the pattern broke forever.
...And Chelseanna posed her last endeavor.

THE GRANDAM'S ADOPTED GRANDSON

A country seed came to her rare-rich sod;
It mingled with the planned and pampered greens.
That tensely tended bed without a clod
Gave life and purpose to its field-formed genes.
The gangling outcast quickened into view,
Affronting well-shaped heads of better kind.
She tugged and slashed, but stealthily it grew
Firm feet ~~below the~~ rest she did not find.
Entwined, it was too late to dig again.
"Just try to make the best of it," friends said.
"Why, look, that's not a weed!" they shouted when
It blossomed out one spring with ~~seeds~~ rays of red.
And now she says she's not the least surprised
To see fine fruit she always recognized.