

GARDEN KINDERGARTEN

Blue heliotropes
opened wide young eyes, their lives
celebrating light

Their cells splurged color
tracked the sun all day then dropped
from sight together

The sun rose again
without flowers to follow
its westward progress

Cold rain rolled off leaves
Tears from children's leaf-shaped eyes
fell on dead petals

Leftover stalks bowed
making shadows on blank walls
Unseen roots waited

In April-- buntings
repeated the exact shade
Blue is never lost

--Glenna Holloway