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nursing home

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nursing home



“The Life and Miracles of Fisher Alumna Kristina Braell”

“nursing home”

we caretakers to the later winter, no trees that morn the cold.
spring, summer, and autumn- these branches tossed without breaking.
now rocked by the slightest wind, we watch them shatter.

i wanted their roots until the icy ground will no longer yield,
put my arms around the frail trunks,
listened as they told me of the spring, the summer, and the fall,
of what their tendrils had touched, what had flourished in their shade,
their admirers, the soil they anchored to a treacherous slope,
the difference they made on one small piece of earth.

the music of a new spring:
as warm ribbons of air can curl
through a wall of cool March winds.
feel them console, surround,
protect from the despair that late winter can bring.

it is my turn to speak, to reassure:
to tell the trees they will face the east,
that when the Sun’s rays stretch toward them,
they will only feel the gentleness, the warmth, and the love.

under the new moon, i sit near them and speak
of how the winter will never come again,
how their leaves will always be open the bright sky—
the Eternal Spring