

View from the Gazebo

Weariness drifts over the brindled lawn
around purple tips of crocuses
clusters of bulbs hidden in a crust of soil.

She wonders when she will travel beyond
the stone wall that encloses her garden
and what she will find there.

Bright tails flick the skin of water.
Circles fan outward
bend the reflection of a weeping cedar

that ripples, green-gold and fragile
calming soon to a deeper stillness.



Julie Hassett © 2012

From her micro-chapbook, *Arise*