

Wildflower Woods

by Alison Yoder

Take a stroll
through wooded ground,
where sits her cabin still.
There the moth and butterfly
on nectar sip their fill.

Take a seat
by Chestnut Oak
where birds their song compose,
with chirps, warbles, twills, and caws
in Spring and Summer prose.

Take a sweep
through flowered fields
where blossoms sweet and wild,
Trillium, Violet, Shooting Star,
display their grace in style.

Take a step
through Gene's lush world,
where flit the dragonflies.
There the Great Horned Owl awaits.
She calls and he replies.