

## Seasons Pass

In a pot  
Wilted flowers demand attention  
Below is a pit  
Holding the source of life

A score is told within the green  
But here brawn dominates  
Life had passage  
Perhaps a new form will emerge

The old lady scratches her weathered face  
Pondering her own life  
As she spades vacant pots  
Hoping for the same kindness in passing.

-- James W. Collins