love | bluebirds live forever
(and live by love | though the stars walk backward)
~ “dive for dreams,” by ee cummings

Winter’s winking soon away and
depth green shoots will soon remember how to live.
Sunshine’s weeping down the eaves, bluebirds are flying by
too close to the sun except, my love
bluebirds live forever — though
in the small days they disappear to darkened trees, the
realm of forest winter stars
whose lights expand the evergreens who walk
in winter stillness, embracing bluebirds as the stars of spring walk backward.

But winter’s winking soon away and
springtime stars will soon remember how to live.
Sunshine’s weeping down the eaves, bluebirds are flying by
in the starlight of the early spring, my love,
for bluebirds live forever.

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