

Sleeping Rhubarb

I wander out past you on snowshoe hikes

sleeping rhubarb.

Remembering your vibrant stalks in springtime,

one of the first to beckon warmer weather.

I stop, this once, wondering

if you sleep like I do

tucked in and snuggled tight

are your dreams like mine, of sun filled days and warm rain.



Phoebe Sol South Ryegate, VT



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