

## Rose Hips

I drift in  
    and out  
        of my body  
taut  
    then calm

youthful  
    then middle years

I stand before my reflection  
    looking in wonder  
—unfolding rose  
    each petal infused with  
    sweet aroma of discovery  
        opened by dew drops of curiosity  
maturing into rose hips  
    full:ripe—ready for regeneration

I am strong—  
    preparing for what I am birthing

In the softness of the moss  
    I climb back into my own womb  
    preparing for transformation

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