

Withered

Withered
i sent my
tap root
down deep
 deep
 deeper still
seeking succor
 following
 the silence
 until i found
 solace in
 wells of
 ancient wisdom

Ancient wisdom
 released me
 rising
 rising
to glimpse
 the new moon
 golden hints of waxing
 to fullness
 in predawn hour
 tip of green shoot
 on the surface

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