

## Life Mate

Like dogwood  
seen in bursting  
explosions  
of laced  
crochet  
woven  
into grey black

Like the first  
full flower of Spring  
rising from pale  
buds that starkly  
court the dying  
brown of waning  
Winter

You are  
like the dogwood  
that graces the edge  
of forest  
changing  
in the throes  
of full flush  
warmth  
from the softness  
of unnoticeable  
yellow buds  
to the burst  
of explosion  
in dazzling  
white  
of laced web  
tying the forests edge  
in a net of  
impending beauty