

Peapod

(for my daughter on her fifth birthday)

Precious seedling, so tender;
your frail appendages, so easily harmed.
In winter's snaps of cold
I embrace your essence.
You are wholesome,
and whole—
the completion of surroundings,
and the unity of self.

I am reverent
of your unblemished youth,
both curious and adventurous.
Your frail limbs,
modest, magnificent—
an extension of God's.

As you turn leaf to sun, thriving,
you devalue your growth;
for growth is imminent,
necessitous survival.
Yet, these elementary instincts
ravish my senses;
and my love is like vine,
boundless.

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