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Another Day Filled with Sleeves of Light

and I carry ripened plums,
waiting to find the one
who is interested in tasting.

How can we ever be known?

Today the lily sends up
a fifth white-tipped tendril, the promise
of another flower opening,
and I think, this must mean this plant
is happy, here, in this house, by this window.

Is this the right deduction?

The taller plant leans and leans toward the light.
I turn it away, and soon its big hands are reaching again
toward what nourishes it,
but what it can never touch.

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Couldn't the yellowing leaves of the maple

and their falling also be a sign of joy?

Another kind of leaning into.

A letting go of one thing

to fall into another.

A kind of trust I cannot imagine.