

Pick Flowers

by Mary Ricketson

Let me get away
from what is right,
what is wrong,
who needs what
and what needs me.

Let me breathe some air,
feel the rain on my face,
and bask in the smell
of fresh cut grass.

Let me roam the forest
where trees much taller
than me stand straight,
never stray, and stay
right where they need to be
never entertaining
one single doubt.

Let wind move me
against my will,
put my power
into perspective.

Let me walk these fields
until grass teaches me
how to grow.