

Dear Native Plants

By Christina Sparrow

Dear Beautyberry, hugging a tree,
I am grateful you marked the trail for me.
Your pop of purple pleases my eye
your juice, my tongue, as I hike by.

Dear Beach Sunflower, of salt and sand,
thank you for roots that bind the land.
Your corolla shines bright like midday sun
alerting pollinators there's work to be done.

Dear Muhly Grass, so modest all year,
then fleeting pink feathers dance on the shear
of cold winter wind, your mist a display
of hardy resilience, hope at play.

Dear Saw Palmetto, blanketing the ground,
army of green hedgehogs, mound after mound.
Old and wise, land's secrets you hold
bearing shelter and sustenance deep in your folds.

Dear Passionflower, climbing high,
vines that sprawl beneath star-studded sky.
Your fragile form a reminder still
of love and potential we are meant to fulfill.

I am humbled to share such wild space
walk paths enlaced with gentle grace
diverse converging, a brilliant show
in every corner miracles grow
revealing connections with human friends
stewards on whom our future depends.