

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 fine anatomy a reminder still  
of love and potential we are meant to fulfill.

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