



While the Cherry Trees Bloom

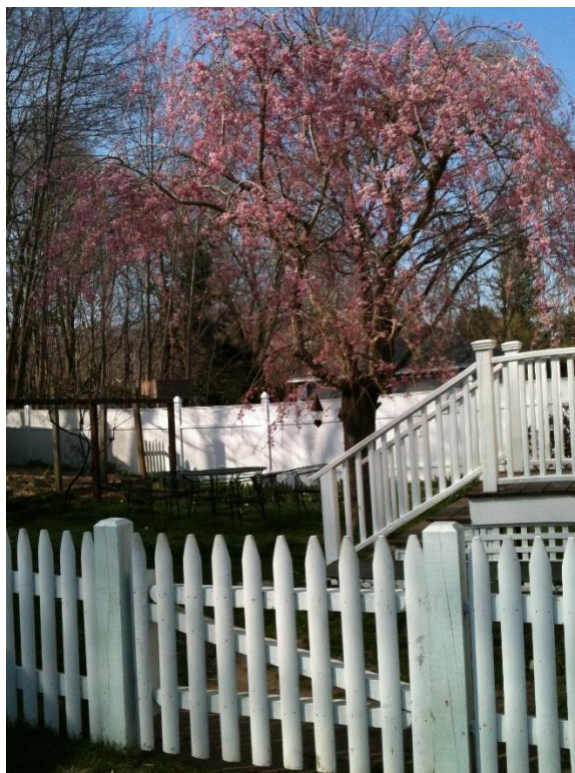
by
Joyce Wilson

*Isn't it miraculous that life doesn't stop
while the cherry trees bloom?*

Hanya Yanagihara, "The Enchantment Season,"
The New York Times Travel, November 17, 2019.

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Come and see the cherry trees
when their blossoms open in early May,
although that is changing now.



We live by the weather: sunflowers in summer,
red maple in autumn, snowdrops in winter,
and cherry blossoms in springtime.



The white cherry blossoms know that
it will rain soon, and the rain will be welcome.



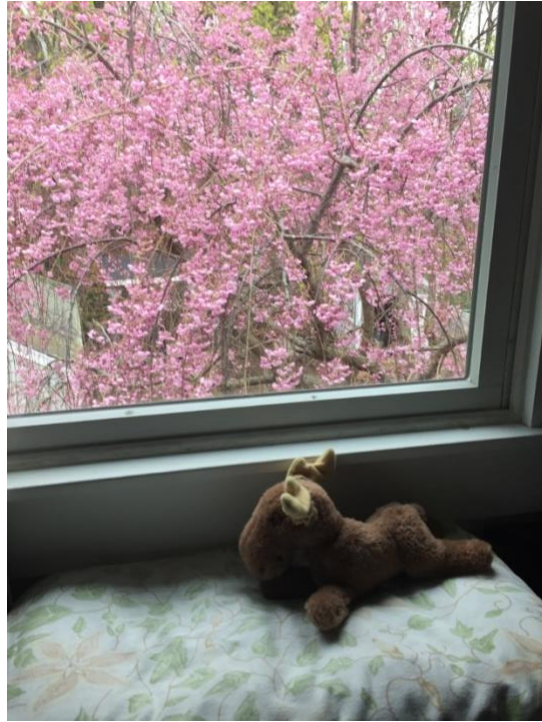
When the magenta buds of
the weeping cherry open,
they frame the surroundings.



The gathering multitude of petal stars
float, then flutter
and dance in the breeze.



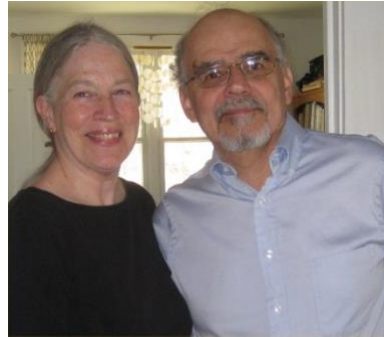
The twirling flowers sparkle and shine.
They promise to come again and again,
like heavenly dreams.



We sit for a minute
near the profusion of color.
Then twenty minutes pass.



We choose a book to read, enchanted
by the completion of pink beauty
before it is lost in the sweep of time.



*Joyce bought the weeping cherry from a nursery in Braintree
in 1982 and brought it home to Scituate
in her sister's Volkswagen.*

*The white cherry was on the property when she and John
bought the house at 158 Hollett Street
in Scituate in 1975.*



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