

Cherry Blossoms

Joseph Ostapiuk

She was just tall enough
to reach their boughs,
bending; her golden tresses
flowing earthward,
each pale silken petal
a canvas to her eyes
and a gentle face to caress.
All seemed motionless
when she stopped to paint
their blossoms,
as if heaven had held its breath
and no birds sang,
and not a breath stirred through the trees
when she lifted her fingers
towards their leaves
so that not one would fall
from its branch.

And in her eyes I can see
the spring that once filled mine
and remember the arms
where not a joy or love
would ever be lost or forgotten.