

The Sea Lavender

(for Phyllis Morris)

She told me it was a rare flower
to unfold against the sharp prairie wind

She wanted me to remember her
with each renewal of the pale blooms

I planted it among my flowers
and five springs saw its frail white

But the sixth spring was empty
and the seventh, though our friendship grew

Soon the sea lavender became a bloom
only in the quiet garden of my mind

That was thirty years ago this spring
Last winter she died But this morning

the May sun breathed a new mystery for me
The sea lavender awakened in my garden

GLEN SORESTAD