

# Path

The wet path struggled  
to hold me back.  
Spring's tough bracken  
and branches hunched with rain  
slapped my face.

Out of breath  
I stopped midway. Swung  
to stillness, the limbs that overhung  
dangled new green beads of elderberry,  
and each suspended in a clear globe of  
rain  
the upended image of the trees.

In that magnified miniature  
my green path curved toward the sky.

By Kathleen Moore