

ESOL3 Amalgam Poem, 3/31/23

**Sun warms the world as
usual. I try to follow the traces
that remain, but I get lost.
The days pass by, the seasons
change, trees sing when
the wind passes by, minutes uncoil
like ferns, growing
into invisible green hearts.**

**But life moves on, one step
at a time. Hands stretch into
noon, night, life—
Death. There are rocks
in my mind. People join
the colorful picture
of nature. Maybe at some
point in their lives, their
minds also lean back and
smile, having nothing
to do.**

**Rivers flow. Pebbles
weep. Slivers of silver
slip through this wide
wide land,
singing nature
to sleep.**

— Vy '23, Sutra '24, Craye '24, Ruby '25, Aurora '26, & Ms. R 3/31/23

**Written in response to "Taken by Each Thing", by Linda Gregg, *The Paris Review*, issue no. 93,
Fall 1984.**

Aurora '26 quote: "Life is Bequeathed by nature; therefore, give nature life."