



(Photo: Fresh Leaf breaking through Asphalt, the Alps)

On the Wayside

What's a weed but the
unwanted noise of another
man's music. But beyond the margin,
that little strip of uncultivated life
to the side of a well-traveled road,
rank growth is my splendor.

Everything needs a place to be, and here,
even the weeds feel at home,
a free space where the troublesome
have gathered together, unfolding
their own songs, *f l o w e r i n g* in peace.

Cliff Crego