

## February Dreams

February seeds silently recall all,  
As if winter's death were a silky dream,  
And the influx of the new sun's warmth  
Were the spark and flash of remembrance.

March will bring the quickening sprouts,  
April the lush early growth,  
May the flowering of procreation--  
And then February dreams will fade away.

How many memories must there be  
When seeds reclaim their hold on warming soil?  
How many seeds are there? How many lives?  
In the stillness of my heart I hear: "One."

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