

## **Iris**

As flower, we call you “flag”  
And admire your proud performance  
In the garden’s perennial parade

As eye, you are the orb of color,  
Hazel, blue, or brown round of a  
Larger whole capable of seeing

As prismatic arc, iridescent,  
You are Greek for “rainbow”

Form, color, light: We gather you  
Into the hold of our imagination.

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## **A Place for Everything**

Today I was reminded  
that everything need not be kept  
in its respected expected place.

Rearrangement can be instructive.

And so I was surprised, and not a little pleased  
to find the binoculars and open bird book  
on the kitchen counter beside the fruit bowl.

My mate, home alone,  
weaving the feathers and strings of thought  
into his philosophy assignment,

had gifted himself time in another universe  
and left me the evidence:

“The woodpecker I observed feeding is described on this page.  
These objects, left for you to find, are witness to a grace.”

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## **The Pond**

Rain-thirsty banks look kiln-baked.  
Turtles still thrive in the emptying bowl.  
They swim to us in seeming curiosity  
Or sun themselves on the dry edges.  
A yellow-legged green heron visits  
And one evening a fox with three kits.  
Once, waiting for another sign to mediate  
The loneliness, a doe arrived at dusk.  
The head appeared, breaking through the  
Tangled thicket opposite, birthing wonder.  
This world is not yet empty; can still stage  
Return of being that swims, flies, strides  
Into our vision emptying like the pond.

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