



## OFFERING

From one day  
to the next  
seems a difference

between drought  
and flood,

corporations  
and the poor.

Should we pack  
our suitcase  
for the future?

We bend over  
gardenias  
in the back yard,

salvia, rosemary,  
daylilies just now  
blazing

wondering if nature  
can withstand  
our age,

sun fighting  
with wind and rain,

wars consuming  
everything

we believe.

Time to visit  
the cemetery, bring

the pure lilies  
we picked  
this morning

as our offering  
to the dead.

We owe them  
our knees  
and this stab at

continuing

paying homage  
to names

and all  
that's green.

—David Radavich