

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Nina Rubinstein Alonso

Orchids

Orchids doze for
months in my front window
though inches away
snow spins icicle knives

winds dog-howl without
disturbing a blossom
I expect them to dry up
wither away ghost-shrink die

but one skinny stick
pokes from a clutch of leaves
bumpy nothing decides to sprout
a curved stem of buds

I've survived encyclopedias of winters
gotten pretty good at letting go
expecting nothing so what to do
with tiny worlds of surprise

surrender to myth
while pondering creation
and when blooms open up
take my harp and sing.