



The Bulb

The bulb arrived in the mail one day,
Someone sending greetings my way,
And what a nice gift that bulb was,
A fitting assistance to my cause.

The bulb arrived as I was contemplating
What the Biden Administration was creating,
I was all caught up in the new beginning,
And also with the era that was ending.

Into this transition Amanda Gorman spoke,
And delivered an inaugural masterstroke,
Talking of a country not broken but unfinished,
A performance that left my spirit replenished.

This poignant moment by this young woman,
Made me very proud as an aging human,
Knowing there are fine voices coming behind,
The past and future intertwined.

There is so much symbolic in this brown bulb,
An endpoint of last year becoming a hub,
A new set of leaves breaking from their bonds,
The result of the shamans waving their wands.

For what is rebirth but a magical mystery?
A package of hope - a metaphysical delivery,
A sign that life will again be restored,
A rainbow, a good sign, a resonant chord.

So I check on the bulb most every day,

And watch the green make its way,
Up out of the ground, into the air,
Shooting for the stars, taking the dare.

And then the flower unfolds to the sun,
Oh my, the promise will not be undone,
Greatness can in fact be attained,
It's faith that simply must be maintained.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we'll grow a flower
To restore faith in you.