

THE LOOP

My grandson and I take a walk
at Skylands Manor, stopping
frequently to talk about the sights
and sounds of a warm winter day.

He asks where the flowers are
and I tell him they are sleeping
until spring. We talk about the pine

trees with their still-green needles
and pick some of various shades
and sizes to compare.

When we pass the pond we wonder
where the turtles have gone. He says
maybe they are sleeping too.

He picks up fallen sticks and small branches
and when we come upon a downed tree
he tells me the wind has knocked it down.

As we near the end of our walk down
the Van Gogh path we find a fledgling
branch with tiny green needles and a baby
pinecone as right as rain.

Joan Page-Durante

