

## **Planting in Fall**

by George Vukelich

We planted bulbs one day in Fall  
the north wind not cooling us at all.  
My son talking to each and all,  
Have a good sleep. See you next Spring.

The oaks now etched in bold relief.  
The winter coming like a thief.  
His bare hands holding his great belief,  
my son talking and starting to sing.

From that day I began to know  
the presence that lets flowers grow.  
There is a path we all must go  
bringing to life each long dead thing.