



## **Garden Holiday**

*Story by Olivia Bautch*

*Photo by Kelly Volz*

On a recent evening I took a walk, hoping to again see the periwinkle flowers. A week before I had taken this same

Fernwood stairway and found so many delicate inflorescences, yet now they had disappeared.

Spring ephemerals tell of time and fragility. They may spend years without bloom, identified by intricate shapes and tonal variations of their leaves.

The absence of canopy in late winter lets light reach the woodland floor where the wildflowers are rooted. When the sepals finally unfurl, these small beauties have short time in the sun, providing for early insects.

It is a long-awaited break from the ordinary, a holiday of pastel-tinged petals at our feet. Within weeks the plants will fade to blend in with the ground. They will not die but lay in dormancy, and all will be as it was.

That day I found instead a new blue cluster- from one ending, a beginning. The flowers seemed to beckon the embracing of a moment as they spoke their name: "forget me not."