

## Every Stage, Every Season

– *For Sandy*

As summer melts into autumn,  
rest a moment here on this butte.  
See how distance softens the edges,  
feel the fresh wind stir something within.

In the valley, ash and maple  
begin to blush. Soon another winter,  
the blessing of water. Mushrooms  
silently feeding the old giants, ferns

unfurling along your path. Remember  
the spring, the promise of trillium,  
marshy meadows teeming with frogs,  
the glory of their emerald chorus.

On every stage, in every season  
your fingers dance over the keys,  
or pause, poised for the sharps and flats.  
Your kindness spreads like a perfume.

You are salve and sparkle,  
nectar and connector.  
Take this basket of gifts: a warm blanket,  
a candle, a packet of seeds. Receive.

Receive what Earth offers too: lemon balm,  
ocean tide, soft sand under your feet.

By Kelly Eastlund – September 5, 2025