

If Our Story

Camden Whitlock

What if I told them our story?
If it was etched into the roughness of the willow oak—
 ridges broken with my grandfather's pocket knife,
 revealing its aging rings.
If it was whispered among the milkweeds—
 green bulbs tight in their familiar embrace,
 gossiping carelessly.
If it was carried from meadowsweet to primrose—
 honey bees buzzing to complete a day's work,
 always moving, never tired.
If it was sent rippling through the sassafras leaves—
 quiet hush filling the soundscape, calm from calamity,
 protecting our escaping peace.
If it was meant to wake up the sunflowers—
 I wonder if they'd tell me the truth,
 as nature always knows.