



Glimpses of Green

by Mary E. Cronin

A twirling vine climbs a chimney of brick.
A tree tickles windows next to my bed.
A cushion of moss coats a rock in the park.
A maple leaf drifts as a stoplight glows red.
A treeful of sparrows swoops under a bridge.
A scurry of squirrels scamper and swerve.
In the middle of traffic, buildings, and people,
nature thrives in my city for all to observe.

