

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Shady Grove

By Nels Hanson

Down the forgotten path guarded
by needled leaves of stinging nettle,
it's true, a shady grove still remains.
At its center water purls in filtered
sunlight, a spring with no whisper,
ripple edge clean sand then soft
grass, emerald as clover. Cup your
palm, or not, drink, don't, wait ten,
a hundred years. Rest, sit in cool
shadows like Rip Van Winkle, lean
your back to that oldest trunk once
a door with a key. The first taste you
realize you've been there a second,
the next all your life you were away.