

Rose Hips

I drift in
 and out
 of my body
taut
 then calm

youthful
 then middle years

I stand before my reflection
 looking in wonder
—unfolding rose
 each petal infused with
 sweet aroma of discovery
 opened by dew drops of curiosity
maturing into rose hips
 full:ripe—ready for regeneration

I am strong—
 preparing for what I am birthing

In the softness of the moss
 I climb back into my own womb
 preparing for transformation

© anne richardson 2016

