

Sonnet Scroll

A Time for Wildflowers

By Rachel Weintraub

River Beach, New Year's Eve.
A coastal path where the Pacific
Heaves her twenty-foot cobalt swells.
Eighteen years ago, when you first
Brought me here, I made up a name
For a flower whose lace petals grow
In a conical pattern along the bluffs.
I called it Presence.
You showed me how to take sprigs
Of light green sage and rub their stems
Between forefinger and thumb,
The better to breathe their fragrance.
The next time we walk here, tomorrow,
Our future will have become our present.