

Cyclamens

purple cyclamen flower fountains
burst forth from winter's green
new leaves sprung of old bulbs.

native plants these; not the great,
hothouse blood red and white
hybrids that flower and die
and never bloom again.

low and humble and self-seeded,
deep-rooted in the hills, hiding
in a niche beneath a stony ledge
their small flowers peek.

sometimes they grow in holes
left in rocks by magma's gases,
strike root there, grow tightly
and, like us, can't be uprooted.

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