

APRIL IS THE KINDEST MONTH

Wanda VanHoy Smith

George blooms in April.
It is almost Easter when my neighbor George
gives me a cutting from the gorgeous geranium
that fills his planter box.
I admire the lush purple blossoms.
Tell him, "I wish I could grow such wonderful
flowers."
He snips off a healthy stem, hands it to me and says,
"Stick this slip in the ground and it will grow.
When you look at the colors think of me."
George has a green thumb, dark brown eyes.
I love his sunny smile, sensuous mouth and strong chin.
Decades later George and his planter box are both gone.
My geranium that I name George takes root and still
lives along my time weathered fence,
I share the lush plants he gives me everywhere.
The purple colors blossom and March showers
make George produce happy April flowers.
I see his bright face bloom on Rolling Hills
along white rail fences where my horse trots.
He grows in lots of front porch pots
at my daughter's home by the sea.
I think of George as I stand gazing
at plants that I have rooted from him.
Would a geranium by any other name be as amazing?

By George, it's a great April we see
Even Romeo would agree.

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