

## Autumn Blooms

Marcia Taylor

It's November Downeast  
and the crocuses are blooming.  
Wait--this is all wrong!  
The bulbs are so confused.  
What will become of them?  
I always sing to the first crocuses.  
I wonder, are these early or are they late?  
are they first or are they last?  
I tell myself: things change.  
Glaciers grind south,  
slink north, again and again.  
I think of monarch butterflies  
and dinosaurs. I think of us.  
What we are doing to our home?