

Cradled by Giants

On the whispers of wind, we'd fly:
mere seeds flung to the earth
to rest then rise into giants,
sentinels in nature.

They called us Douglas Fir and we grew:
year by year, they measured our girths
until one bright afternoon, buzzing saws arrived
and we surrendered to the lush tapestry of moss below.

We woke in a rough, uneven jumble, amidst bricks,
stucco and the shadowy veils of gray insulation.
From a penciled blueprint, we danced,
choreographed into frames, doors, a wrap-around porch.

We'd been hoisted, realigned, and woven
into the skeleton of a sanctuary. A sign
with white and red briefly claimed us,
then vanished.

Soon a family crossed our threshold:
a bookish mother, life blooming within, and the father
with his guitars. They applied soft colors to the walls;
the hues of their tenderness painted our essence.

The new soul arrived. We were reborn: a home.

The little one had stumbles on our stairs,
falling, rising, tumbling again. When another
young one appeared, his footsteps traced similar paths.

Then time raised its bony finger,
hammered that red and white sign
into the lawn—
erected, then removed.

A new era dawned with the entrance of four souls,
absent of the gentle whispers from before. Now,
clashes, clamors, and bottles crashed onto the floor
and our façade faded amidst their strife.

The paint peeled under rain and sun and wind,
our beams became pitted with boot-scoffs and scars;
jagged edges of those soft colors, applied so gently,
fell into the shards of broken brown glass.

At last those four departed, our life launched
into another cycle. We were painted a brilliant blue
as mowers and clippers buzzed the afternoon by.

The white and red sign rose again, unfurling a new tapestry of life.

We met a mother, a father, toddling twins, and a grandfather
whose cautious steps mirrored youthful innocence.

As they grew, the kids charged through our corridors
with vibrant energy, slamming doors and raiding the refrigerator.

We were a sanctuary of football uniforms, baseball bats,
ice hockey skates and deodorant. We cheered them
through the turning seasons until the elder passed
and the twins journeyed on.

Only two were left to pack and say adieu,
leaving echoes of laughter in their wake.
And here we are again, poised for new beginnings,
a canvas impatient for a brushstroke.

The red and white sign is posted at the curb.
Will you be next, to breathe life into our frame,
color us with hues of tan or blue or white?
Will you be cradled by Giants?