Living in Indiana

I left East Texas pines
twenty-six years of history
But not a traitor
Mother pulled roots
out of Mississippi’s red-colored earth
gave birth in Texas.
I flew into Indiana with one suitcase
to visit my sister’s babies
and heal my loss.
Indiana gave me harvest
A cornucopia of apples, squash and pumpkins
In a backdrop of multi-colored
giant bean-stalk trees.
From heaven a healing dust fell
Christmas became real.
Winter crept in
My bones ached,
creaking like trees in great winds,
resounding like God’s voice.
Born in spring
I looked for it
But Indiana winter wore on.
I left behind
flower-gorged fields
Mimosa trees
with pink furry blossoms
I put in my hair
On fragrant sleepless nights.
Indiana spring brought crocus
daffodils
It was brief
but arrived in drama
as ice and snow let go
their icy hold.
Indiana summer breeze came in ease
I felt no loss
From droughts, abandoned gardens
104 degrees.
Seven Seasons circled
My southern accent swallowed
in Indiana.
A child given in spring
Indiana branches out
entwining me.

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