**Flower Children**

This year we plant

roses, impatiens and marigolds.

Our flower children

take the space in our hearts

where we wanted you.

We plunge brown fingers into dirt

still digging for treasure.

White blooms open like handkerchiefs.

Colors heal, crimson petals

flutter with new life and

sigh in the breeze.

Each blossom

a tiny fist.

© *Ann Campanella*