

The food they stored

by [Craig Mindrum](#) in the [May 19, 2021](#) issue

We walked the dogs this morning.  
The long walk we call it:  
Where the path splits, go to the right,  
Up and down the hills to the lake,  
Then turn left. They know the way home.

Early spring. Our breathing  
Wraps around our heads,  
And we shuffle through  
The crisp remains  
Of last year's autumn.

My favorite season, once.  
I loved the slant of light, the cool smell of trees  
Mixed with notes of books both old and new.

Then it was summer for a time,  
when I was brash and certain,  
And the heat made me bold  
And heedless that there were no shadows.

But here, today, by the side of the path,  
more than just the tulips are emerging.  
It's chickweed and wild leeks,  
Yellow dock and hosta shoots—  
Emerging from deep taproots  
and hibernating bulbs,  
Living off the food they stored.