

Fairy Flowers

Kristine Wagner

Every morning I walked down to give water
To the chickens and the ducks, A bucket half my weight in one hand
My other arm stretched out for balance.
That is when I saw the fairy flowers.
They were shorter than the grass,
Their blooms no larger than my thumbnail was.
Four perfectly petite petals unfurled
From the slender leafless stem
In shades from ballerina pink to lavender.
Every year they appeared
Just after onion grass season
And just before the violets.
Most of the flowers I found in the grass
My mother dubbed “Weed Flowers”,
But I knew these were different.
These did not overrun gardens
Or stand out garish against
The side of crumbling sidewalks.
Only a dozen or so tiny flowers
Would grow in a grove, In a little fairy circle.

