



Winter Poetry

To the tune of “Twas the Night Before Christmas”

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Twas the season of rest, in all of nature’s house
and not a pollinator was stirring...well, maybe a mouse.

Native seeds naturally sown, now snug in garden beds,
give thanks to those folks who omit the autumn deadhead.

The lepidoptera rest and dream of wild plums (*Prunus americana*),
Sitting and waiting, for when the warmth of spring comes.

And Mother Earth in her season of rest and reflection,
Gives us time to ponder and decide life's next direction.

May you think of this time, not as cold and dreary,
But a time to give thanks, to ponder the complexity.
Of each year's wonders, the butterflies, moths and bees!

Pollinators of all kinds, all with a job that we need,
--there are so many more than simply the bees--

They speak not a word, but go straight to their work,
Humbling and bumbling and flitting experts.

They have their jobs, and we, ours.
Which is to sow seeds and plant many flowers!
Trees, and shrubs, and habitat logs,
Every act makes a difference.

Yes. Even (y)ours.