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Snowdrops

At first unseen, 'til cold soil parts. It's then that transformation starts.

Protected petals snugly wrapped emerging from their lair, Point skyward, brave, emboldened, undeterred by icy air.

With grace they stretch and curve their necks to dangle, bow and flex.

Unfurting blooms, three swathes of white, form hanging hoods, a precious sight.

Chilly breezes cause vibration, oscillating stems.

Quivering their lantern tops; January's gems.

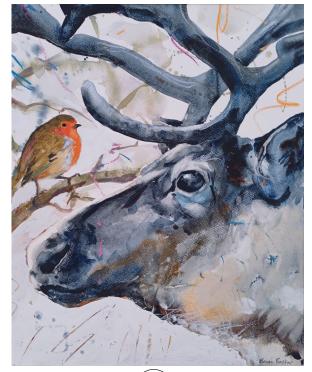
Then swollen pods on arching rods head back toward the ground. Casings rot. Seeds drop. Fertility abounds.





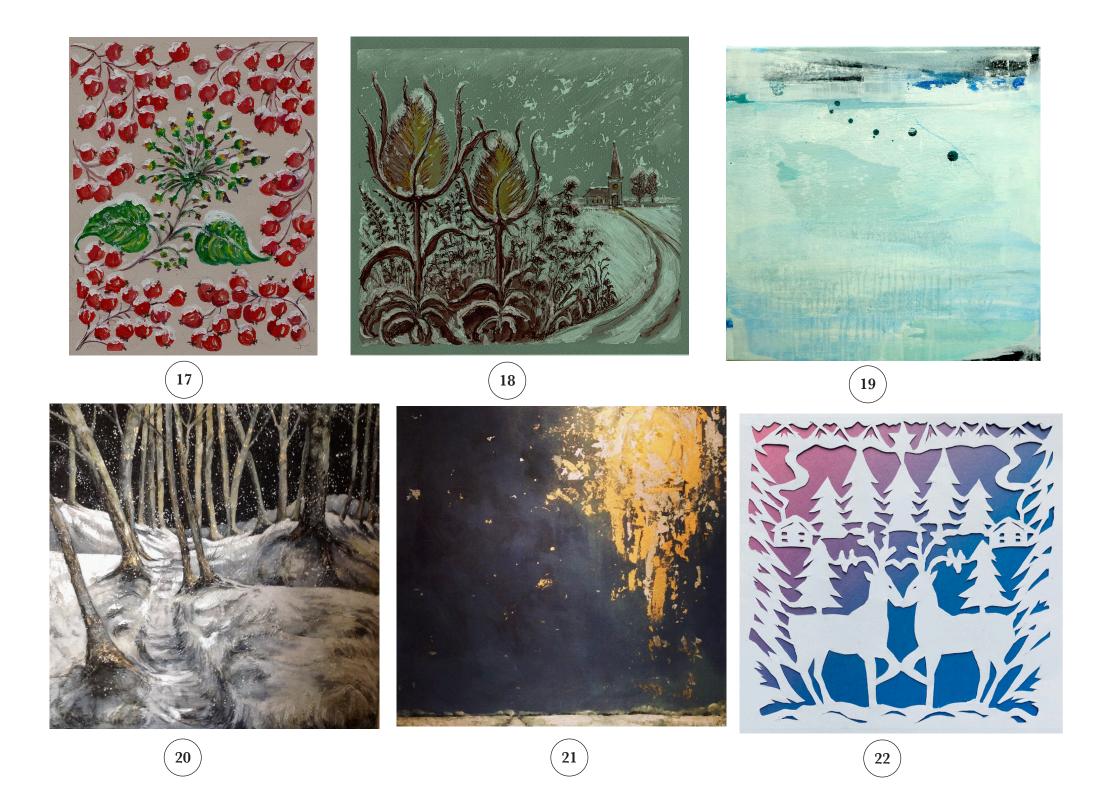




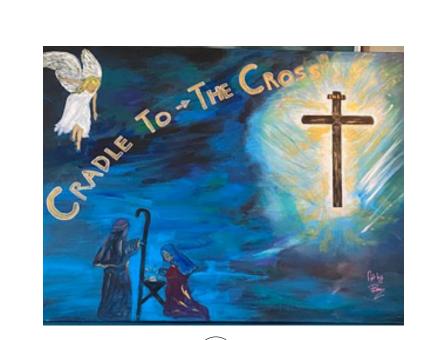




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