

## LADY BUG

You wear red  
With black dots  
As you feast  
On aphids  
Attached to my roses.  
How grand you look  
Spreading your skirts  
To take flight  
Over my garden.  
But then come back again  
And light upon my hand  
As a last farewell  
Before you make your ascent.

—Marilyn Henrie

## GENERATIONS

The coming of spring  
Transforms the woods to  
A forest of green,  
Like a newborn babe  
Giving hope to a  
New generation.  
Yet beneath my feet  
I feel the soft crunch  
Of a bed of leaves  
Decayed in winter  
Feeding a new  
Generation of leaves.

—Marilyn Henrie