

## Crocus At Last (And Forever) by DM Denton

*A reflection on Autumn Crocuses*

There is a memory here, planted moments before it was too late.

It's not what it seems. These are not the spring variety, waking from frigid dreams, wooed by what is to come, green showing warily yet buds often opening too soon.

These are not flowers fraught with anticipation. They've already been revealed, lost their clothes in the crowd, withdrawn to regrow and regroup before winter. These latent lilies are a law unto themselves, having done it all before, bending this way and that, exploding unashamed into sunshine and tears, inviting their withering surroundings to dance before the mystery of dying.

For here is immortality. Everywhere. And so the generous age offered a handful of corms for drilling into years she might or might not have ahead, too deep to be forgotten.