

RED BUTTE GARDEN

# Spring Poetry Anthology

2023



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# Then Bulbs Will Burst into Bloom

By **Stu Nolan**

Once the sun decides to linger a little longer,  
once the birds that over winter  
in some southern paradise are called  
by the magnet of memory to migrate  
thousands of miles in synchronous flocks,  
so high they seem to be handfuls of seeds  
thrown upwards to the sky,  
to return to landscapes sighing off the last of snow,  
only then will the bulbs, like earth pearls  
sunk in soil, soak up the ice melt and stir  
themselves awake, slowly, surely  
dancing into bloom.

First Snowdrop, Crocus, Hyacinth,  
bright Daffodil, Tulip, Narcissus.  
Each green bud rising brazenly,  
time unfurling each sepal, petal,  
anthers, little gold candles, sparking  
bright in the center of blossoms.  
Such sacred reunion, the earth  
greeting air through a carnival of color.

## About the Author

Stu Nolan is a queer writer and creative producer based between the mountain buttes and desert brine of Salt Lake City. They love exploring natural ecosystems, local foraging, playing in the soil, asking existential questions, and sharing intimate conversations with strangers. Their work has been published in Scribendi, GirlsRightTheWorld, Arcturus, Leopardskin&Limes, and by Torrey House Press. Their first chapbook collection "For The Compost" will be published by Flume Press & Watershed Review in June 2023.

# Winter Speaks to Spring

By Sandra Allen

A late staying guest on its way out the door  
Winter turns back with yawn and a snore

Sputtering white specks of snow with a sting  
Blanketing white, tender shoots of bright green

Making daffodils sag with the sweater of snow  
And tulips hunch tight with the shiver of cold

Winter turns and spring dances with ease  
Gently warming and melting and twirling a breeze

## About the Author

Sandra Allen enjoyed a 27 year career as an attorney for the State of Utah before retiring in 2019. Since retiring, she enjoys touring with her husband in their travel trailer, especially to warmer areas in the winter and cooler areas in the summer. She also enjoys volunteering at Red Butte Garden, drawing, and swimming. This is her first creative writing effort since college.



# Springtime Masterpiece

By Rachelle Kammerman

Across a paint-brushed sky clouds drift to blue,  
with thoughtful strokes, easy and true.  
On a cold gray canvas, harmony is applied,  
as she captures impressionism in the morning light.

Brushing pinks, oranges, purples, and reds,  
adding new birds, yellow birds, and other feathery heads.  
Busy bees, crawly things, and ladybugs too.  
Her freehand begins to shape in all that is fresh and new.

Splashed with a kaleidoscope of color, it's a flowery scene!  
Breathing life into her work; she delivers contrasting scenes.  
A pop of hyacinth blues, buttercup yellows,  
and soft whispering greens bring forth a poet's meadow.

The sweet scent of cherry blossoms to join her fling.  
Expressionism is there as she reveals the season, Spring!  
With a clever light-handed style, she rushes ahead,  
quietly putting old man Winter to bed.

## About the Author

Rachelle is a Utah native who enjoys a simple life with her high school sweetheart and spending time with her great kids and amazing grandchildren! She delights in finding magic and beauty in all the world and "bringing it to life" in her poetry. On warm summer nights you will find her relaxing on the back porch, and on crisp autumn mornings, soaking in the last of the sunshine for the year.



# Garden Party

By Sondra Bolander

The garden once again invites us,  
in all her becoming,  
to marvel at the beauty of new life.  
Gone are the frozen days of darkness;  
a hibernation so deep we questioned if hard soil  
could ever awaken to Spring.

Slowly, surely, the ground is shrugging off her white winter coat.  
Vibrant green beginnings poke their heads up from the dirt.  
New leaves unfurl to wave in the warm breeze,  
and the birds sing a welcome over us all:  
Hello, hello!  
We made it!

To mark the occasion, a grand celebration of color  
erupts like applause.  
Pinks, purples, yellows, and reds,  
beckon us to look high and low.  
From the Fragrance Garden,  
to the valley below.

Join us in this celebration.  
Breathe deep and savor every sweet scent.  
Turn your face to the sun and smile.  
Delight in this moment,  
for another year of beauty is stretched out before us.

## About the Author

Sondra transcribes qualitative interviews for research all day, so seeing her own words in print is a nice change. On the weekends, she enjoys taking photos outside with her film cameras. Being an aunt brings her immense joy. Sondra resides in Millcreek with her husband, Ryan, their two dogs, and two Cockatiels.



# Between Winter Storms

By Jeffrey Steadman

Between winter storms,  
when the ground reappears from beneath receding blankets of snow,  
I poke my head out from under the covers to look for the sun.

I put on my boots,  
and shuffle across cold concrete to a frozen lawn,  
where I stand on matted bluegrass to check on my garden.

"Are you there, tulips?"  
I ask out loud, hoping they'll hear me through layers of mud and wet leaves.  
They're silent. Ironic, for a flower with "lips" in its name.

They're good listeners, though,  
but by now I'm shivering so I get right to the point:  
"I need you to make good on your promise."

You see, all of them made me a promise last fall—  
the tulips, the daffodils, the hyacinth—  
that they'd rise up out of their bed, and grow, and bloom

and I really need them  
to follow through on their end of the deal and show me how it's done,  
how they conquer something as dark and persistent as a February.

I'm shouting at them in my pajamas,  
"Do this for me!" But not even the crocus have appeared yet,  
and they all remain content to stay in their bed a while longer.

So I go back to mine.  
When the light and the warmth emerge, so will the flowers.  
And so will I. It's the promise we make to each other.

## About the Author

Jeffrey Steadman is an avid gardener, expert outdoorsman, author, and sometimes poet, who writes about what we discover by being curious. From conversations with rivers, to insightful life lessons learned from rogue garden vegetables, he takes on big themes by way of simple topics that are frequently rooted in nature. Jeffrey is from Salt Lake City, Utah, and has an advertising degree from Michigan State University. His first book, *Best Tent Camping: Utah*, was published in 2007.



# Spring

By Evey Lotus Mayfield, Youth Poet

Spring is time for life anew,  
Spring is also ancient,  
Ancient is the willow tree,  
Wrinkled bark because of many winters past,  
New buds for a new spring,  
Ancient also the sun as it rises on a new day,  
A new start,  
A new but ancient, yes very ancient day,  
Every day, every minute even, makes life,  
Makes hope, hope for a new start,  
A new day, a new hope,  
Make the next lifetime worth it,  
Make the world a better world, do your best.

## About the Author

Evey's mother and grandfather inspired her passion for books and reading. She particularly loves fantasy novels. Reading about Bilbo and Eragon writing poetry to share with the elves inspired her to write poetry. Her father taught her to appreciate the magic of immersing herself in the stories within video games. Evey's love of nature grew while hiking, camping, and gardening with her parents, Uncle Sam, Aunt Jaime, grandmother, and great-grandfather. These experiences and family mentors helped cultivate her creativity and nurture her respect for nature, which helped inspire this poem.





# Spring's Awakening Hour

By Terry Broadbent

Spring arrives late  
Within our canyon walls.  
Sun warms cold earth  
And sparkling water falls.  
'Neath snow and ice  
Lie clay and grass and flower.  
What beauty is the promise  
Of spring's awakening hour!

## About the Author

Terry Broadbent is a retired I.T. specialist. He and his wife, Verna, live in Salt Lake City. They love the Utah outdoors and its abounding beauty.



# Jewels of Spring

By Roseanne Warren

When morning snow with diamond brilliance shines,  
And joyful sun the winter ground does warm,  
Then deep in earth clear water roots entwines,  
As metamorphic, jewels of spring do form.

Pink tourmaline bursts from cherry treetops,  
The forsythia shines in heliodor.  
Goshenite sparkles on stems of snow drops,  
As obsidian hangs from dark hellebore.

The crocus breaks forth in purple sapphire,  
The daffodil's cut in yellow citrine.  
Tulips gleam bright in ruby cabochon fire,  
As amethyst gifts the lilac its sheen.

While in emerald trees kinglet-crowned does sing,  
Praises for the Lapidary of Spring.

## About the Author

Roseanne Warren is a professor at the University of Utah. She loves the warm evenings of summer, the golden grasses of autumn, the icy darkness of winter, and the newness of spring.



# The Season of Peace

By Taylor Dayton, Teen Poet

I feel the peaceful morning heat rise.  
I see the dramatic green hills start to shine.  
The men come out, some young, some wise.  
Ready to begin a hearty day's work in the dark oak pine.

They pick up their heavy tools.  
As they grab and start to ride  
Their very stricken mules  
As they hunt for the newest hide

Spring is the most beautiful time.  
Where the people go and hike around  
Discovering an outside world with no crime  
It allows people to just relax and calm down.

The best season of the year  
The time of new beginnings  
It's finally getting super near.  
The season of mental winnings

## About the Author

Taylor Dayton is a 9<sup>th</sup> grader. He is somewhat of a jack of all-trades! He is a huge history fanatic and loves creative writing, music, and theater as well as playing sports and competitive ballroom dancing. He is the best big brother ever to all seven of his siblings, and he has a fiery zest for life and endless positive energy!



# Dreams of Early Spring

By Lucy Madsen, Teen Poet

My hands pressed into the warm soon-to-be-revived grass,  
sun on my face, a field of bright starry daffodils smiling at me.

The main show will start soon, but for now, the light wisp of a spring  
breeze brushing my face is enough.

## About the Author

Lucy Madsen is finishing up her senior year of high school where she runs cross-country and is a part of the IB program. In her spare time, she enjoys reading fantasy and science fiction books, and recently, poetry. Her favorite flowers are daffodils, poppies, and echinacea.



# Spring is Here

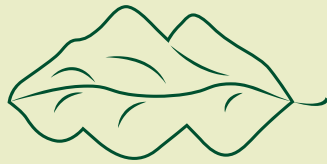
By Hannah Ross, Youth Poet

The sun is shining  
The clouds are white  
Up above is where the rainbows take flight  
The flowers are bright  
The sky is light  
Spring is here  
It's time to play  
Let's go outside and have some fun  
Play a game  
Or take a walk  
Watch the storms go rolling by  
Read a book  
Or ride a bike  
That is Spring all around  
ENJOY!

## About the Author

Hannah is a 5<sup>th</sup> grader who loves reading, soccer, basketball, and biking. Hannah is excited for spring!





**RED BUTTE GARDEN**  
THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH