

## Dewdrops

Emerald dewdrops

How they whisper through

The mute crevices of the undergrowth.

It makes me wonder

If the world is staying alive.

If the buzz of a bee is a cry for help

Or if the howl of a wolf is one of distress.

But even the dewdrops.

The mutters are speaking out in a painful world.

They only have one moment of life.

Are they a message for us?

They die mere minutes after birth

We have decades.

These psychedelic dewdrops

Watch how they whisper.

How the waving bees buzz,

How the dusk-born wolves howl

How the leafy trees shake.

Through the earth

And the quiet crevices of the undergrowth.