

# *A Poem for Your Pocket*

## **CIRCADIAN**

You believed in Santa Claus,  
that spring rain  
was really angels' tears,  
slumbered secure, knowing  
your dreams drifted safe to a fluttering fairy's ears  
from the little gap that yesterday  
held your tiny baby tooth.

You believed, when you were ten  
and Miss Vee  
said those scarlet runner seeds  
you brought home in a cup were magic  
beans. Plant them in your yard, she said, and wish  
upon a star, and wake to find a beanstalk  
curling its way to the clouds.

You believed and will believe  
again! As I bade  
that vine to flower red and reach  
its tendrils to the sky, I bid winter gone,  
spread the secret whispered call to my resting world  
to wake and rise, and celebrate  
spring's mystery, new life.

**BY BRENDA GUNN**

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