# Paraph

*by Cody Stetzel*

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And if there an indication sprouts that life
may be anything but draining, nurture it.

Green is a tired color for growth now, let
the simple glory of lavender fertilize a tract

of wonder. The sorrows you carry on your back
can slide off in the rain, can be wiped clean.

One day there will be a one-legged statue
on a handrail holding a birds nest in one hand

and a trellis in the other. This kind of urban
naturalization dances with Persephone on the threshold

between inaction and reward. So we love a growing city
so we love so we love a splash of color —

if we still have rain in sixty years even its gray deluge
will be a palet of hope's commerce against commiseration.

You can plant seeds in the rows between vertebrae,
you, as you've done every day I've known you,

could break or bend the shackle against your delight
micrometers with every action.