

RED BUTTE GARDEN

Spring Poetry Anthology

2021



RED BUTTE GARDEN
THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

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Spring

By Melinda Birrell

It's the unbidden smile
that will stay for a while
when I hear a robin sing.

And the thrill of delight
that I get at the sight
of a pear tree blossoming.

It's the feeling of ease
that can come when the breeze
gently rocks a wooden swing.

And the simple content
that the sweet fragrant scent
of a lilac bush can bring.

It's the bud, it's the bloom,
it's the dragonfly's zoom,
it's soft raindrops pattering.

It's the zeal, it's the zest,
it's the robin's red breast,
it's the garden in the spring.

About the Author

Melinda Birrell has been going to Red Butte Garden since it first opened when she was two years old. Now, she loves to share it with her own little family, including her husband and two young daughters. When not entertaining her girls, and often when she is, Melinda works from home as an attorney with Dentons Durham Jones Pinegar, where she is a partner. She likes reading, walking, baking, and singing. Before the pandemic, she also enjoyed going to the theatre, sporting events, restaurants, and traveling--things she can only assume she still likes.



Awakening

By Shirley Shurtz

I awoke,
one winter morning,
my heart full of gloom.
As I opened the curtain
brilliant sunshine
came into my room.
Is winter really going?
Is spring really showing?
Can I take nature walks?
Have neighborly talks.
Is our world turning green?
I opened the door to
my garden scene.
Small green sprouts
greeted my eyes.
White clouds filled blue skies.
My heart shook off
winter's gloom.
I let Springtime fill
my room.

About the Author

Shirley was born in Texas and spent much of her childhood roaming the Texas woodlands, which began her lifelong love of nature. She has lived in Utah for most of her life. She considers it the perfect place to inspire her creativity, which she expresses through photography, landscape art, gardening, and writing. Now nearing 89 years old, Shirley still loves to tend her small garden and create lifelike wood carvings of the birds who visit her birdfeeders. She has been writing stories and poetry for over fifty years. Using her talents to make people happy still brings her much joy.

For Aslan

By Cynthia Hallen

Such spring I've never seen before,
Such beauty bold and mild,
Such unabated blossoming,
Such growth of tame and wild.

Such flora in the garden red,
Such splendor in the light,
Such monarchs winging to and fro,
The sun laughs at the sight.

The tulips offer vibrant brows.
The lilacs wear perfume.
The iris buds play peek-a-boo.
Forsythia still blooms.

Quite soon the roses will debut
With dainty handkerchiefs.
The smiling thriving universe
Bestows its richest gifts.

About the Author

Dr. Cynthia L. Hallen is the chief editor of the Emily Dickinson Lexicon (<http://edl.byu.edu>), an online dictionary for translators. It received the Albert C. Colton award from the Utah Humanities Council in 2007. She is convinced that no place is more beautiful than Utah in May. When not walking, she devotes most of her time to family history and creative arts. A poet at heart, she strives to express light through lyric verse (<http://croftoflight.blogspot.com/>).

Youth Eternal in Spring

by Ashley Lauren Brown

I witness spring in awe-
Daffodils shine gold amidst the emerald grasses.
Tulips play peek-a-boo,
then comes iris in indigo blue.

The plum trees glow pink before red leaves grow.
Dogwoods in rose follow.

The apple blossoms white petals - to the sky they wink.

The radiant cobalt kisses green meadows.
Streams a-flow, good-bye snow.

With the new life, I am in wonder.
My heart calls my legs to wander-
into the young mountains to hear the first song of the aspen's leaves.

Many search for fountains,
yet I find youth eternal in spring.

About the Author

Ashley is a Utah native. A sabbatical after graduation from the University of Utah carried her to Hawaii and Washington State. The Wasatch Mountains and mystical red deserts of Southern Utah brought her home after a few short years. She considers wilderness conservation a key component to writing and recreation. Climbing rocks and mountains, snowboarding, splitboarding, and taking journeys into the quiet wilderness all provide Ashley inspiration. She also practices integration into human-made society through a yogic lifestyle.



Let Go

By Brindy Bennett

A seed, a life forging bold
Taken aback, put on hold.
Fertile soil, goals abound
Now trapped underneath the frozen ground.
Growth is imminent, hopes are high,
But cold overcomes, dreams are pushed aside.
Blossoms, fruit, labors sublime,
Stolen away, it seems for a time.
Sunshine, warmth, guiding light,
Replaced with darkness and blinding night.

Why the death? Why the halt?
Why against us, this assault?
Winter invades, the frost envelopes,
The seed hibernates, life ceases to develop.
"Such injustice!" we say.
"To take such flourish away!"
And yet if we trust in what cannot be seen,
We'd find that the winter keeps life yet pristine.
Spring is patient, like a babe in the womb,
Waiting to bring new life from a frozen tomb.
Sometimes we hold onto petals and leaves that are past,
Pleading for the beauty and fragrance to last.
"Let go!" says Winter, "There is more life in waiting."
"Let go!" says Spring, "There's so much more I'm creating."

About the Author

Brindy Bennet is a lover of all things beautiful, including her husband, four (soon to be five) children, mountain lakes and waterfalls, sunsets, a nutritious plate/bowl of fresh food, art, and life! Growing up, her family relocated several times with her dad's job. Now that she is married with a family of her own, she understands that change is inevitable. She is beginning to see that sometimes we have to let go of things, even beautiful things, to grow more!

A Garden of Winter Solace

By Jolene Whitney

The wind blows gently through the dried golden grass.
The edges of the pond are crinkled like fractured reflective glass.
The majestic tree branches, though bare, still reach for the light,
For the sun retires early relinquishing to the long night

Deer wander through the scrub oak munching on acorns and bark,
While fluffy bunnies romp over tranquil flower beds even in the dark.
Tiny little animal tracks can be seen criss crossing in the snow,
As birds flit through the bushes pecking at shriveled berries hanging low.

We are lulled to believe winter is a dreary time of year,
But there is much life to be seen in the garden near here.
It's a perfect time to take it slow, to contemplate and rest.
Perhaps take inspiration for one's garden for the next fall harvest.

As I walk through the garden and breathe in the crisp fresh air,
Some signs of Spring can be seen here and there.
But I'm not quite ready for the hustle and bustle of Spring, Summer and Fall,
For this Winter season brings quiet reflection, comfort and solace for us all.

About the Author

Jolene recently retired from a career in public health, emergency management, and EMS. Though plans to explore and travel were postponed for the past year, the confinement provided an opportunity to reaffirm the importance of family, friends, walking in nature, and learning new things. Jolene took inspiration from the past year and squeezed the creative juices into cooking, writing, photography, interior decorating, and gardening.



Forsythia Yellow

By Haley Ashton

Of all the cosmic creations—
Red Giant, Neutron, White Dwarf—
this diurnal star is for me.

From woody stems that arch,
radiating toward blue space,
sparks burst
impossibly bright,
star upon star, forming
this solar-flare
fountain of yellow.

Into the black holes
of my eyes, light leaps,
flashes along the optic fuse
like a sparkler, and at
my system's center, ignites
joy.

And through gardens I wander,
a glowing galaxy within,
a springtime universe without.

About the Author

Haley Ashton is an English teacher for adult learners. She loves playing a small role in helping immigrants and former refugees meet their language and career goals. Haley remembers years ago as a young mother pushing a rickety double stroller loaded with her first two children up the steep hill from student housing to Red Butte Garden. After pausing to catch her breath, they would explore the garden's botanical wonders together. One day she hopes to convince her family that raisins and chocolate chips can peacefully coexist in the same cookie.



My Soul is Back

By Erin Cole

Awaking. Breathing. Free.
All the things I long to be.

A warm sunbeam coaxes me out of my den,
begging me to begin again.

I inhale the hope of new flowers,
petting petals, and wasting hours.

The darkness seems to melt away,
and I live to see another day.

Buds break through the winter ground,
stretching, reaching, dropping their shroud.

The winter chill is falling lack,
my spirit lightens,
my soul is back.

About the Author

Erin Cole is a writer, filmmaker, and avid reader. When she's not creating, she loves to cook, travel, and explore outside, whether skiing, mountain biking, or camping. She also enjoys a yummy cocktail on a sunny patio. Erin is thrilled to have her poem displayed in such a beautiful place for you to enjoy. You can reach out to her via Instagram @themountain_mermaid.



The Birth of Spring

By Adeline Borgmeier – Youth Poet

When the snow melts away,
And it's rainy and gray,
And the birds are beginning to sing...

Trees have tender green buds,
And the Earth turns to mud-
That's how you can tell it is spring!

No more mittens and boots,
No more bulky snow suits,
It's too warm to wear all those things!

Flowers bloom everywhere,
Their perfume fills the air-
That's how you can tell it is spring!

About the Author

Adeline Borgmeier is an accomplished student, writer, and lover of spring! She enjoys spending time with her family, friends, and her darling Golden Cava-Doodle named Khloe. In her free time, Adeline enjoys playing soccer with her teammates.



Spring

By Kira Grantz – Youth Poet

Beyond the south of windswept snow
And beyond the cold snowdrifts
There lies a place of warmth and grace
Where I receive a gift
A gift of love and peacefulness
Wherever I must go
A gift of sweet, sweet gracefulness
And that everything will grow
The sun wakes up
From its long winter's nap
And peeks out of the clouds above
He yawns good morning and takes off his cap
Ready to put on a show
The birds are chirping
The soft winds blow
As the flowers peak up from the ground
Everything's engulfed in the soft sun's glow
A warm light all around

About the Author

Kira Grantz is an accomplished student, writer, and lover of spring!
She enjoys traveling with her family and spending time with her friends.
When Kira isn't busy with school, she loves playing volleyball.



Sprouting in Spring

By Christina Jensen – Youth Poet

Flowers are blooming here and there
Hoping to find some Sun that they share
Chirps you hear from birds all around
They sing songs at sundown

And songs in the morning
And songs with warning
Newborn animals come out to play
From there hibernated day

The wind is whirled
The Sun is swirled
Lily pads shine with green
While berries bright colors gleam

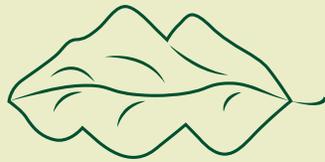
All throughout, nature sings
Beautiful songs with a lovely ring
The wonderful world blooms
Flowers without gloom

And blossoms color filled
We hope the chilled
Air does not return too soon
We still need our plants to bloom and bloom and bloom!

About the Author

Christina is 10-years-old and is in the 4th grade. Her favorite subjects are math and computer. In her free time, you can find her reading, baking, or playing sports. When she is older, she wants to be an actress or a reporter.





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