

## An Urban Wildlife Refuge

Skirting the dry creek bed,  
a sawdust trail serpentine  
through hummocks of brown and bent end-of-summer grass.

On this first day of fall  
I gasp at summer's carnage  
but dread autumn's daily clouds and steady rain.

Walking the trail I glimpse  
blush-pink wild pea blossoms,  
chicory, green-and-yellow locust leaves,  
rose hips and nightshade berries.

A wildlife benediction –  
tokens of resilience and  
the signature of a rabbinic God.

-- Rebecca Lowe Warren