



THE LITTLE
blueprint

PICK-ME-UP

The Flourish Issue

Care & Keeping

CARINA RAMPELT

Some people are born for orchids
others have orchids thrust upon them;
I belong to the latter camp.

It's not that I don't love them, I do,

but in the vague sense that one loves elk
or waterfalls

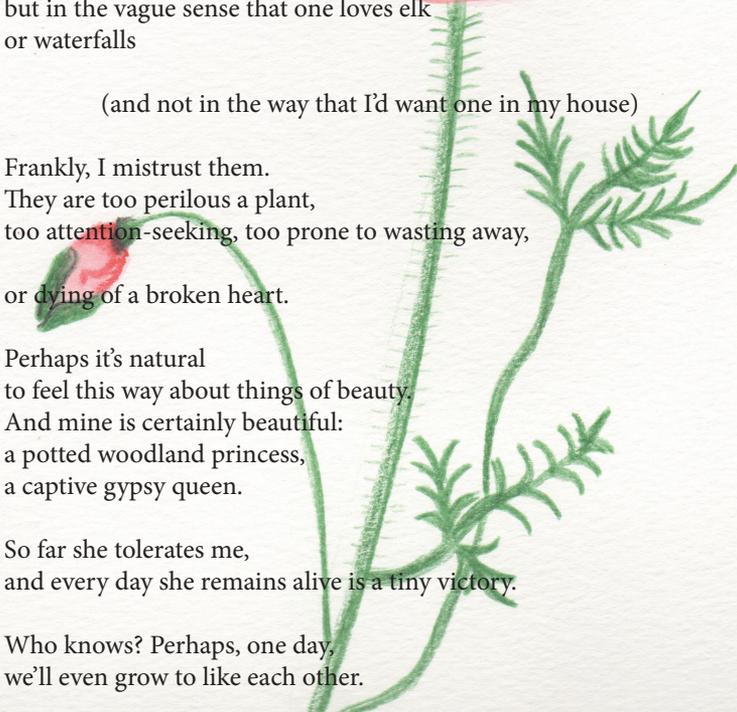
(and not in the way that I'd want one in my house)

Frankly, I mistrust them.
They are too perilous a plant,
too attention-seeking, too prone to wasting away,
or dying of a broken heart.

Perhaps it's natural
to feel this way about things of beauty.
And mine is certainly beautiful:
a potted woodland princess,
a captive gypsy queen.

So far she tolerates me,
and every day she remains alive is a tiny victory.

Who knows? Perhaps, one day,
we'll even grow to like each other.



Sonnet XXV

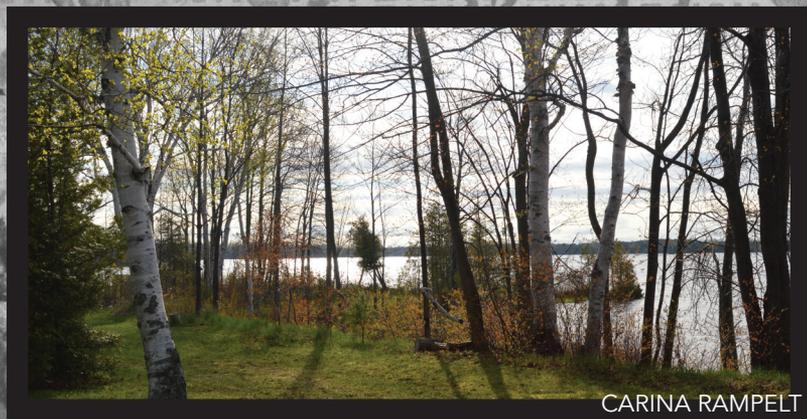
JOSEPH BRANNAN

In afternoon sun-gold loam they stand, roam
hill and field, the roan roe deer: new spring-shy
fawns, doe's dappled joy beneath a blue sky.
In evening moth-danced gloaming, here at home
the tree-frogs sing, ring soft out of the dusk
to hush the soft wind-sighs, thrush cries, and low
car-tire growl down dusty lanes all aglow
as sun glints last through fields of green corn husk.
In morning pastel glory heaven-drawn,
with birdsong scored and dewdrop raiment clad,
all Earth exults to vaulted roof above.
Each day new-forged bursts forth in glowing dawn;
the lilies bloom in bounty bright and glad:

For my Sunshine, BRITTANY BENNETT

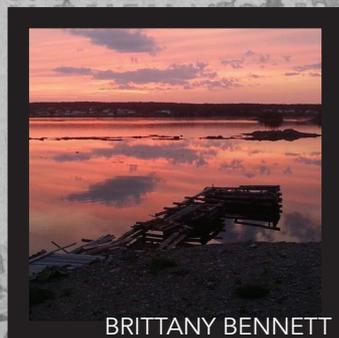


Dew covered the grass and glistened in the early morning. There you were, rolling across the ground without a care in the world. Your swing set stood behind you earning to be used, but instead you found your joy in the nature around you. Your light pink dress dampened, your sandy hair began to tangle, but your smile only grew with each giggle and squeal. I counted my blessings that day, for you brought me oh-so-many of them.



CARINA RAMPELT

Only five years later and that beautiful, weightless soul prevailed. You planted each seed with such care and excitement. The anxious expression that swept across your face looked as if you expected the flowers to bloom as soon as the water hit the soil. I cherished the moment, and looked forward to the day a little green sprout would flourish that same look of excitement yet again.



BRITTANY BENNETT



JESSICA GROOM

The rough times were few, but significant enough. Your thick black eyeliner had run down your face as you attempted to explain yourself. Between each emotional gasp, sputtered out an apology and a weep for forgiveness. I could not help my heart from laughing, but I played out the serious exterior in order for the lesson to be learned. Yet again, I got to thank the bright sky above, for this phase was only a small step down for large leap forward.



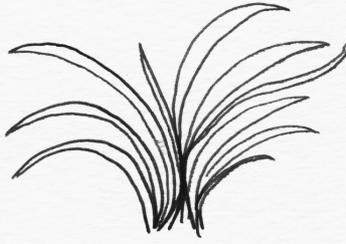
JOSEPH BRANNAN

Now, I can see the warmth of your heart radiating on the world around you. It seems as if you were that small sprout in the garden just yesterday, but in reality, your branches can be seen dancing within the clouds. The colours of your smile will be forever rooted in the depths of my heart as you thrive throughout this journey of life.

Love, Mom.



French
mint



lemongrass



basil



chives



oregano



coriander



dill



thyme



rosemary