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POETRY | FALL 2011

## Mi Jardin – My Garden

By Emma Rivera

Mi Jardin

Mi deleite es pasar las horas

En mi jardin

Pierdo la nocion del tiempo

Observando las flores

La grandeza de Dios esta reflejada en ellas

No hay una que se parezca a la otra

Sus colores se parecen al arco iris

Es fascinante cuando tengo en mis manos

Las semillas, desnudas y secas

Mas a los pocos dias de plantados

Salen erguidas con una nueva vida

Prestas a dar su fruto

Esto me trae a la memoria

Cuando nuestro momento nos llegue

Y nuestro cuerpo inerte sea enterrado

Volveremos a resurgir

Con un nuevo cuerpo revitalizado

My Garden

My delight is to pass the hours

In my garden

I lose all notion of time

Observing the flowers

The greatness of God is reflected in them

There are no two alike

Their colors resemble the rainbow

How fascinating to hold in my hands

The seeds, naked and dry

Then a few days after sowing

They spring forth stoutly with a new life

Ready to yield their fruit

This brings to mind

When our season comes to an end

And our lifeless body is buried

We will reemerge

With a new revitalized body

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*Emma Rivera continues to live on in the hearts and minds of those who knew her.*