



Alive

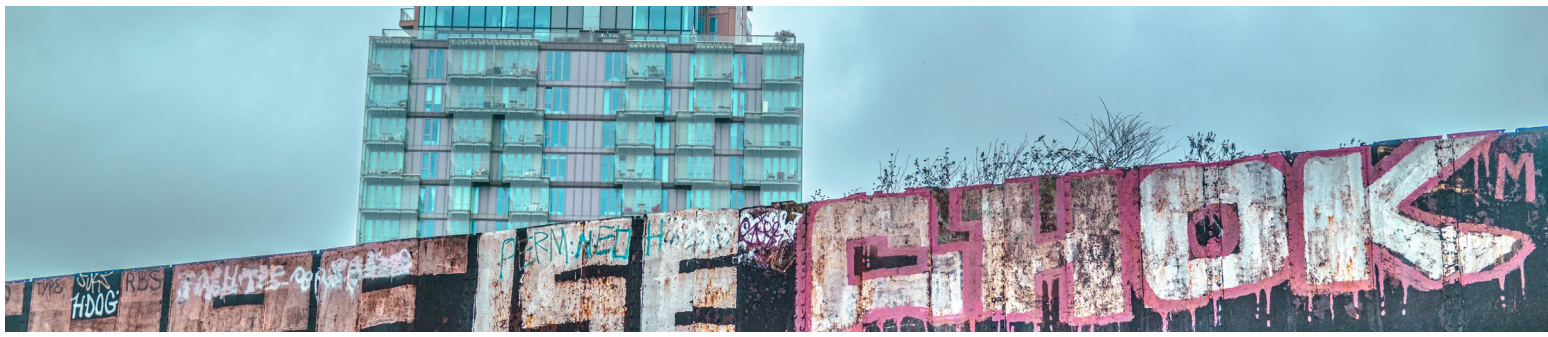
To be alive on such a day
When tree shadows dance
Water shimmers
The sun shines free
Is to be alive.

[Fran Johnson](#)

To see clouds fly
The windblown spray of joyful seas
Hair streaked out in the breeze
Is to be alive.

To hear the rasp of bees
Insects hum
The fleeting call of a thousand birds
Is to be alive.

To taste a sun warmed strawberry
Drink the scent of new mown grass
To feel a swell of emotion rise
Want to laugh and cry with the glut of it
Is to be alive.



Urban Opportunity



[Fran Johnson](#)

In a concrete jungle where nature had no part in planning
Man-made curves have sharp edges,
Windows are uniformly rectangular,
Paths cross and houses are numbered.
No Glebe Cottage or Laburnham Villas here
To smile the memory or help discrimination.

In the concrete jungle, where nature's banished,
Hidden underground the roots of rebellion gather.
The cracks and fissures that appear
Where the baking sun has broken through.

Seeds of opportunity take their chance,
Impelled by unseen forces.
The wild green pennant of a leaf, then leaves
Pioneer their way to the light,
Quietly blushing the ground.

No one in the sticks would harrow concrete,
Blunt their blades on a blush, so the grass grows.
Dragon flies appear, hovering ready to lay their seed.
Humanity mirrors nature, mirrors humanity.
The urge for life, growth, individuality and freedom
Will not be extinguished.