

Bluebells

Whenever I work in the garden I find those bulbs that I love - they can grow in all kinds of soil and find nearly everything they need already inside themselves.

There is no fertilizer necessary, no cutting nor trimming; all they need is daylight that might even just shine through the clouds. They produce green leaves and blue flowers of their own.

The different species of bluebells grow in all kinds of places, in the woods or in towns, preferably in places that seem rather lonely and desolate at first, covered with mud and weeds that have turned black during the time of winter.

They all come out when ice and darkness have retreated and their time has come.

There is always this day when you notice a sweet smell while you are approaching the walls, and when you open the gate, you cannot do anything but stand and stare although you knew what you would see: the whole place is covered with blue buds that have just opened and stretch among the old trees like a carpet. There is so much of this bittersweet fluorescent colour that it feels like your eyes and heart might not be able to perceive all of it although you gaze and gaze.

The flowers are blue, but never mind; others will follow.

For this is Easter, and magic alive,
in this world,
in the 21st century.