

**Sonnet for Karen**

**by Sarah Gibbard Cook**

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In field and forest, every leaf and vine  
shapes every other. All that grows around  
casts shade, or soaks up water from the ground,  
or rots to feed the soil. Tall birch and pine  
connect deep down where tangled roots entwine.  
Moss, lichen, violet, briar, and bush are bound  
as segments of a single web profound,  
united by the thread of the divine.

So each of us is part of something more,  
nurtured by others, shaped by human ties.  
Forgetting this, we think we stand apart.  
Breathe deep the breath of all who came before.  
To find the holy, search each other's eyes;  
it flows from soul to soul and heart to heart.