



## *Surprise Treasure*

*Treasure is a picnic  
in a clearing amidst redwoods,  
a black and white blanket to lie on, a sky only blue.*

*It's hours to wander.*

*It's the braid of conversation  
between friends and the moment.*

*Treasure is never what we thought it was.*

*Once we thought we were supposed  
to live perfect, unfailing lives.*

*Now we know treasure can look like scars.  
Can emerge from the scent of burnt dreams.*

*Now we know treasure often arrives  
only after we've been torn apart—  
torn apart, then woven back together  
with bits and strands of the world woven in,  
a process that happens again and again  
until we know ourselves more as the world  
and less as who we thought we were.*

*Sometimes, like today, the scents  
of evergreen and bay weave in, too.  
And the velvet of moss. And the clean  
taste of water. And the heartbreak  
of another who we treasure,  
a heartbreak so tender,  
we now feel it and grow from it  
as if it is our own.*

*Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer*

