

**Plants in Tough Places**  
by George Burns

I always want to cheer  
    when I see  
        a twig with leaves like wings  
ledged on the pockmarked  
    face of a cliff,  
as if in a lady's flower box

Trembling,  
    it can't help  
        its slow leap  
                    into gravity's wind.

So what  
    if God's chisel  
        is always chipping  
            at its stony holdfast?

What have odds  
ever had to do with it?

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