

Sierra Baer

Search and Surprise

The hunt began at nine o'clock, scattering
Between the rows of pine, searching
Left and right, marking
Potential winners.

Orange strands of ribbon, flowing
In the mid-morning breeze, propelling
A friendly competition.

Others in the distance, waving
To come on down, tripping
Over uneven stumps, approaching
What could be the one.

A secret awaited, sitting
Within the Fir, hiding
An unforgettable surprise.

The moment arose, blurring
All sense of reality, reaching
Through the sap coated branches, grabbing
The note with a name.

That was the moment, declaring
What everyone knew, proposing
On bended knee that she was *the* one.