

## The Field

*--For Alexandria City Public School Retirees: Teachers, Administrators and Support Staff, Tuesday, June 2, 2026*

Every teacher remembers the student  
who struggled, like a tiny seedling, to rise up  
through its little pot of soil, the one that needed tending,  
a special place near the sunshine that streamed  
through the windowpanes, extra water, time,  
and care, to slowly grow fluorescent green leaves  
which rose, later, like tiny beacons, up and up and up.

What is rarer to see is the flower that bloomed  
after, once the plant was in the earth, a bright  
sheath of color surrounding so many tiny seeds  
which, returning to the ground, sprouted  
their own lime green sprigs, which then rose higher  
higher and flowered, also, for the care  
given to that first seedling,  
which, in other hands, might have been lost.

What is harder to grasp is that a seedling becomes  
not just one flower in time, for the skill  
and attention of the one who tended to it,  
but an endless field of blooms,  
its resplendent, bracing colors spreading on  
forever, beaming, far, far beyond our sight.

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