

*This spirited collection of poems is a contemplation, exploring essential questions on love, loss and the bravery to love once more. A meditative tribute to solace and strength found in embracing nature's serenity and wisdom.*

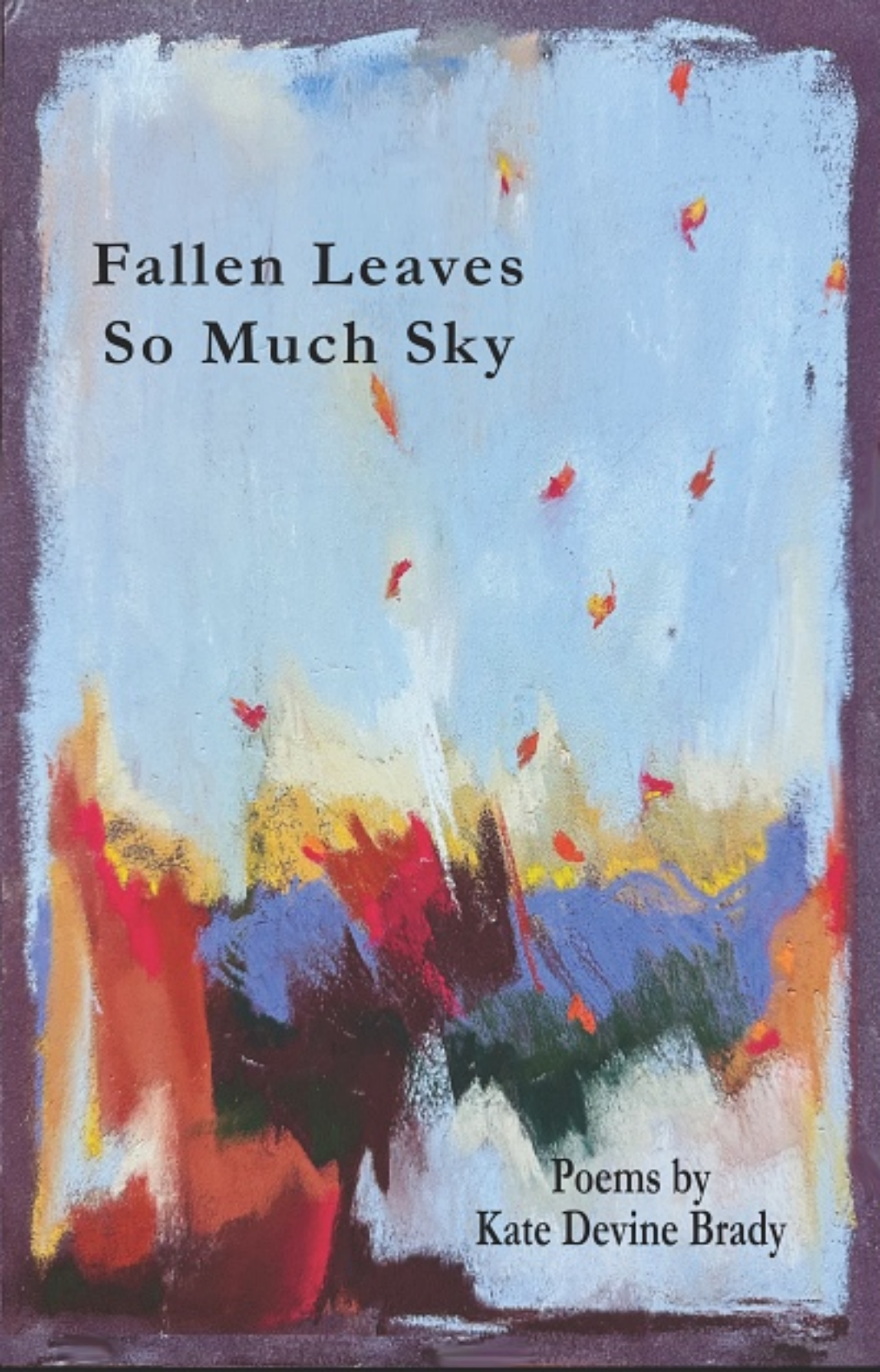
## **Fallen Leaves So Much Sky**

By Kate Devine Brady

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An abstract painting featuring a light blue and white sky with several small, scattered leaves in shades of red, orange, and yellow. The lower portion of the image is dominated by large, expressive brushstrokes in vibrant red, orange, and blue, suggesting a landscape or foliage. The overall style is textured and expressive, with visible brushwork and a rich color palette.

**Fallen Leaves  
So Much Sky**

Poems by  
Kate Devine Brady

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## Bright Offerings

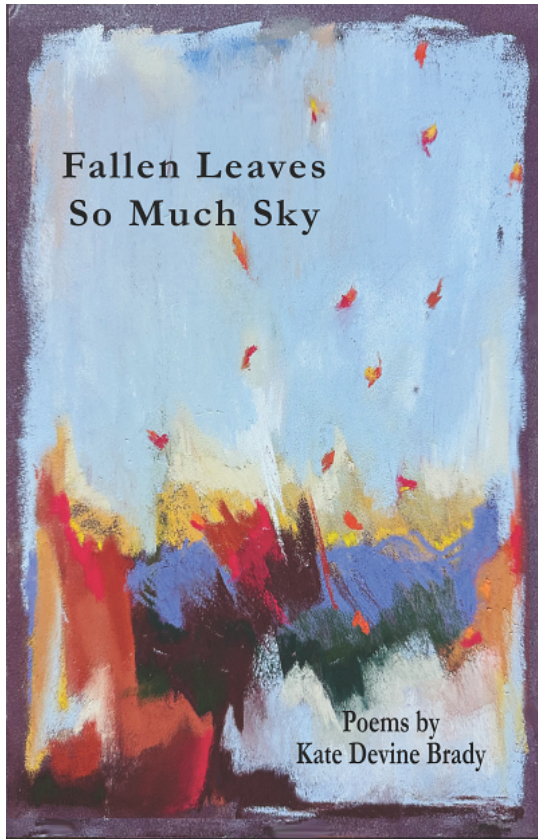
If you could only know,  
my bones sensed  
something wonderful  
about the darkness  
and its timing  
and your bag of kumquats.  
If you could only know,  
opening the door  
to your sweet succulent gift  
smiling forever on my front step.  
I wept an eternity  
or so  
so it seemed  
until your bright offering  
was fully received.  
If you could only know,  
cherishing those tiny orange  
ovals of hope  
astonished at how  
all the world  
and  
all it's hard places  
slowly  
softened  
into my lap.

## Author's Note

The poems in this collection were born out of a surprising turn of life during the year my parents passed away. My grief began to hear, gather, and play with words. Eventually this arrangement of words called me to sit down and capture them on paper. A painter by nature, processing my emotions through writing felt foreign and challenging. However, something called me to take on a new creative voice and I headed that call. Paints and brushes sat quiet for over a year while my pen went for a walk daily and endless piles of scraps of paper with assembled words began to pile up.

They say grief is love without a place to go. My grief and love needed a place to roam and it took off with crafting what might be called poetry. It sought a quiet, safe space to breathe, move, rest then move again by creating images painted with words. I listened for its tempo, temperature and texture, recording its rhythm and rhyme. In a time where my parent's absence made me feel disoriented, untethered and incredibly alone, poetry helped me reorient and stay grounded. My writing practice became an anchor and constant companion while navigating the uncharted waters of letting go. I feel these documented remembrances of my parents carry them forward, not just a memory, but as an ongoing life and relationship that continues to unfold. It has been a transformative process turning pain into purpose and heartbreak into a capacity for a fierce compassion for others. I've discovered in the field of bereavement rather than waiting for it to end to instead be open to its offerings of resilience, awe, and wonder as an evolving pathway through it. My hope is that this collection of poems serve as a reminder to take pause

and notice the extraordinary in an ordinary day. May they transport you to timeless moments leaving you with a sense of discovery and peace in the midst of loss.



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