

Meadow Mine

Sigh of blooms, these iridescent truants hang
heavy with the shackles of rain.

Obey our wishes. Weld their barren stems.
It's their undoing, I hear you say.

Soon all will be faded. Even the sparkling petal-gems, legions
of them. I'm fascinated by what the spring witch
untucked from the frosty layers.
Soft heads veiled, then uncovered,
only to be kindly plucked.

Names don't matter here, in this image, a still life.

I've met the deer. Oh, they come early,
and there's some scattered, shying buds for them, and some for us.

Plum odor bleeds violet, blue-red and precise,
beckoning. There's none better in the glade.
All will be still until the breathy whine of winter.