

## LADY AND FLOWER

Her eye is not like ours;  
In every threat of green  
it sees her father's final day.  
Now early corpses of forest nymphs  
guard her and wildflowers.

We witness the thievery, by her breath,  
of a bee's sunny dreaming,  
the rasp of pollen in her throat,  
her own strangling touch--  
there must be no exchange of essences!  
Only the wrath of her unsocketed eye,  
and its helpless hatred of flowers.

WITH WORDS OF CONSOLATION TO HIS SERPENT

Your time is done, old friend.  
Too often now I have seen  
the loathing faces of the crowd,  
as strange to me as a phobia of gemstones,  
or terror of the wind.

Is it only me that can prize you  
for your long crawl from the seashore?  
That pities your forced migrations  
between sunbeams and forest shade?  
You must have had me in your heart even then,  
this dreamer of warmer capabilities.

I still admire the angle of your head,  
pulled back in challenge,  
your split tongue reading snake dreams from the breeze.  
But when I model my tamer postures,  
your eyes flare up like demon stones.  
You mock my mild assertions  
and strike--  
At a freedom no longer your own.  
Listen--I am no timid monkey man,  
and you are no longer Tyrannosaurus rex.  
Get back in your basket!  
I will honor you as a parent  
only as long as your head is covered.