Seeds

Three women in a row,
Cardinals,
I mistake for poppies.

The field is usually empty.
Only visited by those,
With maps inside them.

I’ve been here before.
All the trees look
Caught in praise.

Came here with my brother.
When he offered his voice,
Left it in this field,

Among seeds,
To be gleaned,
To be polished by birds.

Because

Death did not stop
To exert the sharpness
Of a blade,

He sent my brother to war.
He kindly taunted –
Kindly tested me.

I dread
The carriage, the coffin
He could come home in.

Watched Death pin
Labor and Leisure
In one place.

I grew tall searching,
For the tip of a small world,
For clovers, in a barren lot.

It’s a barely remembered thought
Yet feels shorter than a day,
I felt cold metal on my wrist.

Toward Eternity
The lilac blossom,
Looks more like a violet pinecone,
As it pauses before Death.

**The Violent Smell of Lilacs in May**

Framed by a window
is a lilac tree
A cross

The blossoms
their purple skins
Godly the stubborn warm smell

This is a tree that will never die
This is a tree that will live on even when the city comes tearing through
the land

The land
belongs to deer

They made circles in the field
beds for their families

Can’t find them
still warm from closeness

You can’t find chestnuts
only their skeletons

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