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Poetry

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When eleven floors up, it is hard
to smell the flowers and be kind
to the world that has moved on
without you. Daisies are like that,
you tell me. Slow, but learning,
all morning repeating with sounds
of rain. It is almost too easy to turn
and snap their stems. Decorations for
simpler times. You sigh and wish to be
born looking backwards. Prepare to sing
with children who hand you lavender.
That you then present to me. Air cupped
in a gentleness that surprises even my own.
The purple settles on your skin.
You take five minutes to wipe away dew
leaves. Quietly, you are drawn to a field
that in autumn glistens with fireflies.
Silent until a laugh escapes. You know
where it goes next. Choose not to chase
after it. You beckon for me to return
the arrangement. Kneel on the ground,
knead the soil carefully. In motions
learned washing your daughter's hair.
Other travelers will stop here. Remind
themselves the smell of lavender.
This you are certain of. As the sky darkens
and the flowers disappear
you get up to clean your hands.