

The Breeze Fluttered Tapestry: April

“Inward”; “Cold!”; such is the pared speech of blossoms,
Which is their bent attitude of blame
As April rain congeals to snow; like lost suns
The daffodils curl on themselves, and I, in the same
Bowed speech, remember that far off summer
When you were gone, that night at Sweet Springs,
When you were gone, by the tide-swelled marshes, where star-
Light cantilevered through the water rings
Past the frog songs, past the caterpillar
Spinning her silks into the fog filtered moonlight—
These breeze fluttered tapestries of my years—
So they seemed that eucalyptus scented night
As the dew fell, and the caterpillar’s silks glistened;
“Come,” they shone, “Begin here; closer; listen. . .”

Originally published in *Mudlark* No. 16 (2001).