

Catharine Lucas

WILD IRIS

because my voice is a pool of silent twilight
in a pocket of green fern
you notice me

because my words are veined prongs curled up
to cup a drop of sungold
you stop and listen

because my sighs curve three petals downward
to canopy blue air against my stem
you love me

because you did not hear my rasping birthsong
distilled from cries of gulls at dawn

because you will not hear me when I
wither to mauve whisper

because you were at first surprised but now
remember there will be music like me
every spring

you leave me lightly
unbruised by parting