

## Wildflowers

This time I will pack my bags,  
and carry them with me.

I'll

take stacks of lavender that grow  
in rows in my front yard. I will take  
Foxglove from waste places, Scarlet  
Sage from roadsides, and Mexican Hat  
from memories, fire-petals not yet  
wilted. I will take wild-flowers.

I'll pack the smell of peaches,  
the curve of your chin, the taste of  
pomegranates, and you—

these, I celebrate.

I will pack the story of each scar,  
mine and yours, and I will not forget  
them.

I will not forget the time we  
read, then rolled in the grass, and laughed  
at the moving shade and the pirate joke.

I will pack all of September—  
leaves changing the color of seasons,  
the seasons changing the color of lives:

I, again, find cold mornings, starched  
sheets, one bowl in the sink, things  
are always clean, always asleep.

These I pack air-tight—to bury  
in the dirt, under the mulch, beneath  
the wildflowers.