

“Siberian Iris”

Botanical Name: Iris sibirica

Her borrowed fridge full of flowers
and her mind a harvested compass,
her soles pulled from the dirt so her roots
had nowhere to hold,
one step toward
and back
and toward
those dreamers’ rainbow fields

She trips on the vine of her hair and opens the fridge door,
breathing arctic braids,
frozen lilacs, yawning lilies, shivering showy stonecrop,
delicate baptisia and puckering false sunflowers,
glacier ivy, trailing next to the flower of her name,
bluebells ready for the ball,
rose tips iced and rime-bitten tulips crinkling in her touch

Petals drifting, stems frosted stiff as corpses,
she claims to stop death
“Just because they aren’t growing
doesn’t mean they’re not alive,” she explains
while kissing their thorns