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Anemone

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ANEMONE

by **Craig Arnold**

Windflower wildflower the grass wears you in its hair
tatter of leaf and purple star of petal
How do you keep your balance in the dirt you are so frail
grubbed up in the gardener's palm you wilt
thing of an hour but still the fields fill with your sisters
shivering with the wind in their thin skirts
Maybe you sprang from a god's blood or a murdered lover
But I will say that the pale maiden spilled you
out of her lap when she turned her face from the sun's warmth
and chose the shadows but buried still you remember
these seasons of gray rain this world blurred by tears
are not forever soon it will all be over
Soon she will come back scattering flowers before her
Soon you will raise your head from the grass to praise her
Oh let the sky break and the bud open oh let her bring
all things to peace to the cold blue peace of spring