

Eating the Lilies

White, white-----
all the silk-smooth petals,
all the milk-true, the Lethe-opiates
to dream of emerald & leave any empty
temple of bitterness behind...

This is the gala:
all Fitzgerald's glitter, all the *up-on-your-heels*
for chandeliers of champagne & bedecked chessboard pieces
before the flags raised for particular heads of states.

Raise the vase as goblet. Drink the stem's scents
& then eat as if sleeping to never mind the wet cheeks,
the stares of those knowing whose assassination
this banquet banked on, whose food airlifts were diverted,
whose bullet-riddled crates of vaccines ran
mercury rainbow-bright in the needy, needy streets...

Yes, eat these petals.
Move to the music & out into the moonlight.
Tomorrow comes the sun's promise & a new start
may tasted blessed as wind.

Who is to judge?
That mistral is life living so have faith in these flowers,
their merciful blankness & your power
to seem-to-swallow, but instead spit & leave.