

*Gardens*

words spun from numb lips

black-violet flowers

dripping nectar

and dotted pollen

turning rose hips

inside high-minded

matrixes and vocal

resonances that

shock like eels

where upon the castle bridges

will the catapult's stones

crash and burst?

sending white dust

searing, light dancing

—you mean to

make a scene—

(don't you?)

where among the stamens

and the pistils will you die?

pressed against the forehead

my magenta lilies

—scent of morning musk