

still lilies softly tilting
white flowers
bent and breaking to the light

what traumatic wave
will toss
and crash them, turning

upside down? A bullfrog
leaping in?
the driving wind and rain?

what ancient guilt
will bleed
this pastel pallet,

smearing soft green and
blue and
violet running scared?

down to the confessional
of the
subtle forest deeps?