

DRIED ARRANGEMENT

All those long cattails of longing,
Sprung up in the soft marsh places
Of my inlands:
You picked them green and strung them upside down
To desiccate in your cellar
Along with laurel leaves and strawflowers.
Now and then you show me the stiff brown bouquet
On your altar.
Hung up on the hard harsh places
Of my island,
I cling to rock ridges that scar my eyes, and cannot even
Weep among the weeds of my desire.