

THE IRIS LOVERS

Our letters, your calls, became frequent
the past three months. My stationery
changed from white to blue to lavender.
Your last note was as ardently purple
as a sophomore's sonnet.

Our first divorced year recoiled,
replaying reels of anger. The second passed
disjointed, filled with unexpected gaps.
By the third, we began noticing May
and June were still filled with iris,
gently indelible watercolor hues,
the scent haunting as haiku.

Funny thing about iris-- you can plunge
your nose in the blossoms and swear
they're not the source. Yet a single flower
perfumes a whole room and you know
it's there before you turn on the light.

I dress to meet you for dinner in a town
I've never seen. No need for descriptions
of what we'll wear, we've changed
little. Or maybe a lot.
Already we've made recognitions--
the source of sweetness, the origin of shades.
There's a good chance for us now in the light.
We've been in each other's dark a long time.