
FLOWER POEM



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Cover drawing by Cheryl Wentworth

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Gladness linked to
madness to amuse you.
Characters move—

rhythms, waves of color
flowers.

They whisper to me.
I am a privileged guess.

They let me do as I please.
They do as they please.

In the core of the bud
is fire,
the bone of desire.

.

I knew
when a moth flew out
of the moon's eye

the dead
would teach me
to love.

.

There are stars
in the branches of the trees.

The moon's windows
open and close.

It's right
there

DANCE
DANCE
DANCE

.

Her eyes are for me
to see her heart.

While she moves into mine
I move into hers.

The grave, cold, simple—
ordained
in the see.

.

New directions,
old directions, each
is eaten in time,

each star,
seed,
stone.

.

Moon moves
mind into fragments.

Visitation comes
wordless, shapeless.

It is sweet, the taste

of a tree, children running,
guns clicking,
that shaking of my head,
needles too— a place
in space,

song, bird, word,
word, heard third.

.

The moon is a flower.
The day is a song.
Let the dog bark

down the hall of fading portraits,
my face in the mirror—
above a broken vase.

Her mouth quivers.
She sees humor
in the antics of the man
trying.

.

There is a cemetery
mind into fragments.

Visitation comes
wordless, shapeless.

It is sweet, the taste
of a tree, children running,
guns clicking,
that shaking of my head,
needles too— a place
in space,

song, bird, word,
word, heard third.

.

The moon is a flower.
The day is a song.
Let the dog bark

down the hall of fading portraits,
my face in the mirror—
above a broken vase.

Her mouth quivers.
She sees humor
in the antics of the man
trying.

.

There is a cemetery
in the mind.

We look for it—

nine times nine times nine
nails, needles, trains, trees—
often ten.

The moon is a flower.
This is to say
I love to say

I love.