

Roses

short poems in experimental form

Iris Half-Painted on Her Canvas

(for Georgia O'Keefe)

lifting
out of
desert
ground,
a still,
hot noon
held
poised
on its
breath,
each
sound.

in her studio a single iris stands
in a curve of white bone.

Roses on the Hall Table in the Shade

(for Rilke)

the silence
of absolute
aloudness
shouts
out of desert
pavement
blackened
by a searing
sun, out of
rocks that hear
a louder
sound.

two deep red roses wilt
in cool water, floating in a white bowl.

Yellow Cactus Flower

(Art Farm Studio)

the yellow cactus
flower is,
all night
and well into
the next day,
all that exists
in a room
dominated
by its pale
petals: an
enormous trumpet
on a single stalk,

a raised arm, like a shout that bursts out
of recognition and homecoming.