



...may 23, 1992...

*listen to me – listen to me now –
i'm talking to the lilies in my yard –
orange and yellow-gold with throats of black –
they answer questions by not talking back –*

*listen to me – listen to me now –
purple pansies bend into the sun
and gather words like secret secrets
drawn from the centre of the soil –*

*listen to me – listen to me now –
i am talking – i am whispering
into a flower quietness of petals
watching them fade into parentheses –*

*i am absorbed into their listening
as i await your footsteps in the rain.*