

That Flowers Flower

I don't much care at this late stage
to try to pretty things up or sate
a jaded taste for novelty.

The toads in the garden are real, the garden
like all gardens imaginary.

Some months after his third divorce,
casting a whirligig toward the pads
from the stern of his new bass boat

my older brother unsmiling said
It only works if they make the first move.

Some months before his quadruple bypass
he said not even half-joking
What's important is one good crap a day.

But more than that: That flowers flower,
their colors brighter for the gray sky

That your body, exquisite
by candle, moon and morning light,
the form your soul takes, touch mine

That we be honest as we can with each other
about the way things are where we stand

That the pain not be so great
we don't care to see the sun
break again over the edge.