

THE IRIS LOVERS

Your letters, your calls
multiply with seasonal warmth.
My stationery changed from white to blue
to lavender. Your last note was as purple
as a sophomore's sonnet.

That year of our divorce rolled by
on red reels of anger. The second year passed
in disjointed segments, unexpected gaps,
colorless. In this, the third, each of us
notice May and June are still filled
with iris— gently indelible hues,
fragrance haunting as haiku.

Funny thing about iris-- you can plunge
your nose in the petals and swear the scent
comes from somewhere else. Yet overnight
a single blossom perfumes a room and you know
it's there before you turn on the light.

I dress to meet you for dinner at a place
I've never seen. No need for descriptions
of what we'll wear, we haven't changed. Or maybe
we have. Already we've made recognitions--
the source of sweetness, the variations of shades,
the unseen patience that raises a flowering.

There's a good chance for us now in the light.
We've been in each other's dark a long time.