**Zoe Putnam**

**The Audacity of Flowers**

The world weeps today

Tears that fall unwelcome

From the heaven’s dour eye

Upon a stony ground

We have dispersed

To cover the mirrors

With black mourning cloth

So that the dead may pass on

We put away our sunlit hues

To don black mourning garb

And stare shocked

At the audacity of flowers

As the heavens dress in

Baleful black and let go

Of river tears

The flowers don their brightest robes

And the grass takes out

Its greenest gown

To dry the heaven’s tears