

Her (1)

She bloomed out of tomato flowers:
The bands aligned in rows hug the wire of their garden cell.
The fruits, once young, blind, and yellow,
Resolved to mature despite the thirst of the roots
Whose gaze the gardeners had long left tucked between pages of their old diaries.
But drinking from the sleeping dew of its own leaves was enough
For the roots to grow to touch the buried arteries,
And coax the concealed fire to the stem,
From which the fruits drank so deeply,
Transforming their longing yellow
Into a plump, fiery scarlet,
Having seized their rebellious kiss,
Like drops of golden blood growing on the lips of the sighing volcano.

Her (2)

Her life was born from a love affair
Fuelled by elements set into motion:
the pollen, the wind, the rain.
It gave the young flower the red fervour of her petals.
Some plucked her thorns
And planted them in their own eyes, seeking blindness
To her roots drawn to the magnetic pull
Of the ancient molten heart of the Earth.
But the bees and ants and moths and pollen knew all along
What notes the wind could string together
And what parts of sounds of howling rains
Were responsible for the beauty
And for the birth
Of my dearest
Her.