

**FOR FLOWERS**

Like some shape godliness, their breaking  
into light, the tensility, raw color;  
at home with death, in gravestone vases  
or as apple petals falling in May snow,  
they bring the days to mind when chance  
daubs the carbon, nitrogen, crumbled leaf  
with swaying stalks; secure in the decay  
they grow, utterly gorgeous, their stored-up,  
long stories of the underworld and some fruitless pride  
flashing on their petals when bees arrive.

Carol Frost

