

WILD FLOWERS

Black-eyed Susans
Lady's Smocks, Blooming Sally Squaw Vine
and Mother' Heart piece a quilt among
the grasses between peaks.

Winded from the hike
I pick a spot in the middle
fall face up under a thunder cloud
sun filtering through thin spots a daisy or
buttercup herself.

The cloud cracks open,
pounds the meadow;
the sun slips out of sight
completely.

Eyes closed, I smell rain
very close
waiting for the perfect moment holding
back.

And I remember the zoo at age
eight.
The sky threatened all day;
we ran from cage to cage
to see it all before the storm.
Out of breath I turned, saw the
baboons mating.

The rain came and we ran
under the food stand
I stood, watched their painted faces
through the downpour
lightning flashing
heard them scream
at the sky as they burst apart
the big one still spouting
rhythmic
wetting the concrete again and again,
his gaze far away

The first wave of rain

opens my eyes
water for the fields.

The whole meadow undulates
with each gust
Black-eyed Susans
Lady's Smocks, Blooming Sally Squaw Vine
and Mother' Heart pressed flat under the
weight.

The wind howls into the valley
brings them water
pounds it into each head shaking
loose every petal.