

Moonflowers

Lindy Obach

Big and white,
they spill from your hands.

All I can think about is you
in my doorway, biting your lip, holding
a long sleeve of purple iris.

How am I supposed to leave the house
when your skin is aloe
and your lips open like September sedum?

How do I go about my day
when I know how your hair, glossy
and black as a lily seed, sweeps across the pillows?

You are birch bark,
you are rosewater,
you are a bank of wild bee balm.

Say to me,
plant, plant, plant
and I will, I will, I will.