

## Flower Poems, or Cobridme de flores

Robin Murray  
Eastern Illinois University, USA  
rlmurray50@gmail.com



### Irises

My mother grew a circle of irises  
dividing koi pond from rose garden,

bearded blond heads bobbing like fishhooks,  
their reflections prised into Greek goddess robes,

(messengers, I know, using flowing rainbows  
as bridges between earth and the heavens,

I thought they'd turn to gold by seven,  
melanin changing one iris from blue to tan

Dina's *heterochromia iridium* charming bartenders, disc jockeys  
and the entire Columbus Clipper baseball team

her bi-colored eyes blending way too smoothly  
into exotic berry wine coolers in the

back of a maroon Escort, looking rosy  
from the rear-view mirror before a smell

like Jim's skunked Australian shepherd washed in  
tomato juice, baking soda, and hydrogen peroxide

opened my doors)—the bronzed lower petals  
grow fuzzy from rhizomes, purging the liver;

behind the cornea their tinted apertures open

symbols of passion planted on graves.

### **Doodle Poll (Calendar View)**

She regrets

she's unable to meet today.

Yesterday

she looked out over a low creek

turning into

a heron

snaking between sumacs,

one of the bird people

gliding with

starched cotton wings

thinking only

"I'm hungry"

as she dived.

## Sunflower Summer

That summer had a face like a sunflower  
mane of yellow hair framing circle of tan

Clytie watching Apollo kiss her sister beside the coal bin  
in the back of a three-car garage

In Takeshi Kitano's *Hana-Bi*  
"flower fires" create and consume  
Horibe painting smiling flower heads on lions  
bending upward toward hana-bi hung in the sky

just like Romero's *Land of the Dead*

flowers in the graveyard  
not the kind you lay on the ground

sky flowers way up in heaven  
reflecting off a paddle boat  
in the center of Duck Lake

and those chipped teeth  
moving to face the sun

distracting decoys planted in a line  
their thick stalks confront the wind

seeds weakening growth  
like Clytie's sister locked in a cave

or

planted in loose soil behind the Buick

Clytie turning slowly  
Her flower face following  
Apollo's dazzling chariot and radiant crown

**James Garner Under Sumacs  
(Or Just Light the Damn Thing on Fire!)**

Your boyfriend's dead he says  
I laugh  
ask which one

but think of James Garner

my own *Murphy's Romance* (1985)  
staying for supper only if breakfast is included.  
How do you like your eggs?

A sign maybe.

The amaryllis stops swallowing.

The cilantro dries up.

I hear people went to the wrong Roanake this weekend.

I remember stooping under a sumac

blushing under leaves

and listening:

*Fragrant bobs attract bees.*

*Stems transform into pipes  
fluorescing under ultraviolet light.*

I fear

my toes will grow numb  
harden and fall off,  
useless and without scent.

I fear

I'll say, "I'm 60,"  
(Just like Murphy)

and the door will slam

leaving me outside

in the coming dark.

## **Titan Arum**

In July

my elbow  
swells

like a corpse  
flower

loose scar folding  
over a loaf of arm

a human pistil  
sweating

flesh flies'  
perfume

I smell  
stink

bugs  
in a composter

and that  
dead cow

we nearly  
stepped in

on

Regina's farm.