

poem

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Tongue All Out

Heat, and the waste of all that
flower labor –was there a hint
how dry July would be, so dry

I rip out phlox to save less lusty
plants, risk a water-prism scorch
to circulate the hose in sun-glare,

draw censure from housemates
who want pressure for showers–
can't settle for eau de cologne.

I don't aspire to a disembodied eye,
curious what will survive such solar
brutishness: much skin in the game.

May was so drizzly-green I tucked in
one more plant in June –then ten–
lush colors, pollinator lure-scents.

Towering blooms of Silphium –cup plant–
follow sun-trail, its overlapped leaf-cups,
reservoirs for bird and bee water, empty.

Echinacea's petals limp in the sun-blast;
Hypericum holds drooping cup blooms
like palms eager for a damp handout.

Desperation in these drought doldrums
for a settling petrichor. Sniffer attuned,
neck stretched ready to open mouth wide.