

The Braun Sisters

by Donelle Dreese

—for Annette and Lucy Braun

What would Lucy say about floristics
now that the old growth forests are fleeing

taking their soft bones and medicines with them?
I see the headstones at Spring Grove Cemetery

above the pulp and rhizome of Lucy and Annette.
I think of Lucy's fight for Kentucky's deciduous

think of her sister, Annette, who told the stories
of moths, how their wings are scaled, not dusted

how their pale-dressed patterns have no desire
to dance for the sun, but somewhere in Ohio

or Kentucky they still walk the forests reciting
the names and properties of every living thing

Red Cedar, Bee Balm, Cinnamon Fern.
Lucy is collecting herbarium specimens

while Annette is reading Lucy's essays
to see if moths fly out of them.