

Early May; or, of Innocence and Id

by Harry Brown

This is the flowering hour. How can we not hope?
Their white blooms lacy and intricate, babies'-breath
and bridal wreath sweeten edges and corners of our porch
and yard. Tall, brittle but tough, yellow locust
hangs voluptuous with snow, perfuming lightly
the fence row below. Legions of daisies in white, quite short
pleated skirts flaunt their long, slender legs and mounding,
tight, sunburst tops. They strut their wares about the pasture,
swaying and nodding siren songs where Zeus struts, too,
in trysts with twenty cows and heifers.

Myriad
white clover slightly intoxicate with tiny attar.