

SUSAN LUDVIGSON

A Woman Enters a Garden Through Cornfields

into moonlight

where orchids wait or *were* they cornfields?

and still with infinite patience the moon

I see them against dark walls in orbit

moments forests made of color light-striped

the garden becomes

or has not been written

the garden the orchid containing every other

each the way human couples the way we

when blossoms encompass everything
 electric

we say chemistry

of all the billions

when I wake in a dream knowing what

we could be showered by it's only one of a series of wakings

how often we see faces we can navigate

one world

another