

ALEXANDRIA PEARY

Conversational Portrait in Grass

Your lemon rind tongue
My kid fingers
in white gloves

The grass is lean. Perfect.
Above, the pearls of
an apple tree. Green willow
with its bead curtains.
You in my ears.
You in my ears

All animals in the grass
are tropes in the long grass.
The fields that surround us

when we close our eyes.
Pull down the window blinds
Tuesday is another laundromat
Aquamarine sinks. Another supper
of corn soup. Hannah in red
cotton scarf.

My grandfather says arthritis
is a very young tree outside the hospital.
He is walking the dog's constellation.
There are lawn mowers in idle in the lilacs.

That last minute
dissolved on my blue tongue

as a raspberry tablet,
an entry in a journal, 1941.

All rocks glitter in the sun.
There are only smears between us.
And hundreds of buckets of pollen.