

A Country Walk

My eyes glance right to spy
a house with cultured roses growing high
and lavender clematis higher still
in such full-fertilized abundance
that I quickly turn away, appalled until
unmanicured, the soothing soft caress
of country roadside closes in once more.
And there, where sunlight's fingers
filter through among the trees, I thrill
to find a tiny patch with lightly lilac-colored tufts
of clover resting on their tender stems,
a few yards further off a slope with daisies
scattered randomly, and then
I'm fortunate enough to see
a single stalk of blue-pocked chicory.
Here grows some lace that's named for Anne, the queen,
and just across the lane a sprinkling of tiny jewels
which must have fallen from her crown: glowing
gold and turquoise--deeper I would tend to say
than any other colors I have seen--
(whose names someone may know) and all
these flowers scavenging their scraggly way
among the other weeds call out to me
as if I were that fleeting
pearl-white butterfly.

Steve Bloom
June 1999