

## Annotations for a Lotus

Cornets of lilac. Cauliflower  
 collages cap the rowan. Dog  
 wood fits a full green breast  
 with button  
 hole blossoms of white. I bow  
 to their pleasure. This year I can take  
 it, my epilepsy of rejection gone.  
 I survive in paradise. No short  
 circuits, no colour or texture  
 too stark, my mind (before too dark  
 for admitting such a strain  
 of light) softens from its coal black  
 hue back to a beginning.  
 It lolls like a peat bog in this  
 boozery of fir. It sozzles  
 on maroon. It simpers  
 with green. Heron  
 on high tapers illuminate  
 the logs for toads.  
 They plop as warty  
 as my thumbs into the deep complacent  
 brown that bastes the bottom of each pool.  
 This root of the complexion  
 transmigrates  
 through the Nootka faces,  
 braised with hyperion by the Somass  
 river bridge in June. I cram  
 them into memory like lotus  
 on my way home from the never ending  
 work of words.

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