

Who is thinking this poem?

It was a red carnation you first brought home.
In its small dream of water, its bloom
lasted for several weeks. Its red glow, alone,
was enough to light the entire room.
Which of us was first to wake
with its red pollen on our lips?
Which of us will be the one to take
it out to the garbage like the carcass

Of a bird we had for lunch? When it is gone
will you or I bring another, a hyacinth, perhaps,
or a rose its petals falling one by one?
Neither of us able to watch its collapse.
Neither of us able to face the despair
when the flowers stop being there.

ROBERT HILLES