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Rapture of Flowers

Laurie Sewall

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Rapture of Flowers

by Laurie Sewall

My ears buzzed with the dense hum of stems
propped up under soil, ready to depart

for light. So I sat in the dark till I heard
it again: liquid of my hands, my heart—

that current surging through the grass one
cold morning as I stood in a filmy

wand of sun, transfixed: limbs like stalks
with streams inside, plump shoots that come

alive in brilliant day. And, though empty
and still of any striving, a blazing bathed my veins

with something hot and certain, captured my skin,
a medicine. Liniment of heat beneath the atrophy

of winter: indigo culled from a salt-filled
marsh, rapture of flowers under earth.

