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Flourish

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DORA MALECH

Flourish

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Clematis, sweet pea, sweet alyssum, sweet asylum,
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adornment's adamant heaven scent

to bed an arbor's ardor,

trellis's yes this

reaching toward its own reward,

sweet re-aching might redeem what seems

a frail unfurling to refuge instead, re-fugue

played in contrapuntal context shows some pragmatist's *thanks*

thriving not only as noun and verb, but *stem*, climbing

aster and hydrangea, honeysuckle, wisteria, twine and tendril

reaching skyward toward

as if to pick a warden's lock,

as if jazz hands, spirit fingers, fireworks, as our shared shards glitter

on this floodlit stage left empty and the river rising like ovation out of whose rush and rake and raze and refuse grows again

these petals, pleats, sequins, pirouettes, curtsies, and klieg-eyed bowers, sure-fired lines

run to sun's stunning statement piece, peals on which an hour slips under

the higher wire and over

the big top we make of what's at stake,

tensile tendrils

corkscrewing up to pour more sunlight, celebrate

the act we make of the temporary fact of us.