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## Poetry

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When eleven floors up, it is hard  
to smell the flowers and be kind  
to the world that has moved on  
without you. Daisies are like that,  
you tell me. Slow, but learning,  
all morning repeating with sounds  
of rain. It is almost too easy to turn  
and snap their stems. Decorations for  
simpler times. You sigh and wish to be  
born looking backwards. Prepare to sing  
with children who hand you lavender.  
That you then present to me. Air cupped  
in a gentleness that surprises even my own.  
The purple settles on your skin.  
You take five minutes to wipe away dew  
leaves. Quietly, you are drawn to a field  
that in autumn glistens with fireflies.  
Silent until a laugh escapes. You know  
where it goes next. Choose not to chase  
after it. You beckon for me to return  
the arrangement. Kneel on the ground,  
knead the soil carefully. In motions  
learned washing your daughter's hair.  
Other travelers will stop here. Remind  
themselves the smell of lavender.  
This you are certain of. As the sky darkens  
and the flowers disappear  
you get up to clean your hands.