

Wild Roses

*Ken Meter
for Margaret*

Wild roses bloomed on the day you died.
It seemed you had chosen this time -
When these sweet winds would envelop you, carry you.

You knew you passed down to me each year
This scented legacy; the folded, shadowed layers
Of fruition, grace, and death.

Today I floated two blooms
In your mother's globe-glassed bowl.
They glowed like candles.

You always said you would come back
In this way - as a song the natural world
Carries into bloom and root and fire.

After the thunderstorm, the petals lay
On the garden like fragrant fragments of clamshell,
Each shard one of your stories,
Releasing itself into the earth.