

Honeysuckle

In summertime we'd play horticulturist
and pluck the honeysuckle blooms.

We'd gather them, hundreds,
and pour the tumbling masses onto
the cold cement of the garage floor.

Aren't we in Eden?

We can hardly tell the difference
anymore.

Sometimes, we would heed the calls of
some forgotten Buddha, and sit with lotus palms
and lizards caught from the cracks between our fences.

If you wanted my childhood
I would tell you of a ravine
and the great tree-bridge.
I fell off once, when I was

young, and could not catch my breath.
So I lay in the floor, in the leaves
stretching my fingers toward
some marvel.

In all the words there are, though,
I could not give you my childhood without
the tint of yellow in morning-shine.

The honeysuckle?

We sold it all away so many years ago
and still, I smell it.

Eagerly, we waited out our school hours
to climb into branches we had not known
before, and etch our mark into bark
which grows and dies
like us.

We did not know this,
then.