

April is

STEFANIA HEIM

9:20am and clear. The shock of blooms around my favorite block
and how obvious of me
to love the heavy ones, haphazard, unsupportable

by their branches. A too-muchness precisely what my sister hates
about flowers. Her birthday today

and our grandfather's. How even not in a plague year days are
punched
with significance which is the thesis of everything I've ever
written. Now I also like the trees
where the blossoms are tiny
contusions on the branches that seemed dead reaching too near
into the cracks, the trunk, the bottom
too far for my sense like parasites
crawling external.

Years now watching someone else's tenderly learned work
erupt all around our perimeter knowing so much I rip away they
had meant to stay
but I don't know which shoots. What comes back

never limited to what's been planted. Each house so many
somebody else's.

The two bushes in the backyard she and I stood before for photos,

twinned eyes seasonally
swollen. And how she hated the word hydrangea, me more
delighted by her disgust than by the flower
though of course now they're inseparable.

