

State of Emergence

STEFANIA HEIM

Lenten rose
droops her heads only
half the tulips
get gaudy
with color the boy
hitching his dirt
bike to a car before
Sam breathes crystals
of air crop
cover blown days ago
down the side
of my house protects
no shooting peas and
it seems like there's
only yellow
everywhere I
look my grandfather
on the floor in a lake
of his own urine pressing
the emergency
button his house
filling with people
he doesn't
understand this spring
so unseasonably
cool

