

DOG ROSE

One, among a cluster
Of white is strangely
Brighter.

I must bring it to you.

With fingers closing on
Barbed slenderness, I
Feel the green tooth
Bite.

A touch of blood I leave.

Don't read too much
Into this, just because
A flower glowed from
A place untouched by
The moon's filtering light.
And yet, the stillness is
Pregnant with the past's
Votive voice.

A drop of blood,
A tribute paid as
I glean it from darkness.