

LILIES

Marc Darnell

I want to learn their kill-power,
their ability to injure the admirer.
That method by which their orange burns me—
I will never know it completely.
If I cut their heads and placed them on water,
waiting for them to peel open even wider and cry out,
they still would not tell, but drown with a hush.
They have not learned the ability to scream.

PETUNIAS

I envy their talent to give birth in the cold
while others have given in
and allowed their eggs to shrivel.
There must be one sheltered vein among them—
I walk through their channels to find this mother
and sense her spilling of children
is her compensation for the void around her,
her drive into the night.