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Poppies by Hobson Pittman

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The past is the dream
of a plum late yesterday trapped
in its

sour blue skin.

Something raps on the window,

after all this finally I
go to see you, but you're out and I leave a note—
"I miss you."

Later, I buy
a hammered copper pitcher
and bring it home
for you.

"Poppies" by Hobson Pittman / S. J. Marks

Six pale pink flowers, six green stems wave
against a brown ground—

this field

remains asleep in whatever we were
when we lived there.

The blossoms lose their memory
and the nights pass,
but the slightest glance from each other
is enough

to give us the same joys those places
filled us with.

So today, you woke beside me,
my daughters sleeping upstairs,
as if, among the long grasses and hidden
raspberries of the meadow,
happy and trembling,
talking about the intimate touches
of our earliest nights,
the books and papers in disorder around the bed,
the birds outside awake, singing,
you would never leave.