

They Are Drawn Here In The Springtime

For Mariel Hemingway

Perhaps they were orchids, as if Theodore Roethke
had been called here in the dead of night, drunk again

wandering into the yard through a broken fence, in darkness—
past the swing set, past the hammock, past the children's

stray toys, past the plastic trays of daisies, and the small
carefully folded envelopes of wildflower seeds:

to the garden, planting orchids under the apple trees;
those loose, ghostly mouths: I am dreaming; she laughs, smiles.

My wife is planting flowers. But late that night, in the quiet
cool hours near dawn, smooth, delirious roses sing the delicate

dream of her skin to my lazy fingers; my hand touches orchids
in moonlight just dreamt, falling, and falling, and falling

through her long, long hair. "Orchids—"
"Yes—"

BRUCE VAN NOY