

Seedbed

Time's flower the clock
unfolds the child in me
who in my dream awakes
to find her body sepalled green
with flame.

In her brain
the tongue's blue root,
the fire sings her secret name.

From her navel,
an umbilicus of light
stems a black blossom
whose galaxies of pollen
slow ponderously
winding her in

'Till the clockflower's pistils
fall thick as if from rain
and pause in the finished hour
so the key that flicks
the black seeds back
can turn and spin her 'round again.

On wakening she opens
wizened eyes
and I touch
with her timeless hands
the face of an old, old
woman.

By Kathleen Moore