

Robert W. Thomas

WILD ONIONS

I could write a poem that no one could tell was for you,
or for anyone. It would just be about the doors,
the old glass doorknobs in my apartment,
and Mission Carmel—the rickety stairs
dense with pigeons all the way up the sealed belltower;
the brown fountains, dry but overrun with geraniums;
and the cemetery with its smell of wild onions,
irregular stones in adobe shade for two centuries,
and stray white cats—it would just
be about a silver candle snuffer
and a windmill turning in the rain.