

*Kathleen Peirce*

AFTER PO CHU-I

In a year of grief I find I've planted succulents  
outside. There is often a great thickness

in their forms needing so little  
for hardiness, and surfaces rich

with texture, furred or plain, and many  
aspects of green offered to my wet eyes,

though it was the fragile lemon-button fern  
I had brought inside and am tended by.