

WISHES ON A BLUE AFTERNOON

When slow frost winds its way into your skull
you might ask,
“Where did you hide the eleven ways
you promised?”

And true, you could think of floating, of
floating away,
but please think of “labendz” (pronounced
wahbendz, softly, nasally)

it means swan. O think of the “swan of bees”
(a child’s thought)
and think of the yellow rose petals I glued
over my eyes.

I wish you wine-red dahlias for each Tuesday
of the year
and the king of dragonflies for a pendant
in your ear.

Don’t say “Please” and “I’m sorry” and
“Close the door”,
say “I wish I were a fish upon a rose, sailing
in the Adriatic Sea.”