

Zinnias / Michael Benedikt

Dear, our little zinnia garden in the planter
Looked so adorable, remember

After all this time? Planted two hundred struggles
Ago, it survives, although

We don't; we pissed away
That past; then left

It flat. When I see it
From my window, I wish

I could only kill it with an axe.
But I can't not ever water

It at all, one day
Makes me sorry. I hate

Faithlessness, indifference,
Cold of any kind, but wait

In secret for September-end.
(Death of everything then, even memory.)

The assault won't be my fault;
My expression will be innocent

As I pour gasoline on the seeds.