Desire

Rose van Son
ROSE VAN SON

Desire

Leschenaultia Macrantha

And yet, if our Earth needed to
she could weave us together like roses
and make of us a garland

Rainer Maria Rilke

speak to me of wreaths, those garlands
set like gardens in colours of rose-pink
and red, when light seeps in
curls your head onto my breast

speak to me of words set in garland rounds
when sun throws shade to early afternoon

speak to me of colour
woven Leschenaultia flowers
garlands, rare and utterly deceiving
appearing wanton on sandy plains

clasped in Spring’s gathering arms