

Forsythia

Legend says they can make milk.  
Their yellow is so damn creamy  
it almost seems possible.  
I want to walk right into one.  
To melt into something softer  
something downier than this  
damned dampness and this insistent  
pandemic panic.

They used to seem to me  
a can of dropped paint  
color and only color.

Now, it's their buttery-ness  
that beckons, draws me closer  
a promise to be consumed  
a saturation to silence  
the rattled heaving heart.

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In Chinese medicine, it is said  
that the fruit can be used  
to soften the swelling  
of the lungs' small passages.  
Such fruit might alleviate  
the stiffness of the alveoli.

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Every other afternoon  
I lace up my sneakers  
and burst out of quarantine  
some small assurance in response  
to this warning from beyond.  
I chug up the hills, pace a few miles  
breathing into knowing  
this sickness  
sickens the lungs.

While the heart sings of joy  
the lungs are the decidedly  
the seat of grief.

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It's the last day of March  
a cool damp daffodil morning.  
Gray and green Irish drizzle.  
Memories of some place  
not this one. To be situated  
upon center. *Epi-kentron*.

The arteries and veins that flow  
from Gotham's keens  
and Gotham's woe.

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I trot from yellow to yellow  
to saffron to canary  
to citron

Step by step, day by day  
breath by breath

forsythia  
by yolky  
medicinal  
forsythia.