

**the tulips are dead**

after i  
see my mother's eye  
split  
the spiculation of soft  
grass gestures; a hair,

such dying linearities circle

musters of lupine & draw me  
the four of cups,  
filled with lake  
michigan. this is  
a photo album of precursors. this is for  
the dim cat disappearing into the berry smocked  
windmill, for the trailer  
my father slumbers in with  
toads housed inside garden  
snakes.

on the way to velmeer, i follow  
this thought. there are fingers of  
beryl barley echoing  
the homes my mothers tended. each  
tuft transfixing

buried bulbs, the equinox,  
laden with blue lore  
the curved spine of a sister's voice;

the one i hear waking

the one  
dead.