

RED FLOWER

They try to reach me.
I tell them I'm here,
right here, this red flower
in the mountain side.

I wait – for you've reached me.
I reach out to you.
The petals fall off one by one
until the end of the world.

You feel bereft, a beef
of death for deaf
gives the heart no relief.
I reach you with pleas.

The petals will always die,
the flower never.
So what do you feed me
that will feed you?