Annotations for a Lotus

Cornets of lilac. Cauliflower collages cap the rowan. Dog wood fits a full green breast with button
hole blossoms of white. I bow to their pleasure. This year I can take it, my epilepsy of rejection gone. I survive in paradise. No short circuits, no colour or texture too stark, my mind (before too dark for admitting such a strain of light) softens from its coal black hue back to a beginning. It lolls like a peat bog in this boozery of fir. It sozzles on maroon. It simpers with green. Heron on high tapers illuminate the logs for toads. They plop as warty as my thumbs into the deep complacent brown that bastes the bottom of each pool.

This root of the complexion transmigrates through the Nootka faces, braised with hyperion by the Somass river bridge in June. I cram them into memory like lotus on my way home from the never ending work of words.

George McWhirter