

HEM OF FIRE

you ran from lava licks

the women saved you

bits of tulle and lawn

clippings from their pots

moss and talk to grow your gown

how you wore bride wife mother

swore years of velvet sage

and common sooty wing

of a dragged butterfly

they let you go

when their apples filled with wasps

you landing in vines and looped loves

naked in your name

fumbling with veils

nailing

the immortal weeds

and lace of last frost

to the hourglass

couldn't they command more

bring a fist of horsemint
cradling from the grave