

Between Rocks: A Pantoum

Carol Smallwood

Waiting for a stop light I read: For Weed Control Call Today
and remembered hanging clothes over porch rails to dry:
the long stem daisies, the Queen Anne's Lace beginning in May,
catnip flourishing between rocks that made Minnie play.

Some leaves the size of paddles topped with flower displays
flourished as if determined to reach the sky
contrasted with low thistles keeping grass at bay
while the occasional dragon fly and white moth passed by.

Growing through boards on the steps was a stray
branch of something wild with a look very sly:
I'd cut back its parent crowding the rails saying it was okay
and was amazed it'd found a path--but could guess why.

Breast cancer encourages desire for life to have its way,
seek things that strive to live and be glad when weeds defy,
rejoice at growth between rocks each day
sights that amaze, give will not to die.

Seek things that want to live, be glad when weeds defy:
the long stem daisies, the Queen Anne's Lace beginning in May,
sights that delight, give will not to die.
Waiting for a stop light I read: For Weed Control Call Today.