

Song of the Dry-Dehiscent

Anna Maria Hong

Tick trefoil, hedysarum—
that was my loment.
Scatter and punt. So much wind to seduct.

Chestnuts bambinoed in their bags of fur.
Thump and wop—
all day long,
it's drop.

Schizocarps peel, hum
car-a-way.
Bilabial consonance of the buttercup.

You who knew the twang of being loculicidal.
Iris née iris turn
in my shepherd's purse.