

Oregonauthor.com
Jon Remmerde
Published in *Manzanita Quarterly*,
Volume 3, number 3 Spring 2001

Pasque Flowers' Spring Dance

Spring comes late to the Rocky Mountains.
Pasque flowers,
soft purple,
cupped close to the ground
toward the mountain sky,
try to decide the day.

Sunlight shines through the clouds,
and the flowers open.
The clouds close,
and so do the flowers.

Small white flowers with yellow centers,
bloom close to the ground,
and pink mountain ball cactus flowers,
with yellow centers,
and tiny, light pink flowers
tight against granite stone.

I will learn the flowers' names,
not the names of types, pasque, mountain ball cactus,
daisy, given by other lumbering-above-them humans,
but individual names, soft, petally, of delicate smells,
shy as spring sun behind densely blowing grey clouds.

If I watch one flower open and close several days,
sit through unsheltered spring nights with it,
it will tell me its name, in odors, in motions
of opening and closing dance,
in humble attitudes
saying one season's beauty,
even unobserved,
and seed for the future
is enough to live for.