



The Gardener Selects a Petal

At first, I thought it was Coyote, sneaking up the draw,
quiet as silk above sand
stalking a meal of quail, of strawberry, of opportunity,
but our first rainstorm announced desert monsoon

drops of rain,
on sand, hot at first from summer heat
sizzling, and then, cool as rain
building sandy currents down my gully,
and rain, and rain on seeds
I planted in early morning coolness
late winter, early spring.
Promises of coolness.
Seeds soaked water, sprouted.
Green stems reached for blue sky
for sunshine, grew and grew
and bloomed
and this one, this particular petal,
I will wear for my hat to shed water
and sun and sand in wind,
to cast sweet smells toward desert sky,
and cast heat, to cool, white-blue
desert sky.