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JUNE

The Queen of Worms, who is a Seer  
lies just one side of the shovel.  
The Emperor is shoeless,  
brings the downpours of June, purple,  
blue, the wild clematis.  
He is, of course, a sky god, has named  
the plants to act like charms.  
Sky always turns hyacinth before it blooms.  
The Queen of Worms is not Macbeth.  
She can reverse her decisions, crowded  
by the dead who overwhelm her.  
Spilling lines while she is horizontal.  
Then the Emperor flies and she flees.  
La Vie. Ah, the life she would live  
if all the hidden forces at her sides —  
*There is earth, then light, then crystal,*  
*then a deeper jade.* The earth is solvent,  
emerald. And the mountains?  
They are close now. The lilac in leaf  
takes up the whole tree,  
where cats and birds hide from each other.  
So little it takes, one small shift,  
for disaster to come or be diverted.  
Over and over, two tiny plant hands,  
clasped as if in prayer,  
continue to divide up the world.