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## Memorial Day

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MEMORIAL DAY

My buckets overrun the flower field  
burnt red in the sunrise. The blade I wield  
snapped open quickly dives among the stalks  
like the swallows that scissor past my truck.  
I hack and pitch the wet chrysanthemums,  
carnations, poison glads. My muscles hum  
with hectic, raging warmth fueled by the scent.  
Behind me, a season's growth scattered, spent.

I unstoop my back and crunch through stubble  
gather the throbbing stems, blossoms, troubled  
with this business of sorrow and the heart.  
By noon it's hot, I finish my labor.  
The shocks of flowers tied in buckets start  
a new life, sucking hard at the water.