

THE LILY ALWAYS HANGS ITS HEAD

The bud of the lily is closed. You

haven't the foggiest idea why. You want it  
to soar when deployed.

You want a little zeppelin with propaganda.

To leave behind a paper trail.

The blossom engineered as if with goldbeater's skin  
seems close to inflated. Or,

caught up in the atmosphere, fly-by-night.

You look again at the stem. Upon which nods the head  
of a Pelican!

And that is how you would leave it if addressed.

But there is always another version. Where the Pelican  
sticks out its neck.