

Sandy Feinstein

Habitation

This stubborn root won't be pulled up by sun,
blind to yellow petals poking through iron gates,
great armfuls of pungent white blossoms cradled as a child.
It prefers cold rain, like the groves of olives and winter wheat,
new grass where feral toms hunt field mice and calicos
yowl in response to early spring. Gripping the red earth
with no intention of being dislodged, as if it had seen it all before
and all light was the same. The songs of spring, a weary round
of bird beaks and bees taking what they will, a leafy nest,
nectar for the queen. Underground, it won't grow
but dry and brittle it will break, someone's tinder
in another year, ashes, or not even that to notice.