

To a Cymbidium Orchid *Blooming on December 25th*

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You must have burst surprised
thrusting up your single spear
so soon past All-
Hallow's-Eve

to break your segment buds in
nearly cruciform display
only to discover
Easter

far asquint beyond
pale west-borne suns—& with it
warmth and nighttime
wealth-

scented air breathed from peach
and pear and apricot. No, now
alone you raise a
Christmas

star in subtle violets above
rough beds of redwood
bark and
waive

all rights to springtime's
soft ascent—accept
the harsh descent
of life

implicit-cradling death. And so
you raise your lonely sheath
and bloom a single five-point
Star.