

Daffodils

Alix Brobbey

Your lips are melting petals,
Wilting into my mouth.
My tears not clear
Enough to revive them.

When you learn to fly,
Will they forget to dance?
Lose their maypole eyelashes
And languish, lonely, with
Wings cut.

And yet,
I pray, make me a bouquet &
For six weeks these brown arms
Will be your liquid vase.

When your yellow leafs ashy bleed,
I'll squeeze them between
The crinkly pages of my teeth.

There to bloom *ad infinitum*,
My mouth a perfumed grave.