

## Seeing Peonies

I thought again of you today, Brother,  
riding my bicycle slowly by a row of peonies,  
perfumed and ragged in their low bowing

last blush: impossibly bushy scarlet flowers,  
overcrowding their stems to the point of almost  
falling into the long gold grass, but holding,

a delicate weight. I tell you, I glanced back  
just in time to see the warm wind's remnant  
in their rippling, a quiver I might not have

seen that seemed to lift each head once  
more into the early summer sun before  
letting it settle down at last. I'm trying

to let go your hold, my Brother. Trying not  
to keep seeing you in every shift, or opening

into shadow. To learn to bend low. Let go.

— from *Portal*