

P O E M
by Ellen West



Disorganization

Ellen West

The house waits there for you, beckoning
Inside the flowers know no seasons
They bloom in vibrant clusters

You prune them back on a regular basis
Choreographing their development
Eager for them to join the others

How delicate they are, these buds and blossoms
Violets, orchids, roses, gardenias, amaryllis, bougainvillea
This house exudes their warmth
Rows and rows of African violets welcome the spring

See how anxious are the oleander for the future, bending
toward the light
You shear them off
And wander through the rows, snipping in midbloom any sister
who grows too wildly, too enthusiastically
You control the temperature and humidity
In search of just the right PH balance
Irritated when nothing is available in premixed form.

Hurry impatiens, destiny is calling in the compost pile.