

## Good Friday and Lace

*Keith Waterland*

I have fallen off the edge of a raindrop sliding to and through...  
I sink into the green fat lawn and splash with purple glee.

I shed myself in transformation  
with particles of chlorophyll and lace  
devouring my incredulity by joining a worm's feast.

Digested and reassembled by enzymes and lace,  
I emerge as a crocus smiling in the morning light.

I struggle as nectar until I am spirited away  
to a place of golden droning that unites me in a thick collaboration  
of honey conspirators and lace.

I listen to the secrets of the hive and all the palace intrigue,  
and yet never once am I brought into the Queen Mother's presence.

One day on a scratching and a growl,  
I am shoveled on black fur to another changing.  
Now I roar and dine on forest treats  
scratching myself to pleasure on rough bark and lace.