

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.