

Funerary
Nicholas Michael Ravnikar

Who mourns for these
bluebells & buttercups
falling into clusters
in the shadow
of Lincoln
& a low pine?

It's a
shallow relief
beyond this
breeze's whisper,
when a fly skims
your thigh before
you brush it away
like these
petals
here

— more than scorns
of the wind
that told a
child
too tired
to pick
them
off

You know that hunger
an open flower has
for some bee to
take its pollen
on swollen hair,
without consolation?

The only clouds
we see blow
apart and are too
few and at too far
a distance
to look like
anything

if only so
it could ruffle
through them
again
& tousel
their
skins

with
such
dis
regard
into

Just
to be
seized
by any
hand
that
stretched
itself to reach
would seem

to pick
them
off

fall
they would
to decide if
for them
waiting
instead of
these petal heads
the infinite of grass
swept off in
once it
like justice