

Lavender

Christopher Cassetty

I just now vacuumed up the lavender
that fell from the bouquet of flowers
I arranged for you so long ago.
Those tiny purple flakes sat and dried
on my carpet for so long that—I think
that spot may stay forever mauve, like
aberrations in a moving, gloaming sky.
I stare, cross-legged on the floor in front of
my bed, at this sky, where light beiges
mix so beautifully with the dappled
singes of the dried lavender leaves,
almost like birds amidst clouds between
me and the foreboding and soon night.
Then these images take shape to me,
and I see the birds fly away into seas
of oranges and blues, and far away
the palette blends into thunderous
and dark blacks—and whites, and rains then
pour from above me, and I look down to see
suddenly sand beneath my legs, slowly turning
piebald from the worsening summer rains, and
I take the sand within my hands and watch
it spill from between my webbed and pure
fingers, and the clumps where the rain
had touched fall out so—displeasingly—
but I gaze back up to find the sun dip
beneath tumultuous and restless seas,
and I go to take my breath and stand
before I'm confronted by death and gasp—
I see the bouquet before me wherefrom
those lavender petals had fallen to the floor,
flowers hanging withered from a vase
just filled with freshly reclaimed rainwater.