

Ditch Daffodil

Michael Goodfellow

Double petalled,
you picked it from the overgrowth,
image of itself, heirloomed,
mouthing a past tense

Spring snow, you woke in the dark,
light outside
white and wet black
like stones underwater,
ice a polish
that took one wear,
each bloom opened
into a kind of skylight

Photosynthesis

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Flame was lens
for smoke,
noun for light
without form,

twigs crackling
underfoot, without

footsteps, darkening
what it lit, lichen charred,

crown fire, groundless,
living without, reaching

down, alive
with its eyes closed