FOR EVERY THING THERE IS A TIME

I wouldn’t trade it in for any other, this fine rose hip

kind of a world; where orchards and wild thickets

meet, a fruit falls, to be trampled by dogs and boars –

the seed rooting, wild biochemistries engage, antenna

chlorophylls soak up sunlight, propelling a cascade

of energies and intermediates; upscale, the same light

draws painters to Provence, and elsewhere people shine

lasers on plants’ intent femtosecond miracles. Meanwhile,

long after insects and people signed the ur-compact

that to both red should matter, the bush flowers

in the many-petalled wild rose’s tight seduction of color.

And in ocher Roussillon Beckett hides in 43-45;

to the east we die, oh this century of thorns and roses!

In Ithaca sense is made of 3-D networks of antimonides

and tellurides, euro-ecumenically “The Merry Widow”

is playing in Avignon, ghosts of popes and William

of Ockham in attendance. And in Bonnieux the fruit

ripens, holding to withered flower, like poem to love;

the hips’ form, unthrown Japanese vases; the fruit

is soft to firm, dried for hot tea with hibiscus,

or a Swedish niponsoppa, inside the hairy pip a girl

once put down my shirt. This time, the world soars,

sweet world, allowing the hip rose to define orange red.