



see her petals
in a translucent embrace

dazzling

honey moonlight
waxes within

lingers

raw perfume

look through windows
clouded with
velvet sweat

she turns to
smooth blooms
languid above
cool wet roots

rising on the mist
she feels like

the sky cannot fall
in her hothouse

no title

she takes cover
under glass

stares at the sun

Pamela Poole
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