

THE
SPOON
RIVER Poetry Review

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Yeh Luo Kuei Ken: Falling Leaves Return to Roots

During the heat wave, birds knelt in the shadows of fire hydrants,
shadows of unborn children to come. A woman dreamed she was with child;
dried arrangements only, no fresh flowers in the summer, no silk until autumn,
and baby's breath flowed from the hospital into her home. She lay down to sleep
at noon,
translated white poppies brimming with narcotic slumber, each purchased at a
quarter.

The small heads resembled blanched pomegranates, a baby's fists shaken,
sand or summer grass in the fire hills. She desired warmth in motion,
skiff of light gliding over leaves returning to the sultry root.

She and the unborn warred for a long time, more earth than flesh
in languages stronger than human. Childhood was a sparse civilization of wood;
after warring in a month's time, love would be available in autumn.