Planting Tulips

Pulled by coming darkness, shorter days, we enact old rituals, kneel as supplicants on the cold ground of November, plant our small fat intentions which will in time become silken flame, ruffled apricot, a parrot-fringe of green and yellow as tulip bulbs settle on their satin haunches. The tides that suck at earth

are no less than the moon’s tug on the swaying hammock of ocean as we wait for winter to lower her iron gate. The bulb, like the blood-red eye of the cold-slowed lizard, will keep its vigil throughout the long night—as will the ruby, firefly, your own mortal heart, all forged in a collusion of stars, all adepts of that light.