

## from High-Hung Planters

from a drooped leaf  
you came into our house.  
Those first days  
you cried like a near-split bulb.  
We tried everything, patted you  
with yardstems until  
finally no sound.  
By hands you grew  
from the bed of your cradle  
took count of those with water.  
I remember one evening  
breaking you loose and running  
dirt all up my arms.  
I remember how the plan took shape  
that morning and how  
careful bloom  
it went off so nicely.  
It was what we wanted.  
That light, that never-clear  
of the neighborhood after hours.