

For the One Who Loves Lilacs

The lilac tree's fruit
is the lilac itself,
and more special
than any fruit
born in the spring
because of the various
shades of its hues:
the lavenders, pinks and
the fluffy cloud whites.
When crystal-like drops
of moist morning dew
fall on the petals
the colors will change
into pearlized pastels
that will catch sparks of light
from the moon
and the sun.

The lilac tree's filled
with delicate masses
of clusters
of flowers
that cling to its branches
like children who cling
to the clown
in the park.
Each cluster
has hundreds
of finely-formed blossoms,
that put altogether
make up a bouquet.

And the scent

that's sent forth
from the tree
in the spring,
is enticing, and
spins me around
like the weathervane spins
on the top of a barn.
The scent of the lilac's
not hard to describe:
it creeps through my senses
like a mouse through a pipe
and tickles a spot
that's between both my eyes.
The scent of the lilac's
so strong, I would swear
that I tasted it yesterday,
when I yawned
out of doors.

There's one I know
who loves the lilac
best of all
of the bountiful
botany
nurtured by earth.
For her love of the lilac
she'd wander as far
as her feet would permit her,
just to break off a bough;
then she'd bury her face
in the soft, subtle petals
and drink in the essence
as a baby drinks milk.

And her home is a vision
of celestial wonder
to observe
at the start

of the season
when other buds too
are awakening
from slumber.

Like a shrine
to the goddess
named Flora,
her home is.
And this one
who loves lilacs
also blooms bright
just at the sight
and the very first sign
of her favorite flower
at the dawning of spring.

I'm not really sure
why it is
that this one
who loves lilacs
loves lilacs the most.
It might have to do
with the way they first look,
at the first hint of light
on the very first day
of the earliest hour
of spring;
when all the world's fresh
and re-born.
And the lilac's sharp color
looms out
like a star
in the fog,
on a bay
in the night.

I think that this one

loves the lilac because
of the place
in her past
where the lilacs still grow,
in that small Polish town;
in the fields,
along roads,
and her family's front yard.
The lilacs still grow
in that time long, long
gone;
that time long before
the big war came along.
The war that had swept her
far, far away;
from her family,
her friends,
and the sweet lilac tree.

When she looks
at the lilacs
her thoughts often roam
back to her past,
to the place
where she lived
as a child
in that town;
when the world
was as simple
as a game, and as safe
as the space
between mother's
soft arms.

The lilacs of spring
are the parts
of her mind
that jump into life

when the weather's still chill,
and then curl up again
in the warmer days
of the year.
If I could grow lilacs
all year
then I would;
to keep a smile
on the face
of the one
that I know
who loves lilacs.

