

Datura Dreams

Green hairs of grass nestle my iced tea,
the straw, a ghost tunnel down.
I turn over a rock and red veins
of ants drain into the turf
as a shadow comes across my glass.
There are always these lunging moments
blooming in unreality
like poppies with their black seeds
—so much like the kernels of dirt
beneath my fingernails—
or the burst of the datura trumpets
zeroing down to us on the lawn.
My brother stood atop my shoulders
shaking his knees and reaching out
picking flowers in his fists,
then we ran around the yard
blowing blossoms and biting hard
as if we were angels gone mad.
Inside a cloud I sweated and cried
“The long man is coming,
he wants my cheeks!” as
hands held my face
in a flesh anthurium
stamen to my lips
icy hot. My mother
pressed ice to my lips
for days, and my brother’s too,
as I asked her senseless questions
in the narcotic of my youth.
Why do men have penises?
Why do some flowers have them too?
Why are calla lilies white
when they should be pink?
Why do I have a flower between my legs?