

JENNIFER ATKINSON
Canticle of the Abbey

Under splotches of cloud-shadow and kiting cloud,
A great dry lake of lavender

Pine, honey, cut cork and sage, wheat
Scythed down and bound with wheat—the dry scent of growing lavender

Chants of the sequestered monks brim over the gray windowsills
And spill out to water the dry lavender

Who will walk with us among the furrows, the ruled waves,
Down the long voluptuous aisles of dry lavender?

Purple's woodwind timbre cools the throat,
Dry voices slaked and retuned to the color of lavender