

KAREN JOHNSON
Death Becomes You

You bending picking the wild poppy,
celandine, alien, slicing it neatly
with your nail, a leaf, too, sweetness curling
already, just this little,
around your thumb, hint of death
at the corners of your mouth, beauty,
relaxing of petals, of eyes, you, death

how I remember you among flowers,
the little truths, gathered, without names, death,
death is all, you, true, flower-gatherer,
gathered still.