

BOTANICAL SURVIVAL

By Bhikshuni Weisbrot

On that one chain linked hill, an incarceration of zoning
dispute where azaleas once overtook with airbrushed
glory there were no survivors— just a garbage lot for
a hefty tossing arm. I avoided looking as if memorial
ground where tragedy had taken a family until the day
a clean lime yellow caught my eye. Through narrow
hexagons of metal paired tulips bowed my fingers
just short of the lean narrowness to pull them through
so they stayed fielded, stalks lowering day by day colors
tapped to the edges as the sun moved inevitably toward
summer. The last seeds planted or strewn or who knows,
airlifted then dropped like a living leaflet from the beak
of a bird gawky and young to become this poem of wild neglect.

THE MYTH

Wisdom is the thing so when the wasps swarmed
it was to that I turned, the nest layered and secluded
ecological habitat stylish high under the eaves, a dwelling
from which life and atavistic warning stemmed making me
ill at ease—an attack , unprovoked, dangerous , painful
looming as probability. In my mind these solutions:
extermination, assemblage of poisons, smoking the hive,
rituals of sage. I phoned for complicit reassurance. You
answered with “ I am seventy years old and have never

been stung by a wasp” digging deep into the soil of your life plant where you stood foot on the mound like a Grant Wood then typically a bibliography of conservational writings and the next day “The Voice of the Infinite in the Small”, citing love and affection for all insects in our drop off place so I could turn to pages of lucid evidence, laugh away fear as a bias before the hate crime was actually done.

THE REJUVENATION OF AN ORCHID

The pot, pretty but severe like a gravestone where one has tidied the mound conspicuously empty of flowers which fallen the week before terminated their usefulness, driven for a second opinion of eye witnesses who having seen the resuscitation of orchid loveliness cautioned “not to put it out to pasture” a cataclysmic pronouncement—mauve petals to resoul back from lifeless buds—once improbable as surviving stage three, seeming now in the near miss of her haste a certainty.

Bio

Bhikshuni Weisbrot is the President of the United Nations SRC Society of Writers, a UN based organization of writers, poets, journalists, diplomats and supporters of the written arts. She is the editor along with Elizabeth Lara and Darrel Alejandro Holnes of Happiness: The Delight-Tree, an anthology of contemporary international poetry published March 2015 for the International Day of Happiness (20 March). Her poems have been featured in both national and international literary magazines, most recently in “On Human Flourishing” (2015, McFarland Press).