



A Poet To Whom I Was Only Slightly Acquainted

Laurie Galbraith Weckstein

In a shower of petals borne
on a gentle afternoon breeze,
you brush my cheek.

I stand in rose-colored grass
gazing upon your beauty and the gash
staring back.
Your trunk splintered;
torn from itself.
Broken
by the weight of your magnificent
blooms scattered now
at my feet.

Your hands, I see, still tightly clenched on the storm.