



Azure Lepidoptera

Carl Forrest

In my mother's modest garden,
Yellow roses writhe in the Northern wind.
In my mother's fragrant garden,
Fragile petals lie fervent throughout the 'noon.
Healing 'noon, thou art bless'd by the
docile flurry of butterfly wings,
as if waltzing upon the horizon,
in an open- toed stiletto.

In my mother's ardent garden,
the meek, steadfast to noble dreams,
surrender to gracious sleep.