

Jena Favinger
Ode to Wilted Lilies

I brought you toys in burlap like picked plums,
your hands skipped across each as embellishment to plastic,
falling sap to bark.

In embrace your hands were like lily pads to water,
each petal illuminated by the brush of silk to
sinks of skin and scars.

Your hands were a resurrection
of wilted lilies; the petals grew
veins plump and glowing like blooming fruit.

You told me your finger prints had eyes.
You slid them across my face.