

a flower holds

jeremy reed

A flower holds itself
Up on its stem: delicate,
And strong, and grace
Filled like a cup full of tea,
The rich smelling liquid cupping
The brim so closely
That if your hand, or breath,
Or maybe just the tilt of the table itself
Were to be a part of the image,
Then, well then it wouldn't be
Like a tea cup not dropped,
The could-be cracks hinges
To doors never opened before,
Like a book that doesn't fall
From the head of a child
Praying to have balance
Because she wants
To be a ballerina, a book
That doesn't fall open
Revealing haphazard words.