

—+ **ZOË LANDALE** | Pink Lilies

You are a woman who lusts after pink lilies,  
the open mouths of inlets  
blurred by mist.

Nothing is ever simple.

A man who says he loves his wife  
but runs his hands over you.

You stamp and shiver,  
steam like a horse in rain.

You are a woman who in the midst of moving  
almost buys a pot of poppies,  
fringed and pink as a velvet shawl.

You try not to let men too close;  
those who fall through some loop  
of politeness, lodge in affection  
for years, hurt like splinters.

You prefer the cold blue beckonings  
of salt-water channels to the warm mouth of a man  
who belongs to another.

You are a woman who surrounds herself  
with flowers and fresh-baked cookies  
as if domesticity could fence out passion.

Long ago the tide spat you out, broken.

You re-formed as an anemone,  
muscular and stinging,  
though every cell cries out for the slow  
tidal charity of salt.

Made new, you look for a singularity,  
some place where rock meets water  
and gets fertile: you could incite a riot  
of poppies, a hunger of hot lilies.  
You want a man who can touch you like a colour.  
Islands fascinate, and gardens,  
how they are made and pass to others;  
the deep startle certain pinks create  
when you encounter them, swaying.