

Organic ink

by [Laura Reece Hogan](#) in the [April 27, 2016](#) issue

Petals unfold from your tongue, you speak crimson velvet freshness into being. An opening bud of careful precision, a floral life floating on your breath, bees, and boundary.

You expand a mystery of molecules, at your word atomic spice springs into breeze; you dizzy hummingbirds, intoxicate butterflies. Shining beams play, shimmer, light your Shulamite, invite a tango.

You draw. Come, find my notes poured out in the garden, etched among lemons and limes. See, the lost apricot awakens! Sweet shoots adorn black crumbling branches. On every cell I inscribe: what was dead is alive.

You wait for me to discover your love among the leaves and thorns, (will I perceive it?) your hidden blossom of wonder, a shy heart-shaped valentine of third heaven, a sachet for this moment, a marked downbeat

of song, a bodily inhale of my eyes and skin and hair and breath. Filled with rising melody, your unspoken lyrics whispered on wind, I join your written roses in swaying dance, in blood-red bloom of belonging.