

THE LITTLE YELLOW FLOWER
Luke Sawczak

Does a dandelion rest at night?
In the cool summer dark
does it put away the spindle
that spins the thread of light?

Do all these billowing trees
made of coalescing air
close leaves like piers,
dreaming now, elsewhere?

Last night cherry blossoms
bathed in streetlight gold
hung like ghosts in a black sea,
mental bodies.

Is there flower torpor?
I know the closing petals
that are folded like negligées
as morning glories sleep,

but the little yellow flower
in the roadside dusk
that does not seem to fade,
a small, more constant sun,

what does it do
while we are gone?