

Voodoo Peony

By Mark Low

I have a friend
who tilts at windmills.
Dust in his pockets,
he searches the night sky
for Perseus,
between the silence
and dark.
He probes beyond science
for hints of truth,
where gravity
does fly –
imagining how,
explaining when,
he sweeps meteors
like forgotten fireflies,
the “HOLY COW” –
and that’s where I find him,

fifteen hundred peony root
fresh under foot –
dreaming of blood like asparagus spears,
and the reason
I have come to stand beside him,
makes all the sense
in the world.



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