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Days

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Days

Imani Congdon

Hazy dawn is daylilies.
It's a smooth stalk, a white petal,
leaves like cursive l's, need like a newborn.
Hungry, thirsty. Roots like a sponge.
Want like a mouth; gaping, dry.

Dusk comes like phlox,
dark purple dusted with sun,
a thousand eyes and their million lashes.
Stalk taut, like an upwards-stretched arm,
tall as the lily, smooth as her cheeks.

Night is phlox bloomed in lily fields,
left over from last year's plot,
strong enough to survive the cold alone.