

Days

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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.