

# IRIS



## Deaths of Flowers

I would if I could choose  
Age and die outwards as a tulip does;  
Not as this iris drawing in, in-coiling  
Its complex strange taut inflorescence, willing  
Itself a bud again—though all achieved is  
No more than a clenched sadness,

The tears of gum not flowing.  
I would choose the tulip's reckless way of going;  
Whose petals answer light, altering by fractions  
From closed to wide, from one through many perfections,  
Till wrecked, flamboyant, strayed beyond recall,  
Like flakes of fire they piecemeal fall.

~E. J. Scovell

## Iris

a burst of iris so that  
come down for  
breakfast

we searched through the  
rooms for  
that

sweetest odor and at  
first could not  
find its

source then a blue as  
of the sea  
struck

startling us from among  
those trumpeting  
petals

~William Carlos Williams

