

## Dents de Lion

*The tube uplifts a signal Bud  
And then a shouting Flower, —  
The Proclamation of the Suns  
That sepulture is o'er.*

-Emily Dickinson, from 1519

Pappus, a dandelion  
clock of seed,  
full halo  
lunar puff. My parachute  
a host  
of soft bristles  
impels me  
miles  
from my single parent  
wind-  
blown. Fragments  
of poetry  
carried  
in the daily pocket  
of my garden  
dress, summer's  
hands  
sweet  
with dirt. Each fascicle  
a bundle  
of poems, vibrissae  
suspended  
by vortex

that tiny eddy  
of air, my bristled  
tail wind, lands  
my descent  
to the common

meadow, or  
to the sandy mortar  
between walkway stones.

I am  
the golden medallion

sun stippling  
earth, I feather  
a plume of stars. I am  
leafy toothed  
grown basil,

my serrated dents  
de lion —  
immortal, *called back*  
relentless, I roar —  
madden every single plot.