



From the Garden

## Lilac Longing

*Cori Howard*

my hands are in the dirt again  
sunken in a mineral gospel  
and here i am  
kneeling,  
decomposing,  
wailing  
to

the cedar we planted  
the cedar we lay our promises under  
and swept back into the mud  
to rot among the flowers

under its shadow  
i play chemist  
sifting through the decaying bones  
of our memories here  
steaming shit  
as crows caw  
me back into loneliness

i have hunched over this same heap  
before  
when you and i did not need crows  
or flowers  
or dirt

now hungry for a new garden  
i crave its scent  
its lavender summers  
its sprinklers  
and strawberries

i need its nourishment  
to fill the ashes of former feasts  
for my annual supplication  
at this sacred altar  
of lilac longing

my hands are in the dirt again  
awaiting  
you  
awaiting  
my  
seedling salvation

