

CHAMOMILE

Especially in the dead of summer,
it is the scent of getting back
or leaving. Rooted tight in my rocky
drive, it nets the half-dead surface
with thumbnail daisies, their leaves
reaching everywhere, palmate and up.

When tires ping home, bruising,
but not quite killing those composite
runners, they let out loud only
their sharp green balm, flourishing
even this graveled, ceramic earth.

Jane Thielsen