Magnolia

Something about magnolias

the deep pink,
hidden behind thick white
rubbing petals
I want to be immersed.
Looking, touching
isn't close enough.
Isn't enough.

Rub the petals on my neck,
where hot breath makes my knees give in.
Devastation in the destruction—
—of the beauty.
—that I have caused.

My urge is almost violent,
and I regret its passing.

Becky Fox

Vast sky overhead
White speck gracefully sails through
The baseball is caught

Jeff Carvell