

The Shape of Things

Nothing complicated.  
Old pots full of seeds. Things I think we need.  
Plots for how many rows I can plant  
later on in a small garden.  
Inside the house  
the daisies in the kitchen  
are crazy with life.  
The small flowers, all of them thin-leaved, their branches  
breaking towards the sky.  
It is all part of a trickle of small discoveries  
about what is  
in the middle of the time  
of the full moon.  
Tonight's actually the night of the red moon,  
a rarity, easy to see how an eclipse  
transforms everything in its path.  
How things fit together.  
The lavender plant on the porch is  
silver with a flash of purple,  
I bought it to keep away evil  
as if it actually can.  
Now I am in love with the scent.  
I see how what I know by heart  
is a little different today than yesterday,  
but even so, how it fits together. What stays.  
What I have to let go.  
This is what matters.  
Recoveries. Small plans.  
The first visible star in the sky,  
a wild little jewel.



## ABOUT CHARLENE LANGFUR

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Charlene Langfur is a resident of California's Coachella Valley and a teacher of English. A graduate of the writing program at Syracuse University, she has had work published in *Literal Latte*, *The Adirondack Review*, *Stone Canoe*, *Hampden-Sydney Poetry Review*, and *Blueline*.

