CHARLENE LANGFUR

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-leafed, 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.

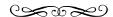
This is what matters.

Recoveries. Small plans.

The first visible star in the sky,

a wild little jewel.

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ABOUT CHARLENE LANGFUR



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*.

