

CAROL BERG

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Taken By a Red Flower

*After "Meadow with Flower and Trees" by Egon Schiele*

The meadow is spattered with small drops of green  
and crowds of red flowers. The trees look like they are holding

each other's hands while they dance—trunks akimbo,  
like hips, heads like a halo of clouds thrown back.

The meadow is wild with dance,  
in Flamenco, in Fandango, in Jota.

Red and yellow flowers twirl, lean into each other,  
kiss. I want to be taken by a red flower, petals

like hands holding my hips, swung around and around,  
dizzy in the dance's fragrance. I think I see myself

in the painting, in a peachy paint,  
arms out, my spine arched back, ready to be flung

into the next yellow flower reaching its  
petals out, reaching out just for me.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Carol Berg is the author of *Her Vena Amoris* (Red Bird Chapbooks 2013), *The Ornithologist Poems* (dancing girl press 2015), and *The Johnson Girls* (dancing girl press 2017). Her poems have also appeared in *Crab Creek Review*, *Whale Road Review*, *Zone 3*, *Radar Poetry*, and *DMQ Review*. She is a writing tutor at Pine Manor College and lives in Groton, Massachusetts. Online at [carolbergpoetry.blogspot.com](http://carolbergpoetry.blogspot.com).

