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## Forget-Me-Not

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China teacups force their way through

the ground, my dear.

Worms are planting their larvae in your back.

Little Annie,

Little Annie,

my dear, my darling girl,

Why have you gone beyond my sight?

Lily white in that grave,

white as reflected clouds in that pond,

the one you decided was magical—

leaving sequins on tree stumps

in the hopes that fairies would

kiss you.

The water looked so solid that day, like the skin of an elephant—

itching and alive.

You decided,

you decided to know how the world of mirrors compared with this reality

“Oh Harriet!” you sang

“Oh darling, do

let us go just a bit further—

to that water lily—”

“Why yes Miss, anything for you.”

Your hair shone like a beacon, lit with imagination

the trees were jealous of it, golden and fiery as they could only be one season of the

year.

You fell

and Lily white, Little Annie

Lily white

were you in your grave.

Now quilted in wee blue flowers, my hands brown from your earth,

200 years later

I look down

and remember—

such curiosity about a lily.