

poetry speaks

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Of Fractals and Pink Flowering

Imagine the geometry of flower
is hunger for balance,
is my child's hand on the gears of beauty
layering and interlocking color.
Picture me prone, a small center point—
one copper dot in the white Minnesota winter.
Picture my mother drying her hands
placing the compass and spinning
arcs and intersecting curves,
woodland flowers growing
into many-petaled mandalas
into limitlessness: a universe
of circles, of symmetry—sun,
stars, blooms and orange-hued fruits,
the berry, squash, ripe tomato wonder
of belonging.

My own spirograph bursts
rush forth ornate like paisley, like fireworks
against dark summer sky. Spokes and wheels
and gears meshing—each pencil thrust
a tentative mark, a hopeful threading
of the cogs of longing. Imagine my fingers
holding tight to the friction,
watch the intricate flourishes appear
on white paper—the tabula rasa
transformed by oval,
just another language
another voice saying hello
to the spiraling bodies of self.

Imagine my psychedelic crayola
yearning, my January pining
after the purple florals
the cosmos, the daisy mix
(*he loves me, he loves me not*)
on Gurney's seed packs.
Now watch as we carve splendor:
my world is medicine wheel and hand drum,
is pow-wow bustle and beadwork in woodland design.
The sweep of nature tallied by curve,
by eye, assembled now as scarlet fractals,
as collage of vines, tassels, seed pods,
and a child's simple pink infinity.