

MARY, MARY

Nina Alvarez

Mary, Mary, eat your hair
Taste the dying flowers there
Your rose is broken, lilacs dead
You planted them inside your head

Mary, June is not returning,
All the frost you must keep burning.
Either that or let them go:
The crocuses, the sweet noon glow

Mary, Mary, seal your heart
from bitterweed and sweet mugwort,
Just close your eyes and bite your cheek,
they will be dead in half a week.

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