

CLAUDIA LAPP

Beauty Bush

For the color on the berry bush
outside your window, what words?
For sun's pale veneer on perfect globes,
say what? Say *Mauve*, say *Teal*
and of the berry clusters, say *like*
pearls a woman might arrange
like little wheels of polished wood
worn as earrings laden with charm,
the woman herself fluid in cotton dress
that loves her body.

But pearls must be pried from
tight shell lips at the seaside
while from autumn to spring
berries of beauty bush issue freely
from the shrub, and mind is rinsed
of sadness by mere sight of
such offerings for which words
have no say.

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