

alice ashe

WHAT THE WILDFLOWERS GET

Listen, baby. I don't keep houseplants.

You don't get some sweet
windowsill box.

You don't get Miracle-Gro
or pruning shears.

You get

what you get:

the sun & the storms

lush fields, valleys,
our earth's bleeding womb

honeysuckle &
manure in the air

starry nights & humid skies &
animal teeth & shit

(or)

sidewalk cracks & city smog

nights illuminated
in neon

car horns singing you to sleep &

the rubber stench of sudden stops
& getaways.

Listen, baby. You were conceived
in the shadows, in the night-wild need
of us animals. You are one-hundred-percent
natural, sunflower-tough. You get
to reach
like your life depends on it.

Listen, baby. You get
what you get:

a whole vast everything
spread out before you, waiting
like a fresh pot of honey
for you to get your fingers sticky.