

Yarrow

– companion plant, staunchweed,
tea for earache, a leaf for telepathy,

your sweetheart's name. The fall
of its forty-nine stalks for jackstraws

in the risky art of divination, a glimpse
of what lies in wait. If your fortune-teller

foretells a long and happy marriage,
beware. Those days are over.

I've heard wild geese mate for life.
We are so much more improbable

in our loves, the chance meeting
that garners its many anniversaries,

its *plaisirs d'amour*, its every time
we say goodbye and then the invisible

slippage into something not like
love at all. Throw the spillikins again,

clear your mind, make no wishes.
Broken or unbroken, it is all one.