

Lupinus arcticus

- For Rosemary Buck (1963-2023)

I'm often startled
by lupins—the gentle insistence
of blue and purple
claiming the forest floor—
how the green precision
of their palmate leaves funnel
the rains of ordinary
weather into jewels.

But the year you leave us
it's their fragrance
I notice first, a sweet, drifting
bequeathment unsparing
through the sun-warmed pine,
curling softly at the back
of my throat whispering:

It doesn't matter
what brought you to your knees—
just breathe a while
in this condolence
of lupins.