

Queen Anne's Lace

by Virginia Boudreau

a congealed filigree
a monochrome mandala
all sage and silken crumbles
shivering on the roadside

a confused candlewick
a snail trail sonogram, its
embroidered ecru edges
ebbing in the breeze

swaying shreds sashaying
all the birds above
tumbling in the trees
black towels in a dryer and

the traffic rushing past,
bees flying drunk, droning,
exuberant through the green sun
slicked walls of a leaning meadow.