

Ruth Taaffe

Daffodils on Hold

Unfolding, two petals at a time, the golden lion faces, frilled bonnets,
stars to heaven's highway appear from spears wrapped in papery skin.

The music begins again, the numbing loop of the non-emergency call.
Lazy guitar, piano swing. Every note hums distortion and echo.

They seem to flower as I'm sitting here. Their criss-crossed stems clear
in the fresh water. They face up in two-tone, their trumpets raised.

Fifth in the queue. Fourth. Please continue to hold. The answer is uncertain.
The daffodils do not speculate. Their urgency is the slow unpeeling of themselves.