

Xanthippe

by Beate Sigriddaughter

Today the light of daisies is exuberant.
I saw three goslings in the sea. I am
in love—this world: The lilacs are almost
done. The poppies have begun. The veils
of willows, sun-drenched, billow over grass.
Without the bats and the lupines, truth is
expensive and irrelevant. The blue bells
will prevail, the foxes. I forgive you,
Socrates, for choosing hemlock.

