

# Me and the Fleeting Glimpse

*by* Darryl Price

I worry about my garden. I know there are larger concerns lurking in the stale shadows than my limp little flowers, things more pressing to the meeting of minds than thick lush green leaves, but this is my own green way of giving the world my answer in roots, or at least in a sense of some rootedness. If I could plant a redwood or a whole mountain I would certainly do it yes yes yes I would-- just for

you to enjoy. The wild world creates its fields and that's just fine with

me, and I have these little yellow flowers to simply enjoy today-- I bought from China-- that I'm trying to keep alive in the world of my kitchen standing right up there in the window

before me. I don't know exactly where this hope always springs from. Still I believe in its simple enough elegant purpose—to be. That's what I like so much about poems. There're many varieties

and they'll grow just about anywhere—you never know where you'll find one next—or what they might do to you if you should decide to eat one or more. Well could be nothing.

Maybe something. Maybe that's up to you. It's not so much to go on I suppose. I'm growing these tiny yellow flowers, not for world domination,

not to get your rapt attention, not to  
bomb you, not to take away your land, not to fool

you in any way, not to rob you, not to trip  
you over a cliff, and they are so very sweet  
to look at with their softer than air floating petals and  
I hope somehow this makes a difference in the  
way we go about our lives. It already has  
for me at least. I've made the choice to give you some of my  
flowers inside these cupped words today. I hope you'll accept  
them from me and also enjoy their essence in your own homes  
right away.

