

# ADONIS

*by* Molly Keegan Kuhn

They sprinkled me in the holes of Auburn Maine. They covered me in grain, and salmon colored sand.

My shell had swirls of chartreuse, and chocolate painted on it. I was made from glass and Gods left eye.

Picked and sorted through, we all landed into a tiny paper bag that read, "AUTUMN PLANT SEEDS".

I ripped through my kernel with the strength of an ox. My shell cracked, and shriveled into the ground. I grew.

My vine is a deep olive, which twisted, and sewed its way through the earth.

It took a couple months to finally reach the surface. I can't explain the overwhelming presence that leapt over me as I opened my petals.

Moist wet soil stretched across the land for miles. Acres and acres of ebony turf. In the distance birch trees grew, with their rustic leaves dripping onto the ground. The apricot birds sang, with their azalea beaks, and lemon feathers. Red beetles giggled underneath hemlock mushrooms.

I was a baby awakening from his mothers pink womb. A pealed orange. The first rain.

A buttery white farm house lay on the top of a mountain. A brick pathway lead them down the hill, until they reached their gardens.

The mother was mature and soft. Long gnarled curls fell down her breast. She always wore ivory gowns, and oak slippers. Her hands were rather large, her eyebrows were thick and Italian. She carried her babies on her hips.

They'd stroll down the trail, admiring the frosty-blue sky, and plush clouds.

Her youngest was Emma. A frail, skinny child with wide waterloo eyes, and Aztec Gold hair.

She wore denim overalls, and black boots.

She liked to sing to the flowers. Which calmed me, and made me laugh. She often got scolded for picking the blossoms. Which terrified me in a manner I can't express. I'd watch my friends yelp as she'd pull on their buds, and yank them from the ground.

Her brothers would chase her through the sunflowers. Which towered over the roses, and shadowed their city. This eventually led to their departure.

In winter her mother would sew feathers (made from willow stems, and lilac petals) onto her back and she would float over the ground while we slept.

I could feel her hovering over us, humming.

In the orange mornings of spring she'd eat blueberry pancakes in the orchards. Sometimes she'd throw bits of fruit into the air for the trees to eat.

While the blue jays slept in straw beds, she'd travel to us in the dark.

She'd burry her head in our petals, which kept us warm, and kept her sane. She had grown into a womans figure, with a rougher outline, and keener eyes.

The sky would melt into deep haciendas, and smooth into blues, and graphite purples. The summer heat became a blanket over her flesh, and she'd fall asleep to our verses.

In the morning she'd sing along.

Her voice was magical and haunting.

Her hair grew into silk. Dark like her pupils. Strung from her scalp to her shoulders. Her lips were plump, and apple colored. Her hands were soft; her fingers were small like her fathers.

She was as pure and beautiful as the land around her. She blended into the meadows, and vast oceans. She had the authority of the Appalachians, and the becomingness of the Bulgarian Roses.

The universe consumed her, and held her captive.

In long white dresses, and lingering melodies she arose from the bark, and created rapture.

Her smile was crooked, and white.  
Legs scabbed, and bruised. She danced underneath  
glimmering stars, and cascading illuminations.

On Sunday they woke up to find her missing.  
Her father carried her from the gardens, to the  
farmhouse.

Fog took over the fields, and we all became blind for a  
while.

When March approached they took a shovel, and  
removed me from the ground.  
They put me in a ceramic bowl, and stationed me into  
their car.  
Her brothers wore ripped jeans, and calico cardigans.  
They picked at my leaves, and watched them drift out the windows.  
They carried me to the hospital, through the elevator,  
and to her room.

The sun shown bright through the white blinds, and  
stuck to the walls like maple syrup.  
When she saw me she smiled, and I blushed with  
silliness.  
She looked like the illusions I dreamt about. Tall, and  
bright. Majestic and poised. I wanted to carry her on my spine, and  
show her off.  
She glowed with the beauty of a new bride, or a falling  
orbit.  
The wizards in the ward tried to give her colorful elixirs  
which didn't do anything, but keep her drowsy and juvenile.  
The many handsome soldiers that came to kiss her  
good-bye left her flowers.

I'd talk to the ephemeral plants. We'd discuss things like songs, and philosophy. Space and fevers.

They'd talk about past lovers, but I'd only talk about Emma.

They'd ask, "Are you in love with her?"

I told them she'd represented the universe.

"You must be in love."

I told them she represented things as a whole. That she was pure, and beautiful, and was a symbol for everything good.

They'd smirk and say, "He's blinded by his heart. Her face is pale, and gray. Her body is cold and bare."

But they didn't get it.

They passed away quickly, and when the flowers died she'd comfort me.

Her hands held onto my bones, and her lips whispered mellifluous poetry.

I wanted to keep her ebullient. I wanted to put her enthusiasm in a porcelain bubble.

I wanted to keep her bright.

During nights the doctors would watch her sweep across the floor, and sway to the music.

They were baffled by her actions.

"What's she listening to?" they'd ask.

"Maybe she's in the wrong hospital," they'd laugh.

We were surprised they didn't hear it.

With her eyes closed, and her heart trembling she'd sing. Her angelic voice glimmered against the walls, and sparkled dust along the cracks.

The breath of night sung in a raspy yell. The rain tapped onto the roof like brass trumpets

The moon strummed the stars like they were strings of violins. And the galaxies blew onto harmonicas. Sweet and happy they cried. Bellowed through her hair, and underneath her skin.

The wolves heard her croon. They marched through the forest lines, and strummed the banjo.

The bears sat on rocks and beat away at steel drums.

The swans played rainbow pianos, and the foxes stood outside to feel the rhapsody.

They'd come from the sea to watch her. They'd travel by plane, train, or camel. On the backs of spiders, holding onto raindrops, or zyzzyvas.

Float through each other like passionate waves. They'd radiate a light that even spirits found too divine.

They'd travel.

They saw in her what I saw.

A fire. A raging, blooming burst of harvesting flames.

Tall branches gliding against a cyan blanket of sky. A yellow patch of a butterfly's wing. The flicker of light in one's eye.

When the ponds began to glisten, when the redolent bodies flung from the terrain into the air, when I began to wilt...she lay in her bed asleep.

The white linen was thrown over her left leg; her right leg hung over the bed.

Her hair was perfectly framing her face, and her cheeks were still unusually red, and soft.

She was grinning.

Emmas father wrapped her in golden fleeces. Emmas mother carried her on her hips. Her brothers lifted me from the window, and together they brought us home.

They carted her to the Adonis Gardens. The place where I was born, and grew.

And they buried us in the soil.

I tried to keep my eyes open as they scattered twigs and bulbs of color over our bodies.

They buried us with songs, and mirth.

They splashed us with terpsichorean waters, and  
singing rocks.

I felt her moving as the world turned maroon, and the  
lights dimmed.

Her fingers stretched across the earth.  
Her eyes watered the daffodils, and daises.  
Her hair tangled into the white roots of the trees, and  
her nerves strung wires over the sleeping neighborhoods.  
Her lips melted into the atmosphere, and whispered to  
the wind.

They could hear her voice. A blandiloquent seraph.

And when she slept they could feel her passion. And her  
warmth. And the love you're supposed to feel when you're  
Still alive.

The dead plants now understood what I meant.  
When I told them, "She resembles the universe."  
And they understood what I meant when I said, "She is  
beautiful."

The sun glimmered with a strong copper tone.  
The reflections liquefied onto the ground.  
The birds sang.  
The shadows glided.  
And I dreamt.  
I drew pictures of deer, and geese.  
I drew her.

Out, and thin. The way she was.  
Spread across the earth. Giving to the ground. Reading  
to the noise, and clarity of growth.  
I put olive in her eyes, and carnations in her mouth.  
I colored leaves in her ears, and bruises on her skin.

Than I beamed as I watched her disappear. Into the sky. A glowing orb. She flew past the farm house, past the birds. Drifted into the nothingness. Into space. Into moving pockets, and worm-holes. She hovered around. Miles and miles away. From any type of known existence.

She was up there with the unknown and curious questions.

We watched her float.

