

**Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar**

## **The Flower**

Monday night, the tv on,  
keeping us tied to the humdrum:  
you watching and I, lamely, pretending  
to read. Then you were bending  
your mouth to mine and mine  
was answering, and time  
stilled, and out of the heart  
came a song of our first  
spring; an ache and burn.  
How sweet and clean was that return.

How can we not believe in some  
beneficent source of grace, if from  
the dull hearts habit made can grow  
this flower—momentary and no—  
way ever to be preserved or pressed?  
And so the big words, dispossessed  
by our ramshackle fumbling  
with phonemes, come tumbling  
back across the page:  
Love, Time, Ever, Age.