

Jacqueline de Weever

Asterisk

As cold
creeps
behind warmth
asters
risk early curl
from night frost's
opiate, fall's
daylight cut.
Exposure tempts
peril.
Mark a kiss
dangling against
garden fence
glimpse an hour's
task in the wind's
frisk of stem
and leaf, stirs
grit for bloom.

Transformations

I wish myself
a jasmine full moon
children skipping rope
in its light, night laughter
replacing trilling canaries.

We elude classification dear to science
not even DNA tests confirm
the reality of you and me
found nowhere else.

Both horizons whistle
endless seas without visible
boundaries.

Vegetable Love

Walk through the farmers' market
where fragrance speaks -- tart sweet ---
avocados persimmons bananas
mangoes, and questions linger:
where was each starting point?

Safe passage through storms
declaring war on cargo ships
brings dazzle to stall and table.

What people or animals brought them
to sit in accidental plazas ? -

I dream of ancient green forests
no pathway to their heart.
Fantasies of hardship welcomed
still inhabit my flesh.

Jacqueline de Weever is Professor Emerita at Brooklyn College, City University of New York. Her poems have appeared in *Blue Unicorn*, *Iodine*, *the Homestead Review*, *Tiger's Eye*, and *Vanitas*, among others.