

SEEDS

Poetry • Sophie Friis

As a field drapes over the backs of cows
a fabergé edges the hard outline against lightning sky.

Before my brother came we called him the Lorax,
born of tuber and shoot.

I've seen altar in a smash of wildflower
duck taped to a roadside tree.

Annihilation of possible furrows
rampant field where spade to earth this disturbance
is an elation of pea mint
and fava.

The seed must be driven to a state of chaos.

Say the lion exposes itself to the Sun
differently from the horse.

The forming of the head
and that which immediately follows the head
depends on the way the animal wants the Sun.