

Agnes Davis

Strike Gently

Strike gently away
from body. I wonder how
you are surviving.

I'm walking on bindweed
flowers twisted
and wrung, wrangled

from a grip
of a stem. Damp in my hand
white silk
soul skin.

You flame, lap at the tip of your match.
Lime lines of bindweed climbing
to wherever a flower might

let go. Striking gently away
from our house, I
wonder how you are
surviving.

