

Kate Ward Sugar

## Still Life With False Positive

Think small. Think planted under floorboards. Planted  
under the Epistle-side. You were stolen from me before,  
but this time I imagine you imagine

you're a chrysanthemum, waiting to blossom from my claylike cavity.  
I see you, small jazzy flower, but cannot pick you, you will not sprout.  
We drive through hanging-country today, I'm on the shotgun side of feeling

sorry for the vineyards, crucifixes  
holding hands in dizzying rows without their grapes. Maybe they feel them  
like I feel you coming from under summerdress and crust. Come

and lay in my arms, little sour thing. No one knows  
what I know. You're not dying anymore.  
You're right here again, kicking so hard sometimes it hurts.

