

Acanthium

I think I loved you once, a long time ago when I was younger and you simply were – existing beneath the flutter of a black swallowtail, a simple part of me I didn't know well enough to remember yet. But I learned of you in small steps.

You lived in the world, in the grass and grew from burnt-sienna, an earthen vessel, shaped and ravishing.

And I touched you once in a shady meadow - purple velvet skin between my fingers and the feral courseness of thistle against an open palm, my eyes wild and burning.

And in one moment you became real to me with eyes and hair and skin. And touching you was like walking barefoot on grass - so soft and natural - the lure of your petals so great, no thorn could ever stay my hand.