Marigolds

They could arrive
in a rowboat
playing violins
before the frost
and the blue
evening hue
if it is lightly
snowing

of course
the boat
could creak into
its narrow berth
and being careful
not to slip
on the icy steps
one would
continue playing
ascending to
the broken boathouse of
hot chocolate
and cinnamon buns
while
all the while
the whine continues on
depth felt
above the soft wind
in the cracked
and broken eves
I can think
only of Vivaldi here