

## 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  
deeply felt  
above the soft wind  
in the cracked  
and broken eaves  
I can think  
only of Vivaldi here