

## Crop

In his days of forget-me-not  
wild iris softball trips  
he was a shooting star of bat,  
chocolate lily drink & story.  
From Dustball to Mudball,  
I'd stretch my columbine  
ears to hear the details  
giggled over by dogwood men,  
until one by one they bluebelled  
into self-proclaimed beer-  
league retirement. Lupine,  
blue poppy, like fireweed  
we burn summer bright,  
flashy, charismatic,  
until we settle  
into seed & soil.