

## Anne Coray

### Late Bloomer

More important than spring's anguish  
—from which color is scarcely wrung—  
is summer's gush of flowers, the sun's beat  
intent on burgeoning, the creeks spinning out  
like unsnarled reels—

so that we should all feel free to choose  
which phrase, for instance, we might covet:  
*the clock with funereal tones struck noon*  
or *Yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty*  
*moves away the pall...*

Grow up! It's time to bloom! The middle season orders.  
And so things do: columbine, aster, rose,  
geranium, milk vetch, corydalis  
and last, the alpine gentian  
which in truth I've never seen, yet

how hard can it be to imagine?  
Large sky-blue petals opening in September  
like the lids of tired eyes  
that have been too long under sleep's delusion,  
until Awake! Awake! Again the light's effusive clock

shakes up the shadows, and it seems so easy now  
for those of us healthy, with adequate means  
or blessed with resilient spirit  
to rise, determine our unfurling,  
to take in the dew and the arched dawn.