

Anthology

I pressed the jack-in-the-pulpit
between the pages
of the unabridged dictionary
along with snapdragon,
mayapple, buttercup—
coltsfoot flattened in the C's,
forget-me-nots pressed
between *remember*
and *remorse*, the trillium
between *dearth* and *death*.
The fat stalk of the jack
cracked the book's spine, refused
to press the way the others
pressed and then emerged:
tamed, artficed, opened flat
for any dilettante to stick
his nose in. The jack
stained the book with purple
juice six pages deep
on either side. Saying, *this*
is how I am pronounced.
This is what I mean.

Shane Seely