

My Girl

by

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My Girl

Here is newborn you in tiny white cyclamen.

I wrapped you in blankets soft as Stachys leaves,
clematis tendrils grip tight as your fingers.

The colours of your hair; baby blonde carnations
darkening through bronze fennel to copper beech –
your rebellious teenage phase of zinging poppies.

Pink frills of Monarda and your summer skirts,
velvet pansy petals for warmth in the winter,
tough-leafed hostas for your tomboy years.

Fuchsia tutus take me to your ballet classes,
Kerria pompoms to tennis lessons,
daffodils trumpet in the school orchestra.

Your cheeks blush like ripening apples, plump
as the tomatoes I water every day. Bees flit
from plant to plant, you skip from friend to friend.

Your temper flares hot as flaming Crocosmia,
spikes like a rose thorn. As twilight falls you curl up
with evening primrose to sleep through the night.

But I never met your father,
the season to carry and bear you passed.
I planted you around my lawn and raised you here.