

Bougainvillea

If existence is just a dare, dear—
a dear dare—still it is yours
to readhere

as long as you have here.

If the obvious abides
inside the oblivious
and waits for you

to remember gratitude,

that drug that can't be pushed
or pulled from shelves,
that dreg that can't be drunk,

it everlasts our tragedy

of brief incompleteness, being
a body intent on being more
than mud, as crepe-paper purple

strung along green seams

looks to last, in the variation,
as long as it might fuse us in—
need and want together—

and hold the circuit open.