

Field of Flowers
Shannon Donaghy

*I become a myth more radiant than any
And, sculpted in dusk, I am and am not, but I am.*

- After Carlos Drummond de Andrade

I speak with so many voices
sometimes it's hard to keep track of
which one is for whom
and how to speak it without sounding unpracticed
or lethargic in the retention
or like I would rather not know this language at all,
which is only sometimes a lie.

We weren't who we are
when we were just a pair of uprooted zinnias
learning how to make our own sunlight
and speaking in the same petaled tongue.
We cannot thrive through winter.

I'm something unreachable;
I am and am not, but I am,
a being too intangible to be of flesh,
of the circumscription in a name.
I'm a memory of sunshine on bare shoulders,
the promise of summer the forsythias make
but almost never keep;

and the two of us now in perennial bloom, bound
by Persephone's pomegranate seeds,
sashay with the seasons.
Orpheus knew what he was doing
when he looked back
to lose the language of our shared sunlight.

Shannon Donaghy is a queer poet and writer from Philadelphia. She is a recent graduate from Montclair State University and is currently working as a book publicist. When she is not reading, writing, or writing about reading, Shannon enjoys hiking, cooking, and traveling.