

Four Blossoms

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**Pressed between sheets of yellowing plastic
Leaves dry, just a memory of green
From a faraway richness of emeralds
Four tiny blossoms, still touched with pink
What power keeps that glow?
These many years later
Since I walked that hill
Jungle path, rain sheeting down
Up, sideways, through every opening
Wet, so wet, drove into tired bones
Dryness, just a memory and a wish
Brush a bush and meet a leech party
Till sun teased us for a brief hour
I picked these four, beauty in darkness
To carry, sealed in a baggie, just
A caress of beauty to push
Against the fear, pain, the aloneness
Down the other side of the hill
We found them or they, us
A running skirmish two days' long
Bandaging in that relentless rain
Soggy dressings, water, blood
Who knew what was happening?
Just keep on doing the job
Till weather cleared and we moved on**

Found them, still giving life, safe

And now, they give still, still a light

To cover futile, wet dressings' memories