“Chrysanthemums”  
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I drive through that certain section of town  
money on my mind  
rings on my fingers  
as I tap the leather steering wheel  
and turn onto French Drive.

She stands in front of her trailer:  
purple leggings, blonde perm and all  
her aluminum rectangle of a home  
shining in the sun behind her.

The end of the trailer has rusted away. Red, yellow toys  
strewn across the front lawn.  
The grey door hangs ajar  
and a beastly satellite near the chain fence  
points to heaven.

She stands at the center of her acre,  
near the mangled corpse of a tricycle,  
a perfect square of brown, churned earth  
before her  
where green rows of swaying buds  
rise to bathe in the sun.  
She holds a hose  
and something darts among the flowers.

It takes only a moment to see  
her little son is dancing  
between the chrysanthemums.  
He laughs, in his small red shirt---  
while his hands slip over the moist pinkness of the petals.

Her smile blooms  
as she sprays at his toes,  
his little brown head thrown back  
as beads of water christen his lips eyes ears

She is so breathless with felicity,  
she raises the hose higher,  
the hot sun sparkles on the trailer  
glimmers in the grass,  
the mellifluous rain of the hose
composes crystals on her neck and brow.
The mist of the sunlit water creates a haze
between the lawn and I;
the satellite grows fuzzy
the rust turns to a glorious red
the tricycle bends abstractly
the world becomes dreamlike
and water beads down
like a sweet melody
upon her beautiful son.

I take a deep breath.
Air seeps into my lungs
as I stare with my heart
and realize
I have never been so thirsty.