

*"Thinking is more interesting than knowing, but less interesting than looking"*

*Snakes in the grass*

Whatever else I know, it is not plants.

Why even look at them, when what I see

Are thoughts, not flowers, spread across the grass

like prose, purple and dense, as I walk past

Broadcasting questions shallowly

To sow a meadow with my ignorance:

*It's such a funny name  
slippery, flippant, frivolous, a frippery  
I wonder what the etymology –  
They're almost ugly, but impressively  
Not that the two are mutually –*

Half-rhyme insists, persists, pervades,

intrudes, jangling invasively like keys

Fumbled uncertain in the mind, as if they could unlock

the *right* of spring, and not the shock

Of life affirming, as it does each year,

Its glorious indifference to all use

Except returning to renew the same next spring,

Aesthetics serving only if they reproduce

a beauty incidental to itself.

So if what strikes me when I look and see

Their heavy toddler heads hung sleepily

On necks that hold them somehow, but can't possibly,

If it's not joy, then I'll take curiosity,

a passing interest's better than passivity.

In my stream of consciousness I notice:

*They last longer by the river, where it's cooler  
They look like lampshades, but deadly -  
Wait, no, won't work, wrong family,  
They're lillies. Fritil- fritillilies,*

*"Thinking is more interesting than knowing, but less interesting than looking"*

*fritillilating affritilalitevely -*

*Stop jangling, take them literally.*

The purple is too much  
but I like the white ones  
and, illogically, the faux skin print,  
snaking around petals  
and winkle-pickers  
outside provincial clubs.

If I regret I don't think higher things,  
Will never feel their beauty like a bee,  
fuzzy and intimate, against its wings,  
At least all interest has beauty.  
However fleetingly you know or think or see,  
To view with interest is a victory,  
And thoughts are no less superficial than their cheer;  
I'll press them in a cloisonné anthology  
And know I'll see them back again next year.