

Final Episode of the Final Season

(A Sestina)

By Brenda Wildrick

Sunflowers bloom into fiercest yellow
as skies canopy into blue.
Cardinals dress in feathers red
like drops of bloodstain on virgin lilies.
A fallen creature's cry spills open
from broken eggs and thunder.

Cloud seeds are planted into thunder
as lightning ignites and flames of yellow
heat explode into popcorn. They open
and splatter onto brilliant blue
petals of a columbine. Consider lilies
of the field, and roses, be they red

or a more elusive hue. Start with red –
everyone said. Ignore the thunder,
ignore the storms, ignore the lilies
when darkness descends never to yellow
into sunshine, never to rise into blue,
never to sink into arms ever open.

Now the season closes never to reopen,
the final episode of the final season. Red
screams, mouth wide, teeth bared. Blue
emerges from oceans blending into thunder,
slipping like butter when the yellow
has not faded, when lilies

have not succumbed to autumn frost. Lilies,
with no words to save them, will open
into chill of morning, its glory yellow
like a dandelion who never aspired to be red
in spite of unceasing noise of thunder
or shivering skin turning blue.

Even when winter is far beyond blue
or buried in the graveyard of lost lilies
or hidden under the broken shadow of thunder
or slammed into faces of doors born fully open
or locked in barns of chipped and weathered red,
scrolls are not eaten, but turn brittle and yellow

beneath thunder complaining of birds too blue
while yellow butterflies skitter past lilies
in open windows splattered red.