



Sara Afshar

BLUE HILL BIRTHDAY WISHES

the rain is rich,
there's smell of slop,
and i've gone wrong
at the pitchfork.

the farm road
lilacked, honeyed.
me, just thirty,
seeking the pigs, fat

and hungry.
while i meditate,
they forage and aerate.
thank a pig

for all that grows.
wish i was
that helpful
when i eat.

the bees are.
and crocuses
that drip for bees.
wish to drip

like a crocus
and offer the dust
of me to the fur
of a honey bee.

wish to be sweet,
a little sour still,
japanese
knotweed,

drink it in,
juiced, in its own
stalk body.
wish to possess

myself. fog, remind me,
like a duckling's down,
gentle and flightless,
like a radish

aching for this rain,
did i lose the day
or the season. better
not to complain.



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