

TOUCH-ME-NOTS

She brought a little of the country into the city
in the pots of impatiens she had planted.

The petals white, pure, the opposite of color.

She had transferred the impatiens from the garden,
digging her hands into soil two parts fibrous loam,

one part leaf mold and peat moss and pushing
the roots into the earth. Despite the quality

of the soil—its rich decomposition of life—

still they would not last. The plants were hardy

and tender, with thick stems and dark green leaves,

the seedpods inside waiting to release, the air

awash in pollen. She looked into the flower

as into a pair of beckoning eyes offering

sustenance independent of a body, free floating

and regenerative and wholly belonging

to what was impossible ever to touch.

—Jill Bialosky

This poem appears in Jill Bialosky's collection
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