

WILLIAM BUCHAN

## Easter Lilies

They seemed a sad seed to send  
 my mother's mother,  
 especially since, by then,  
 grandkids were "banned from making visits,"  
 somewhat premature  
 and more green than white,  
 but Mom took them,  
 and gave them,  
 and thanks were passed on.  
 Who could have said they'd last  
 a month and more  
 bedside on the upper floor  
 of the Peter Lougheed,  
 a sad excuse from Safeway,  
 something her bone hands would have tinkered  
 in oversized work gloves just the summer before.  
 And who could've said that they'd come back,  
 this time dressed in amber,  
 and inhabit the house through summer,  
 only to be consigned as a back-step eyesore  
 that Gill secretly watered through  
 the chill and first frost.  
 It seems no time at all  
 since she first picked them out,  
 and here it is April again.  
 Potted and placed,  
 never far from view,  
 just to the right of the television,  
 they sit, and that's where they'll stay,  
 left for days, sometimes sprinkled,  
 somewhere between a bud and blossoming.