Daisy Main

One drenched daisy
in a four-inch plastic pot—
bedraggled gerbera daisy,
leaves limp and long
as a cocker spaniel’s ears—

that was the treasure I claimed,
my first visit after the Fire.

In my yard at home
Daisy drank up late-spring sun
and clung to life.

I nestled her in a glossy blue ceramic pot
and named her Daisy Main.
She stretched her broad, rippled leaves,
luxuriating into diva hood.

In June she extended a slender stem
The stem swelled into a tight green bud.
The bud expanded like a broad hand
into a burst of bloom.

Our Main Daisy embraced the day,
every red-orange petal
probing memories
of saving water
and raging flame.

—Mary Frances Danis