

OSHIBANA

Annika Le

rummaging through bookshelves
I thumb the mismatched lot

there's
a book on motorcycles
a world atlas with lost pages
a whole throng of childhood stories
that once sang me still

my hand is drawn to
a sleeveless book
skin exposed

I unhinge its paper jaw
and find a page full of
pressed cherry blossoms

this nameless tomb
preserves a past spring
pickles its pink hues
cans its delicate flesh
into silence

I thought about
taking them with me
but left them in their place