## New Poetry from Lauren Davis: "The Flowers You Brought Back From Italy"



FACES TUMBLING DOWNWARD / image by Amalie Flynn Each time I open my notebook the pages stick. Because I've forgotten.

And onto the ground they fall: royal purple flowers fall out, emerald stemmed, blue veined, life from the coast of Italy.

You pulled them from the earth, pinched their feet with your fingertips,

you breathed into the sea

and thought of the way my hair swayed between my shoulders, while you once walked behind me near an American riverside, flowers sway in the field the same way.

You placed the poppies then into the spine of your bible you pressed it, punched the face and rubbed the back onto the ground to release water into sacred words you pressed, wanting me there and you breathed into the sea.

Yesterday, you stood in the kitchen of your new house while the songbirds in the yard called good morning, you opened your bible and pulled the flowers up by the end of their stems like tails, their faces tumbling downward

and I opened myself / my notebook
and tossed the flowers into

my spine / my book's spine

and there
I closed it
and pressed it into the granite
underneath
to press
wanting to stay there with you
out.

You asked me: when again do you leave? Two weeks.

Now,
one-thousand miles away
the pages stick
each time I open my notebook
and onto the ground they
fall,

and I remember how you must have looked collecting purple poppies by the sea of Italy.

Our modern lives, so set apart, both by miles and unsteadiness.