

They Say

hyacinths mean something sad.

When Apollo saw the boy die
his vigorous, hot blood pooling around
his beautiful body
he felt the heavy stone of grief.

A hyacinth sprouted up
out of the place his boy was lost forever,
breaking up the hard packed dirt
of jealousy.

Perhaps Apollo found some consolation
even if just for a moment
naming the flower
after his beloved gone too soon.

They say hyacinths mean naive love.

When Eliot writes of hyacinths
he talks about young love—
the hyacinth girl
the loved and then forgotten girl.
War makes you forget, he said
The flowers are just a vessel for innocence
a reminder of the time he didn't know
the weight of words
how easily it could crush a human heart.

I don't know what the flowers mean except that
my mother brings me hyacinths
as I lay in bed and stare at a darkening ceiling.
The buds are tightly shut, they match the peach hue paint on the walls.

Thoughts tethered loosely,
floating two feet above the headboard
I see them,
watch them mingle and make friends
and I am left here.

My shoes lay by the door
please help me put on my shoes
I try to ask my mother.
I would like to be alive again
I would like to breathe again.
I have forgotten what it feels like,
I've forgotten why I'm here.

Eliot also once said
April is the cruelest of months and
I never knew what he meant by that.
But now I think I know
sitting on the floor
wondering when I will wake up,
when spring will begin.

The hyacinths bloomed in the middle of the night.
The whole room was filled with sweet, heavy
sorrow and jealousy
young love and innocence
and a deep, deep primordial sadness
I hoped to leave in the morning.