

Nicky Tiso poem for *Capitalism Nature Socialism*

Wild Flowers

White whorls of a leafless scape
petals. stamens & pistons numerous
or imperfect
underwater on long petioles,
wading into that shallow haunt, life.

now to drop the clerical smile, the sheathing spathe within smooth, glossy columns
just as nations and men are. a guileless victim in a roomy apartment, dusted with pollen
walls what means are provided for their escape?

crawl upward over slippery surface weak and discouraged
to find the opening, the overhead route incidental to the present cruelty,
the poem now winged messenger to the decayed colonies, fertilizer
into which seedling strikes root,
shelters the entire neighborhood in its putrid meat.