

edelweiss

by Lili Raynaud

after Wislawa Szymborska

we'll let our lips scar every inch of skin we've
ever touched – sin inherited
from tree & still i hope –
imagine the footsteps of the yeti in the
snow. imagine the expedition as the gift
of a person that is more than the sum of
her parts. try to keep me from forgetting.
try to help me forget. you'll
brand your fingertips into my side but, see
the edelweiss will always bloom anew. & how
lovely it would be if we
could be here again when the ice begins to give
way beneath our feet. maybe this new birth
will be ours this time. maybe at last, among
the shattered blues and whites, the
yeti will hear us rising from the ruins.