



Introducing the
NATIVE BLOSSOMS CHAPBOOK SERIES

The Native Blossoms Chapbook Series embraces poetry of place, exploring connections to the natural landscape, the untamed, the indigenous. Each chapbook, while utilizing themes and concepts that comprise the contemporary American lyric, features at least one poem that takes the botanical name of a wildflower or other flora native to the poet's locale as its title. As Joy Harjo encourages, "See those sensitive hills? They need to be talked to, sung to. . . ."

BLAZING STAR (*Mentzelia laevicaulis*)

If I had legs, there would be late night strolls
past rocks that line the blue oak's pasture.
Midnight swims around islands

and lakes and streams with sages
soaking the air. My roots, like Aquilian wings
would shoot upward

from remote canyons, past the blood-red horizons
of small decisions. Sunlight would sleep,
neglecting to sear charcoal stains

into my leaves. Evening caresses. Night wanders.
Midnight massages creases and scars. And the moon
remains a vagabond in another era.

Nancy Carroll

SHOWY EVENING PRIMROSE (*Oenothera speciosa*)

creeps up rocky inclines
along freeway entrances,
invading alien soil. Like us.
Another disturbance-loving
species, homeless immigrants
in exile. Our addictions banish us,
too restless to be still, too restless
to go home.

Anne Yale

MOONFLOWER (*Datura wrightii*)

Spring-loaded desert plants
flash brown recluse, red-tailed hawk.
Couched in green, she waits
along the roadside, nodding
her sweet fragrant head
to passersby.

Moon hears her confessions
(as Sun cannot keep confidences).
She covets lilies' shimmering threads.
Swallow her—visions flee all borders
to escape us.

Night holds her in secret
like a mistress, knowing
should she break free,
she will strike us blind.

Anne Yale