

Sonnet Scroll

Amaryllis

By Mia Schilling Grogan

The Amaryllis on the doorstep, a gift
from God knows who, clearly bore a message
(though tacitly, *sans card*): *I'm here to presage
hope and the return of beauty.* The drift
(or blunt prescript) of the offering was *Resist
the grief that swallows you.* I did not misjudge
the giver. I knew they meant to assuage
my pain. I read well in that unclenching fist
and unabashed tumescence the way time
passes. It could not heal, but flowered forth,
brilliantly trumpeting that we're all dead
in the end: all blooms wither. I did welcome
truth cached in this gesture. And for what it's worth,
I stashed the spent bulb out in our garden shed.