

Potato Salad

by Ben Kline

Beyond the shiny aluminum eave, red tulips filled
with fresh rain sway to future thunder

& I watch a honeybee teeter on a petal's cusp, bending
that satin lip, reaching for its cut of the world's first work.

How did I end up here, congregating with you
as if we're green pansies again, under the cemetery's oak sentries?

Back when your father suggested to mine that I just needed
help, we covered this ground, covered it with salt

from my shriveled ducts, with your death fantasized
in numerous gruesome scenarios. Every May

this pansy blooms pink or purple & would prefer
to enjoy a full plate of Grandma's dandelion potato salad

while you sit on the pavilion's other side with your wife.